



CONTACT DIARY PART 9

August 18, 2022 – April 30, 2023

Original writing with pictures inserted. – © Jo Danieli, 2022/23

August 18, 2022 – The Branch & the Horse Shoe Stone

Dream of me being in some kind of *tropical setting* that reminded me of *a place where I had been in dreams before*. I thought, in my dream, that I was in Hawaii ... and I tried hard to call Bob. The challenge was *to get a phone*, and I kind of managed, at a *travel agency* along some typical tourist resort road – where I had been in various dreams many many years ago, I think before I even met Bob, so it was not Hawaii then. *I begged people to lend me a phone*, and somehow this was a dangerous situation twice with dangerous people that posed a life-threatening factor in that story, but I don't remember the details. And I did get to dial Bob's number, all of it, **250-8030**, yes, in my dream I knew it! ... but I did something wrong, I thought, because *there was never a connection*. And while running around and trying to get to another phone, I said to myself in my dream, that this was stupid because obviously the number was disconnected, as Bob was dead.

Yes, in my dream I corrected my actions and told myself the truth. And the persona I was in my dream I was so taken aback about that fact that he was gone, and yet I could not get rid of the thought that I should call him.

Maybe I am supposed to connect with him more, in real life? I have been so distracted by work and dealing with my mom and also my disappointment about my father's behavior ... that I haven't been able to be "present" enough to communicate with Bob intentionally.

This afternoon, just now, as I am sitting in my gloomy apartment at shortly after 3 p.m., a big rain storm came, and the feeling is just like it was on *that last day on Maui, when I had to leave at night*. The feeling of this is now part of me, the sadness will never subside, whenever I get in touch with it I realize that it is who I am now. I am still there, in the dark, in the rainstorm, heartbroken beyond repair, leaving the dying love of my life behind myself in "housie", walking down Haulani Street and then up Iolani Street to the Foodland bus stop, in the pitch-dark and heavy rain ... so alone and so desperate. That heaviness will never leave me again. It was like a hunch of the shocks and trauma that would come in a not too far future ... and the loss of Bob was right there, even though he was still alive and I was holding on to the vision of me returning and Bob being healthy again, which kept slipping out of my imagination's grip ... as I had only closed the door behind me and was

dragging my suitcase alone the soaked road where I had walked with Bob so often, under Bob's small black umbrella.

I must not try to alleviate it, that pain and horror and trauma of that night, *it won't work*, that much I know. *It's four years now* that I had spent the first days with Bob after having arrived on August 7, 2018 ... and I was horrified by his condition but yet full of optimism. We both thought that since he began to recover so quickly as soon as I was there, it would mean that I was actually the factor to save his life, or at least, what I could do for him. It looked that way. It went that way. But because of free will, Bob later made the choice to not trust "us" like he had betrayed us many times before, and that ended his mortal go-around. It had to be, I know. But until my last breath I will wonder whether it wouldn't have been possible to take a different path and still discover "The Bridge" and work on the interrealm communication together, both on the incarnates' side of the story.

When I saw Bob for the last time, on September 11, 2018, I saw Maui last in a heavy rain mood, it was so sad, the island was crying, that mood and the sight of Bob in his bed, so sick, dying and me having to overcome all voices that wanted me to stay and instead focusing on the one voice that said it was necessary to leave because I needed to send Bob the Mistletoe and Helleborus niger medications that I could not get in the US from Austria, ... and there was my dog Jacqui I had to pick up from the caretaker who would leave in just a few days ... and I was so sure I would be back.



Rain will always be a trigger for me, forever. Making me look forward to leaving this mortal realm, no matter the situation I'm in, be it good or bad.

In my dreams of having lost Bob, there is always that feeling of that night of September 11, 2018, and it is always so bitter and painful that I feel like I want to stop breathing right away. Waking up, I am always back, like right now, back on Maui, back in that night and furtheron, weeks later when Bob's sister Joyce would tell me on the phone that he had died ... and I am feeling like I felt back then, desolate and desperate ... as if all my life and Bob's were disintegrating. It is a just shit.

I keep wondering why it is so heavy, still, and seems to even get heavier at times, even though I am working on this contact diary, and even though I have all reasons to believe that Bob is here and with me, has only shed his body. ***This pain of loss and grief is kind of a force in itself, I find.*** Being the personality I am, it does not make me lie down and wither or take to drugs and alcohol ... *it makes me want to live more, but not for joy of life, but only that time may pass faster in this mortal realm. And so that our experiences and suffering may not be in vain.*

I read a blog last night as I was so desperate, also physically weak, so dizzy and nauseous that I could barely walk in the morning, about people having lost their partners, and they all agree, *time does not heal anything, the only way to survive is to distract oneself ...* but even then, the loss and the memories will sneak up on you and get you and toss you around and knock you down.

Oh Bob. Oh Maui. I really don't feel myself anymore at times. I am taking care of my increasingly disoriented mother, and I am struggling to not get upset about her obliviousness, how convenient for her. It is not her fault, she has experienced horrible things in her life, has never found a loving

partner, how sad. And yet, she is trying to make the best of her life. (*Note: As I am reviewing this c. d. chapter before closing it, on January 23, 2023, a heavy snowfall day, my mom is sharp as a whip and fully eloquent and healthy, in a good mood, musing about all kinds of stuff, like how this planet is like a playground with snow covering its surface ... it's really nice to see that she likes where she's at, of course can't remember the past few years.*)

I saw one **blue flower** (Hortensia, I think) in a whole bush of others today. It was just one fresh. Flower in a whole bush of ripe and dried out ones. What a great image of the course of life, old age makes the outside wither and rot, but inside is the seed for a new beginning.



I swam in lake Wörthersee, and it did feel so good, right before the storm. But then ... getting out of the water I feel old and shy and just so upset in so many ways. Not sure what to do about myself. Estranged, that's the word. I feel estranged from myself.

Took Jacqui for a short walk in the forest – and just when I was thinking of Bob and was so desperate, I was stopped short – because **one single dry branch of a fir tree dropped heavy like a stone right in front of me!**

And I mean *right in front of me, I am not exaggerating* – I had to stop, because it nearly brushed my nose. And it fell right into a pile of horse shit. So isn't shit good luck? Is the „horse“ in „horse shit“ supposed to be reminiscent of Bob who was a „horse“ in Chinese astrology? Because right next to it was – **a horse shoe on a stone!**



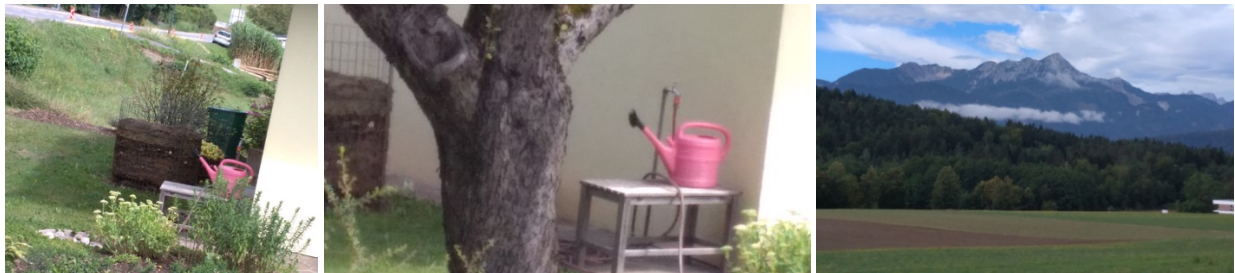
Four years ago I was with Bob, and we were making a routine for him taking all kinds of stuff that I had to come up with after learning what his real „health challenge“ was that he had not shared with me truthfully all those months before. And I had not dared to ask in detail.

And there I was, in my beloved housie, with my beloved asshole Bob, and with the task of finding the remedies to heal him. And I did find them ... But it is all gone so long. And yet, it's here every day. Talked with Elisabeth on the phone the other day as she called me, and when I started talking about that, she also just said „*But you can't change this anymore*“. Don't I fucking know that. What a dumb and insensitive answer.

I am so done with insensitive people, I am finding. I am so fucking done.

August 20, 2022 – The Red Watering Can

Alright. **The red watering can** showed up. Right in my face. Where I cross the street nearly every day. There it was. Bingo. Close to the great volcano view.



(I had asked for something to „be put in my hand“ in relation to Anne Heche who is now a disca, too. And a red watering can appeared. I just reread the quote from her book, very sweet.)

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Her well-wishing ... how sweet, how incredibly sweet:

I'm so corny at heart. I want the best for everybody. I really do. I wish there was no pain, but I know it's out there. I wish there was only love, but I know there's hate. I know we have shields and armor to protect ourselves because the journey is hard. I give you all my love and support on your journey. I hope you find happiness and love and peace because it is your right to have it. You are children of humanity and you deserve to have all your needs met with honor, respect, and care.

So I am wishing you love. Love that embraces you for who you are. Love that sees all of you and asks no sacrifice. Love that you can accept because you have loved yourself first.



Walking J before nightfall I talked to Anne asking if I could reach her ... through Bob or somehow? And I asked for something to be put into my hand. First there was some kind of box with a diagonal black and white division pattern on the side. And then, as I doubted this, I got a red watering can. Well.

August 21, 2022, Sunday

Day of the license plate numbers. „EW 910“, „911 BX“, a lot of „222“, and also a „480“, the symbol of „sound“ equals communication – as described in a previous chapter.



Took mom for a walk at lake Saissensee, even though she would prefer to just stay home and watch TV all day. But she is so very clear, it would be a shame to leave her to her weird and unhealthy routines.

I am communicating with Peter Rosen, my old friend from Maui, who is very miserable, had an epidural procedure for the pain in his back and can't eat and tells me all the time about his pooping ... just disgusting. He was never a genuinely nice person, really, just so very selfish all the time. He wanted friends and a partner who would put him on a pedestal and pretty much worship him for his creative greatness. He is creative, I give him that, a great musician, but his „KidCast for Peace“ and the „Creativity Cafe“ that was supposedly to support other people, mainly served to give him an outlet to be seen. That's fair enough. He just never admitted that. He does not give a damn about other people's creative calling. It was always all about him. He hasn't found a female partner, but he is in his seventies now, because his demands on a woman are outrageous. I was very close to share

some of my distinct grievances with him ... but then, what would be the gain for me, except venting? I would receive strange responses, likely, and I don't need responses. He has always been surprised that he has no real friends and if he has them, or he meets people and then loses their friendship quickly. His is really in a way arrogant and demanding and does not have the capacity to even be interested in what another person is all about. And he gave Bob such shit about his car when the latter was so miserable already ... I won't forgive this.

Summer is coming to an end. This mood ... the summer of 2018 when Bob was dying ... so many times these days I somehow seem to lose the grip of my reasons for even wanting to live in this mortal realm anymore. *I flash back to life on Maui so, so often*, ... and I can't believe Bob is gone, and I will never go back to continue our work there with him ... like we had planned. Of course I know that all the events had to lead to something, *but the mortal me is devastated*. I look at myself in the mirror ... and look away. No point in looking at this ugly creature.

Last night I left my mom early after having dinner with her. She is sweet when I come over, but she is still glued to the TV the second I don't distract her or we don't eat. And I was on the edge that evening. So I drove home, got Jacqui and took him to *the swimming spot in Auen*.

Two people were there, and the woman immediately bonded with Jacqui. Turned out, her own dog, Jakob, which is Jacqui in German, has died only 5 weeks ago. How strange that I had brought Jacqui there, I normally go swimming *alone* in the evening ... it was like that **Maltese dog Jakob greeted his former owner through Jacqui**.



Tonight my idiot downstairs neighbor again washed her laundry in the middle of the night, and I mean the middle, between 2 and 3 in the night ... and I just cannot bear this anymore. I am so fucking angry at this reckless bitch. She makes so much noise in the night, like banging doors or shoving around furniture, who the fuck knows. I am so on edge because of ... everything.

I got a snack for mom today, then we went shopping, and I had her home by shortly after 5 pm. She is not sick or something ... and I hate myself for being impatient, as I see that she is just aging, and I am worried shitless that one day she won't be there anymore. I don't know what I will do then. I cannot imagine that. Still I get so upset when she insists on being so weirdly „old“ when she doesn't have to be – she is not at other times. Speaks entirely normally and is fit and vivid ... and suddenly lets herself just hang down. I have always wished for her to connect with people again and find a really nice friend. I still hold this for her. She never had a real partner in her life ...

... wait, and have I ever? I woke up with weird thoughts about Bob again, this morning, *how he actually really did everything to **not** help me advance in our time together*. And I, idiot, insisted on being dependent on him, as he was the American in the USA, and I was the foreigner. But really, he held me back a lot and deliberately stalled and even prevented my advancement in filmmaking. Fuck I hate realizing this. But it was his role in the whole enchilada, wasn't it? I wouldn't be here if Bob had been accessible to me, had opened up to me. He **had** to be the man I admired and loved and wanted – and who would keep me at bay and reject me, so that I would keep hanging in there and trying and trying – **beyond his physical death**. That's how „The Bridge“ can advance.

What a shit fate he and I must have chosen back in the beyond when we decided to do it again: get incarnated.

August 22, 2022 – The Single Water Drop & HUI 1

Another „222“ day ... the date, not the car license plates, and Bob greeted me!

I took mom to a furniture store to look at mattresses for her bed. She didn't want to go anywhere when I came by around noon, and she really seemed miserable. Alas, I insisted. Suddenly she was all up for it. And she enjoyed a lot walking around between the furniture, happily, on her own. Didn't want to decide, that's fine. I wanted to get her out of the house.

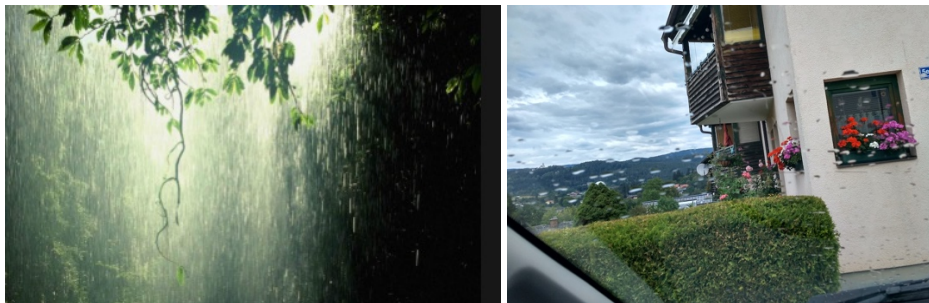
In the store, I suddenly had such flashbacks to my days with Bob and how often we were filming in such furniture stores ... and *I could „see“ him on the sofas and beds, goofing around.* I asked him to jump on those beds, because his disca body wouldn't make an indent, and then I asked him to put something into my hand if he had jumped in fact. And right away, **a big single drop of water** appeared on my hand, like falling and frozen in motion and time, and beautiful and perfect. I acknowledged it right away.

(*Note*: Strangely, as I googled for a picture „jumping on furniture“, what I found was actually „Bob“ doing it: **Wearing the khaki pants he always wore and his favorite color T-shirt pretending to play guitar!**



THAT's Bob alright!

As I later drove off the highway at the Velden exit, suddenly, out of the blue, heavy raindrops hit the windshield, **big single drops of water**, and even my mother was surprised and said „*Wow, that seems to be just for us.*“ And I told her about „*Ua, the blessing from heaven*“ and I heard Bob say it so many times. I miss him so much ... eating chips and dip with a dead guy is not so much fun. I must focus better, too, to get a clearer image of him. My mind just feels scattered at times, and I am so fat I think that I barely recognize my body. It is the first time that a jeans that was always loose is now kinda tight. Yikes. Not feeling okay with this.



And: I saw the car with the license plate number „**HUI 1**“ – that I have seen before, with „hui“ being Hawaiian meaning „meeting, gathering“ – **twice today!**

It's a custom in Hawaii, as you enter someone's garden or property or approach their house, to call out „Hui?!“, which means „Are you willing to meet me?“ *My very first screenplay I wrote, about Maui, nonetheless, has the title „Hui“.*

I was so down this morning, so desperate about never being with Bob again, and just when I thought about it intensely and **said it out loud** when I drove to my mom, „HUI 1“ came right at me. „**We will meet again one day**“ it said. A little later, „WW 808“ came at me. „**We Will**“, signed „**BOB**“.

Now you can find this pulled along by the hairs, ludicrous, what you want. But to me, this is communication. And you cannot prove it is not. But likely, if you came that far reading this contact diary, you'll be right on the same page with me and Bob, I bet.

And then the drop ... and the the „Ua“. Yes. Bob is right here. I shared some wonderful Jause with him, after taking a long surprise walk with my mother in a higher up area close to where I live. She seemed to enjoy it. I kept thinking how good I insisted to get her out of the apartment. It was her who after being at the furniture store suggested she come to my place, and I make some food. Good! I like that when she is so active. I hate leaving her alone at her place, but she says she enjoys it. I told her about my spinach plans for tomorrow, and she seemed to be interested.

The guy from Lisa Film didn't even bother to respond to me. So no more filmmaking? Must do something, I feel it, but what?

Also ... took mom for a little walk in the countryside ... and I was baffled how accurately the corn-plants know where to grow their fruit ... all in the same spot! **Who can even doubt the concept of intelligent design seeing this?** And we aren't even talking the corn ears themselves!



August 23, 2022

Sad to say ... but I am sometimes so sensitive to the drug-influenced behaviour by CH that I can barely stand looking at her ... with those round big eyes as if she was constantly surprise and the talking without listening, babbling and blahing whilst one is still saying something. She is on drug-substitute pills and anti-depressants, and I am so tired of dealing with it. This is not a real person. I don't even know what she is really like. Her presence and weird fakeness make me aggressive sometimes. I don't like it. She is sweet at times, but I do know that it's also fake. She has no idea how dumb and fake she comes across most of the time. I have told her, though. But she is also very forgetful. So what's the learning here for me? (*Note: It would take agonizing months for me to find out.*)

Took a walk with her and dog Pauli and of course Jacqui to the tree with a bench and a view. And she kept saying that Pauli can't walk anymore, when the dog was entirely fine and not even limping. She wants the dog to be ill, as it seems. The constant blabbing ... yikes.



August 24, 2022 – The **Pillow with a Button!**

Visited „the bridge“ that leads into the pond. Haven't been there for a long time. Summer is ending. I do not want to think back to four years ago. But the thought befalls me often.



In the forest, I thought so intensely of Bob, and I was fretting about him not being with me in the flesh ... but I felt him so close. So I asked him to „put something into my hand“, and right away, I saw something like a flat „**medicine ball**“ of the old fashioned leather kind we used to have it at school for exercising, or more a type of **cushion** with a button in the middle that cause a mattress like impression ... but I thought that this weird image in my mind that „appeared“ in a flash „on my hand“ could not be intended ... and that I was recalling something.



So I walked on, past the pond and up the hill intending to take a seat on the bench under the tree where I often go. But just then, I saw another woman hike up the hill from the other side with a big black dog around her. And she kept calling the dog, but he would not listen, and I got worried about that animal being aggressive – *and even though I had looked forward so much to sitting on the bench, I turned back* and walked through the forest and towards home. On the way I saw the woman sit on „my“ bench then. But I remembered that there was *another bench* next to the **two-colored stone** with the „Ma'alaea“ view and I headed there, looking forward to sitting down there.

And I was stunned shitless as I arrived there:

The pillow with the button in the middle was there! Two of them were there! Bob had known that I was gonna end up there just barely half an hour after our „medicine ball pillow“ exchange! And there it was!



It is so frustrating mostly that I cannot share my excitement and all these wonders with anyone right away. Yes, CH would listen and be interested, but she is mostly in her pill haze and forgets everything all the time. But anyway! So ... still! **It worked – again**. And I swear to you that it all happened as described ... *I was nowhere near those cushions when I received the image of that cushion in my mind!* But my mind was open enough to receive the actual image that I was meant to

see. Why? Because I was entirely in the here and now because of the situation with the woman and her potentially dangerous dog.

*It is NOT like people think that you must „take off“, „space out“ or get into some kind of trance to receive „messages“. On the contrary! You must be entirely in the present to allow your mind to be open to receive communication! Meditation and such is only the preparation for yourself, your spirit, to be clean of hindering shit, but it is NOT the „state“ to be in to „be spiritual“ or something like this. **This is such a very important learning!** „Be here now“, yes, be here, but in order to be able to connect to everything that is „here“ – including the beyond. „The Bridge“ can only be accessed in our conscious mortal world and not in some kind of haze!*

Now you can say, well, maybe it was just ... well, what? Clairvoyance? Great! If I was able to do that, I would have won in the lottery all the time. No, it **was communication between me and the dimension of the discarnates using my subconscious and the ritual Bob and I have worked out.**

Also went to lake Saissensee ... so lovely. Lay down in the sun for a few minutes. With my sweet partner.



August 25, 2022 – The Pearls & The Big Drop TOGETHER

Wow ... I did not see that coming.

I took Jacqui on a spontaneous walk in the forest from the small parking spot on the way to my mom's place ... and as we entered, I was so baffled to see that *someone had smashed a ceiling lamp* right there next to the giant wood pile ... and there they were! The „**pearls**“ from the highway impression and the „**big drop**“ together! Yes, **a light bulb does count as the drop shape!**



Look how the wood in the background mimicks the „pearls“!

And I felt that I was not making anything up, because it felt inside of me like a real conversation with Bob, it was the „real life“ tingling that was always there when Bob and I had our spirited funny exchanges with lots of plays on words ... So I said out loud, seeing the mess „*Wow, the pearls again, right? Along with the huge single drop.*“ And Bob said, in my mind, „*That's right!*“ Just the way he had always said it, with leaving out the first part of „That's ...“, saying just „t's right, Dani!“

August 26, 2022, Friday – The Dead Man's Face

Such amazing things happened ... Like yesterday I found in the forest the „**pearls**“ and „**the drop of water**“ together ...

Today, I persuaded my mom *to take a walk through Velden* with me at night ... and it was grand! She was entirely normal! We saw clouds that looked like space ships ...



My mom even explained the way to the train station to a stranger who asked her, as if it was the most normal thing to do! We went to a „vernissage“, but it was the most ridiculous exhibition I have ever seen. A tiny room at the train station with very few entirely uninteresting and horribly amateur looking pieces – except for the face of a man on the wall: **the just deceased „Beppo“**, of whom I had downloaded picture only yesterday! Because CH had said that I probably knew him. She had taken care of that man now and then as he was bed ridden in the neighborhood, and his wife seemed to have been entirely stressed out and weird, and finally he died, the day before yesterday.

The wife kept the body way too long! And CH had described how his face had changed to some kind of death mask! And today, when I saw „**his face**“ **on the wall as the only artwork that was interesting** ... I was so baffled.



Compare ... the live Beppo, and imagine him dying and a third of his body weight ...

I have not been able to write much, let alone write down my dreams, I kind of felt too overwhelmed with other stuff to sit down to work on this c. d. Suddenly I feel so old, and I look so old. But today, walking through Velden, I kind of remembered „life“ like I had experienced it on Maui. And I felt suddenly almost inspired to look for a production partner. Yes, for films.

I shall write to several people, first the female boss of Austrian broadcasting. If she won't help me, well, I also have another production company in mind ... but I will get back into film biz. I think I must. And I sure want to. (Note: January 23, I did, and no responses, no such luck as of finding a partner. Well, I'm starting out new again.)

Funny enough: Coming home from a walk with CH in the dark, I noticed a **single light bulb** right next to the front door ... as if Bob was connecting with me to acknowledge what I had thought yesterday, that a lightbulb does count as the „big single drop“! Yes, another light bulb. Also stands

for „good ideas“, doesn't it? And a **bent vine** caught my attention ... why did the plant decide to grow that direction?



So, I often wonder why I feel compelled to photograph seemingly random things, like that vine ... but I am sure that one of you readers will shout out and say „What are the odds?“ when you see the one or the other image.

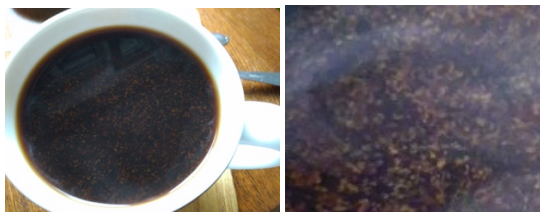
August 27, 2022



Peniscloud.

August 28, 2022 – **Walter & the Penis**

The morning started with me being fascinated by ginger moving in the coffee ... as I keep pouring ginger juice in my hot black ...



At a shopping tour, my **mom's car broke down** in the middle of Velden. All went okay, people helped us on the street, pushing the car while I managed to park it at the one free spot next to the pharmacy, really mid-town, the towing with the Austrian Tripple AAA equivalent ÖAMTC came at the perfect timing ... and thank God it did not happen last night ...

So here is the cherry on the topping:

As I walked up with mom to my car (after CH had picked us up, drove us to my car with which I drove back down to Velden, as we did have to do shopping) ... I saw a man sit at a streetside cafe, and he looked familiar. More than that ... my heart seemed to get excited. And as we reached him, who sat with a second man over a beer, I recognized him: It was **Walter** – a friend from the days when I was 15 and he was 17! Walter, who taught me the simple Paradiddle on his drums, a weirdo that everyone made fun of but who I really liked. And he seemed to be in love with me, as he came over to our house all the time, also without being invited. Which infuriated my father ... anyway.

It was Walter, tall and handsome and with long curly hair tied to a ponytail, just the man I would fall for. I only saw him once since our teenage years, and that's why I was so surprised to see him alive: It was about 20 years ago, when he was so sick that it did not look that he would live.

He could barely move or speak, looked like a horrible case of Parkinson's disease. So there he was, totally excited to see me, and he **embraced** me for a greeting, and that was so special (*Note: That I would not ever get it out of my system again, that impression of being held by him!*) that my whole being lit up. He said right away „Dany, you know that you were the love of my life ...?“ And I said something like that I liked him too, but he was just so weird that my father forbade him to come by anymore (and in fact, Walter then disappeared to never appear again and never tried to connect with me afterward) ... He got icy cold hands right there and told me so, and I got sweaty hands with excitement, and I not only told him, but and wiped my sweat off on his arm ...

Oh jeez. We chatted for a bit, but then I had to leave because the tow-truck was bringing my mom's car to a mechanic's shop, and we were supposed to be there, too ...

It was so exciting and bitter to see Walter ... of who I had thought that he was dead! But he ... appealed to me! In a way that I have not felt since Bob, I am afraid. And I got catapulted back so far in time, inside of me, yes, I felt a connection, which was the weirdest part. (*Note: Getting a fluttering heart only thinking about this ... but it was about to get more intense in summer.*)

Mom was also happy to see him, and she did realize who he was after we told her. It was so strange to say his name in front of him. I didn't remember him being so tall ... I googled him, of course. Found images. Wow. The adult Walter had the looks of my dream man, actually. Anyway, that's crazy.

(Later)

Went with CH and my neighbor Fabian (the one with the lung problem) to **a local event with music and all**. And sure enough, there was **Walter** – I saw him right away when we entered the big room. It was so strange! I felt connected to him again, but he was with his female friend, and they looked really close. I felt heartbroken! Holy shit what's that all about? I sat down at the table where he sat, when they were dancing, which I watched with a heavy heart, and when they came back, we chatted a bit, although it was impossible given the noise ... He told me had three kids, and I told him I would really like to know how his life was ... He held his hand out and turned it upside down and said, with great bitterness, that that's how he changed his life, turned it into the opposite ...

So there, I would have loved to dance, but no way, I wouldn't go alone ... but I did realize that I **can** listen now to music now without breaking out in tears. I did not think of Bob once. And that was odd. I did think of Edith, though. Met a few people I knew.

And when Walter left – he walked right by CH and Fabian and me – and we got to chat a tiny bit again, but it was so loud, nearly impossible to hear much, and my voice broke very soon – we touched hands and let go „brushing“ along each other's fingers ... and that was the emotional most exciting thing in a long long time. Wow. W-h-a-t t-h-e f-u-c-k is this about?

And Bob „was there“, too, because of the penis-theme that suddenly emerged ... as Fabian showed us out of the blue (note, we are two pretty much strange women to him) a joke image of a penis with a watch, as something we did really not expect, also showed us another image of a dick along with a Corona test (I thought one of them was his, but CH swears he said it was not) ... which was very odd and unpleasant and uncomfortable. And back home I felt so compelled to switch on my lapton and read some funny stuff, I felt just so wired ... and I was baffle to stumble across an imagery I had never seen before ever – *a fun penis picture!*

Look!



And the icing on the cake: It was *Walter's signature word back in the day*, in our youth, to use a *certain word for „penis“ over and over again ...* it was „Urchel“, and this evening the theme was „penis“, as it seemed. Wow.

A car license plate number reminded me that I was supposed to not give up ... on communicating with Bob and maybe my film dreams ... as „48“ or „480“ is a numeral code for the 48000 Hertz that is required for video sound ... and Bob told me about it over and over again.



And of course our „910“.

August 29, 2022 – **When Mom Met Dad ...**

So I took my mom to the day version of last night's event, a lot of people, nice folk music, she enjoyed it so much. It was a bit emotional, and she shared, that she does think of my father often and somehow even wished he was there ... I was kind of surprised.

I met another old flirt from back in the day, Erich, who was so happy to see me that he hugged me tightly and even cupped my face!



I also saw my father's neighbor Klaus and his wife, and several people greeted my mother and me ... surprised.

Then, after several hours – and me fretting about not having a dance partner, although Erich had proposed a dance, but I had declined – we left. *And I drove through the street where my father lives, and there he was!* Seriously! ***My father was just about to cross the street to enter his garden with Sandy!*** He had been on a walk with her. That was so great to see. I was worried that it would excite my mom too much and offered to turn around, but she asked me to drive on, and I let my father cross, and ***my mother got out of the car – AND WENT TO GREET MY FATHER!***

So I saw my parents together again for a minute. They chatted briefly, I almost felt bad for my father because he was so shocked to see and recognize my mother ... who asked him if he even recognized her! He was just so baffled and said yes, and in the end they wished each other well, and my mom got into my car, and I drove off. My father didn't even see me, but I am sure he looked after the car and must have thought that it was me.

Oh wow, I did not see that coming.

How these things fall into place. Just strangely amazing. Oh how I wish things could be normal, and my father be open to my mom befriending him, which she would if he would allow it ... and he looked so lonely and old, and I so much would like to help him. But remember: He had a lawyer write to me and forbid me to connect with him.

And I must wait until I get some information of what came out of the submission I did with the court via my lawyer relating to adult care services who I had to alert about my father's relations with that guy who is on his ass like a fly for the inheritance. I won't ever allow my father to gift a stranger with what is rightfully mine. I never did anything bad to my father, but I swear he owes me, so much ... in the name of my mother and Peter and Edith and even Julia and Patrick. I won't let him get away. Yes, he looks miserable and old, and he might die soon. But I remember how he was to me at our last meeting at the fence to his garden ... he was so hateful, that I thought I get a heart attack right there, even yelling at me that I shouldn't pull such a dumb face. He was unhinged and out of his mind and ... just like he always was. That's how I know him from my childhood and also how he dealt with Edith ...

(Note: It is now 26 March 2023, and only two weeks ago, after inquiring several times, I was informed via the lawyer that my father had made sure that the court will NOT inform me of the outcome of my submission. Can you believe that this is even possible? I'm at a loss for words and kind of numbed.)

I took mom for a walk right after that with Jacqui in the woods, she wasn't even that stirred up, took it quite well. She is so great about just walking up at people ... so nice. And then we met the Brazilian woman Cosma, who lives in the apartment below me and has been driving me nuts with using her washer in the middle of the night ... and we chatted a bit about Walter, her landlord, actually, as he had told me, for her little store she has there was the place where he was drinking his beer, and she said firmly that „he has a new love“ ...

I don't know why this whole Walter-thing has such an emotional impact on me. *Probably because it takes me right back to my very early teenagehood where nothing had happened yet that would become **the chain of adventure and tragedy events that is my life** ...* not even my parents were divorced. But all were so young ... and now it is so much later.

I do want to know what Walter did to recover from his horrible state. Because back then when I met him in that condition, actually close to where his parents' home was and still is, he could barely move at all anymore and was utterly grumpy. What happened? I need to know. *(Note: March 2023 – and after some back and forth via messages we still haven't met again.)*

August 29, 2022

Horrible **dream** of losing Jacqui ... wow, I think I have been giving him the feeling of abandonment recently as he had to stay at home a lot, alone, while I was with my mom ... poor guy. It's just because I am relenting to my mom's egoism, as she doesn't like dogs or any animals for that matter. It would be so easy if I could take Jacqui with me, and he could just be there, the silent observer that he is. I took him to lake Saissensee this morning to escape the building noise from next door ... just horrible that noise. And I thought it would be quiet after the „noise“ in Vienna and Griffen, ... but now it is directly next door, a heavy building project with 15 houses with garages and pools. I won't live here for a long time, I know that much.

I should write ... I can't make myself. Don't know why. Should take the pics out of the camera ... share some longer stories ... I feel like cemented, weighed down, ... trying not to relive this time of year four years ago ... but something inside of me is.

I keep flashing back to my early teenagehood, when that man who I met, Walter, he was about 17 and I was 15, and he was kind of sweet and shy, but he hid it. My brother was still alive then ... it is so strange to think back to that time as we all lived on the property where my father now lives alone. Seeing him yesterday with his dog Sandy and my mom getting out to greet him ... wow.

Took also an afternoon swim in lake Wörthersee ... only one more day of August. Then it's the first fall month. And I must really take care to not fall back into recalling my last two weeks with Bob ... that mood on Maui, when I knew I had to leave ... and I had just gotten the white Toyota car, and Bob was in such a good and improving shape ... and I did not know I would never see him again.

I could throw up on the spot just allowing my thoughts to go near that ... I don't know how to deal with this in the next weeks.

August 30, 2022

A concert was promised on the raft in the Velden bay, but it was just a bunch of youngsters making bad music. Interesting was only the name of the band: „**Farewell Dear Ghost**“. I kid you not.

So mom and I and CH went to check it out, but ended up just strolling and eatig ice cream. Met a friend of when I was not even twenty years old, my second „man“ ...



August 31, 2022 – The Stroller & The Strawberry Pile

Oh Bob ... four years ago ... I don't even want to think about it. We had less than two weeks together.

Now ... today I talked about this in the rainy forest in the late morning, out with Jacqui, and I was so sad and so desperate. But I felt Bob so close ... so close ... so I asked him if he was right there next to me, walking with me ... just being his invisible self, but here. I cried a bit, I think ... and I stopped and looked around and imagined all the dead invisibles, the discarnates, being right around me.

I put my hand out and asked Bob to put something in it, and it was a small „**Kinderwagen**“, of the kind where little kids sit up in it, like a buggy, and at first I thought the German word. And I walked on and found it odd, but it was a strong impression.



And just a few meters further I had to stop and laugh: „**Stroller!**“ I said. That is the English word that Bob would have used. And in my mind resonated the sentence as he was saying to me:

„**Yes, exactly: I'm *strolling* through the forest with you, Dani.**“ As soon as I allowed myself to actually „hear“ this, I felt like a *zingg* through me ... as if Bob the invisible had nudged me ... I want to stop explaining that I do consider that my subconscious is making things up, all the time I consider this ... so I said that to Bob, just that ... and *asked for something else* to be put in my hand. I thought that Bob should be game for this, as he knows me ... and there was an „**orange**“ or a „grapefruit“ right away in my hand. And of course, a few minutes later I remembered, that CH had given me a **grapefruit** yesterday, as a gift! So there, this would be a case where you could say, clearly, that's just my subconscious ... it is always my subconscious. And for the disca, before or after don't matter ... only in my world there is „time“.

Still I had to cry. I miss Bob so much. So much. Living with him. ***How strange that still I find myself standing in disbelief that he is dead?!***

So I walked on and thought that he and I personally are on a level that I can accept these images of him telling me after the fact that he „knows“. But yet ... I would not be me if I had not asked him for another sign ... and I put my hand out, and a „**strawberry**“ kind of thing came up, something of the ***rough shape of a strawberry and upside down***, and mushy like read pulp ... and I did say „Strawberry.“



Still found it strange. Had a nice shopping trip with mom, then got back, no jobs, so I decided to strain the ***vodka-plum-mix*** I had filled into bottles to mature weeks ago to get the juice out ...

At first I didn't want to do it, and I had not intended to do it for a while, but I had seen the bottles under the sink and got reminded ... and I had time today. So as I was working and spilling and squishing and licking my fingers and filling the thick delicious liquid into small bottles to gift people with ... I suddenly looked to the side, and there was a large roughly strawberry shaped **red** pile of – **fruit pulp! Red fruit pulp!** Had Bob known that I was about to do that work this afternoon? Or did he nudge me to do it to make sense of the „strawberry mush“ that I had received?



Bob knew. Bob told me. I picked it up. Oh fuck I wish I had a partner to share all of this with. I know I only have to finalize the sending off of the currently finished chapters of this Contact Diary. I will.

Today's communication was just so ... here and now. They are here. They, the dead ones.

I also kind of addressed *Mike*, CH's dead husband, and he „showed“ me a *small golden or yellow stuffed pillow*. Will tell CH, and I am curious what it means.



Now off the having dinner with mom. She is ready to do her first bus tour next week. That is nothing short of a miracle.

September 2, 2022

Took a walk to Drau river with mom ... it was very hard, because she gets so grumpy and gloomy and outright aggressive with me, and I so need some relaxing time outdoors, and I want to do her some good. But she wouldn't speak a word with me and barely answer when I try to get her to speak ... and at times i am so close to my wit's end. It was so suiting to see a man in a boat, just sitting there, in the middle of the stream, letting himself drift along the current. Oh I wish.



Saw an amazing huge sunflower ... kind of out of place in the forest ... I can relate.



September 3, 2022, Saturday – Oh the message! **The total encouragement!**

I took mom for a walk to a totally new place where I was maybe 45 years ago ... lake Trattnigteich, a small green lake in the middle of a forest. I *forgot* to take my phone in the car, so I couldn't take pics of the lake. Shit!

As we walked back to my car, a small red car came towards us with the license plate number „**STEIN 1**“, which means „**STONE 1**“. So I was baffled ... and so annoyed about myself that I didn't take the cell phone so couldn't photograph. But then the car came back, when we were already in my car, and the lady stopped next to us to ask where she could walk her two dogs in the area, and I told her. And she parked right in front of my car, so I could photograph the license plate number!



I also found a „Sternspritzer“, some kind of hand fireworks on the path ... sweet. (*Note: January 21 – Also I found an image of two nuts for this date, no idea what about them, but here they are ...*)

Then mom watched as I was taking a swim in lake Wörthersee, took a snack at my place, then I drove her to her place and had dinner with her there. Then on a whim I drove to the **cemetery** to clean up some dry plants from my brother Peter's grave.

And suddenly, a **woman** talked me up on the cemetery and asked me who I was and shared that her brother's name was also „Peter“, and *that he had been a good friend of my brother Peter's* and had died in 2015 because of a mistake the doctors had made at the age of 49. Shit! But then she, introduced herself as Elisabeth A., kept talking about how she has lost almost all her family except for her daughter and I think a niece, and *how often she herself had been close to death ... especially once at a hospital. And I gave into my urge and asked her if she had had a near death experience there ... and she said yes!* She was „in the beyond“ and her father came and took her by her hand to lead her with him across a beautiful green meadow, but then her brother Peter's voice sounded from behind, three times and said „Turn around, turn around, turn around!“ *It was not her time!* She woke up and lived on as a mortal.

Oh wow, she knows everything about evidential mediums and had consulted one, Barbara Fisher, who is now in England. And she told me about a shaman she is working currently who lives across the river Drau and whose name is Martin Kelih. (*Googled him, he is some human energetics healer guy, not for me, but interesting to talk with a woman who said she was studying with a shaman!*) It is so so so so odd, to be confronted with all of this from an outside place, by a total stranger ... we had to meet there. **Wow, it was so good to hear her say the exact same**

things that I am thinking so often that people will think I am crazy when I talk about communicating with Bob and other discarnates ... and she expressed that but said that more and more people are interested and take this for real and appreciate it.

It was a total encouragement that I received today.

Just this morning I thought with a kind of sinking heart that I really must finalize the sending of this contact diary to certain people ... and that I must put in the new photos. Oh yes I must and I will! Thank you so much, Elisabeth A.!

In the car I asked „them“ and especially my brother Peter to put something into my hand, and first it was a *round or five or six pointed thing but structured or patterned like a **bee hive***, and then some **red velvet covered square box** with something like a harlequin sticking out ... just weird.



But to get to talk with Elisabeth and listen to her ... it was such a reminder of ***myself***. I think I remember much better now who I am ... or supposed to be. *This is my story, and I'm sticking to it.*

September 4, 2022, Sunday – **The Bee Hive Pattern! Red Velvet in the Box & 911 BK & 808 BK**

Oh sweet Geezaz – the most unlikely thing manifested. I took mom to a ***folk feast*** around noon today, in the neighborhood, with way too loud music. She was pissed at first because I insisted on a short walk before sitting down in the noise, and I had a hard time with my left chest side that was hurting like hell for a while. Better now.

On the way I encountered a car with the license plate number „**911 BX**“ right away, and I thought, „*Yes, on the 11th of September it was that I hugged Bob for the last time*“. And I flashed back to the evening of leaving him – shit it just kicked in that it was real and that I am not narrating some fictional story, that was me, and him, and we existed together, and now it is all different and gone and fucked – when he would lie down when I was about to leave and wouldn't even sit up, and I had to ask him to sit up that I could kind of hug him.

„But you will be back, right?“ He asked. „Of course,“ I said, and I turned away to leave and added, „I'm almost back already.“ And I was out of the door, and I heard him call after me not having understood my last words, „What was that?“ But I did not turn back, I couldn't bear it. What a fucked up painful shit memory.

Later, I met „**808 BK**“, which I could just read as „**BOB will be back**“. Or now, that I see what I just wrote ... him asking „But you will be back?!“ it seems like a real cool example of time synchronicity. *As I did not mean to write about this episode of my life at all today.* But I did. Write. Then *the „BOB BK“ equals „Bob ... asked me if I was going to come back.“ So Bob knows what I am thinking, and me being open to events around me got the hint through „808 BK“.*

So mom and I ate traditional kirchtag soup and listened to music and gazed at strangers – although my mom knew a few people and even chatted!

I imagined Bob and Edith dancing, my brother Peter and Edith dancing also, and Sigi was there, grooving, and my uncle Karli was sitting next to my mother ... That was odd. I felt urged to

imagine it ... and I looked around and was wondering what people including my mom would think if they knew what I was thinking and that I „saw“ discarnates everywhere. Wherever those inner images came from ... they were intense. And they felt so real. It was a natural thing to „see“ those „dead“ people amongst the „living“.

Then I let mom sit and watch and walked back to the car where I had left Jacqui in the shade ... *and I was stunned shitless about what I came across, literally:* The most weird **sticker** was right in front of my feet – and it was what I had been given yesterday: ***The weird round or pointed beehive pattern motive!*** Just look!



The pattern I was given yesterday on the cemetery! Oh wow. And now that I think about the red velvet box and the harlequin:

The musicians were called „**Die Kaiser**“, The Emperors, and the keyboarder who was the lead singer at times, was impersonating „**Elvis**“ and wore a **red silk or velvet jacket** – in the „**box**“ of the stage! Wow! I must google for images right away! (*Yey, found what I was looking for right away! Just look!!!!!!*)



Yes, that is what I saw! And the „Harlequin“ stood for a performer ... there is no doubt in my mind that this was what I was given. That notable „**Elvis**“ performer in red in the framework of a „box“ that the covered indoor tent stage was! I had just told mom about the **Elvis movie** yesterday and that I want to see it in a cinema! I have not read film reviews in many months, since Griffen, and did it the day before yesterday, only to find the information about the movie about Elvis' manager played by Tom Hanks ... and today, Elvis in connection with an image that I received from the disca ... ***the red performer in the box, just in my mind it was a red box with a performer coming out ...*** and the red-clad Elvis of today did leave the stage and walked right by us, too.

And look at the posters of the Elvis movie – it fits right in!



Wow. This is communication, folks. Also a shot of the delicious „Kirchtagssuppe“, „Fair Soup“ that I ate today at the event.

There is a bridge between the dimensions. It exists. And in the future, the folks in the two dimensions will live together naturally, and those in the beyond will not anymore be considered „non-existent“ or – dead. No. They are without the material shell that they inhabited for a while like we still do. But they are alive and well. Like the name of the store where Bob and I shopped on Maui often, „**Alive and Well**“.

... so crazy I have been attracted to a small Chihuahua dog lady I saw online, a former breeding machine in Hungary ... but I cannot adopt another dog, can I? Still, she follows me around. Her name is now Dalmi, but I would call her something else. Why am I even thinking about this?



I saw a snail today ... it fascinated me so much, I even shot a video of it moving so slowly ... but in its world probably really fast.

September 5, 2022 – **TIME SYNCHRONICITY!**

Took a walk with Jacqui in the Aich forest ... and had an intense talk with several disca ... This sounds strange to me even when I see it written out. It works this way: I find myself „seeing“ someone in front of my inner eye, and somehow certain thoughts and ideas appear too, and I react to it. Ask questions ... say stuff, complain, curse ...

I saw a bear claw mushroom ... used to eat those, but my stomach is a bit flimsy these days ... I came by that bench with the two-part stone in the background, and there were the **two pillows** still, so inviting, as if Bob and I were sitting there like we did during our last walk on Pukalani grounds and sat down to look towards Kahului and talked about how we would one day go to an event at the Major Hannibal Tavares Community Center behind us ... We never did, not in all those years. *Lots of things we never did.* Not getting over this. Not getting over the loss of Bob and Maui. There is no „getting over“. There is only a „making sense of the mortal time left until this pain is over“.



So today *I entered such an intense state of feeling „surrounded“* that I sat down on the bench close to the stone and imagined or – I don't know – „**saw**“ **several people** on the bench in front of me: My brother Peter, Sigi, Bob and my uncle Karli and Edith. It was so intense, that I asked them to put something into my hand: Bob „gave“ me **a blue shark or dolphin or something similar**, Sigi „gave“ me *a long white thing, like a white cable or a string* (without a plug), Peter „gave“ me a „lemon“, and Edith „gave“ me a *strawberry* and my uncle Karli something like a *key*.



Later, at my mom's place ... a strange display of a cloud above the mountain Gerlitzten.



Time Synchronicity!

Oh wow!

*(Note: I am right now reading through this chapter, started this morning, after having put most of the remaining images in. Last night, January 22, 2023, I googled celebrity stuff, just because I want to know what will be next from Prince Harry of England, who has just published his book „Spare“, and the world is at the same time disgusted by him and worried about him and his nuts behavior ... and for some reason I also ended up with some headline about the **Kardashians** ... and I clicked on it, because it said that the first images of **Kylie's** little son **Aire** had been published. **And the first image I saw was little „Aire“ with an outfit full with blue little sharks or dolphin!** I thought that they looked like a mix of whales and sharks ... but little blue water creatures ...*



*I was startled yesterday, literally, as I saw the dolphins, and I literally asked myself, „Am I supposed to recognize them? Should I take a screenshot?“ I did not. But today I know why the **blue dolphins** startled me: I was about to meet them in my own writing, when Bob gave them to me on that bench back in September!)*

September 6, 2022 – The Teal Ball & the Cat and the Teal Cat!

Took a walk in the forest along an unusual path – and something tiny blinked silver in the sun. And I picked it up, it was a part of some **necklace** or something, with a tiny **teal crystal**, a **silver-colored ball** and an equally **tiny cat-head-shaped ball**.



So then as I walked out of the forest onto the street holding that thing and pondering, my glance fell on **the teal colored cat** on the white car that had been standing there – always! A teal tiny ball and a tiny cat just before I realized a teal cat on my way? Odds?

September 7, 2022 – **Sigi's White Cable & Line manifested!**

Oh wow! I went for a short swim today after dropping of mom after shopping – it is totally hot and thunderstorm-y today ... and as I walked there, to the lake access point, I was thinking about the many things I had been „given“ in my hand the other day, and *I did think of Sigi (and not of Bob!)* and I even said his name out loud, for no reason really.

I walked by a car that was parked at the bus station spot, and I happened to look inside – and there was a laptop bag on the back seat in the corner, with a black cable – and prominently: **a white cable!** It was very well visible, as the inside of the car was black, too!



Wow! And Sigi, the computer freak, **had „given“ me „something white and long like a cable or a line“** two days ago on the bench! I was so stunned ... that I was almost numb taking my swim.

Of course I saw *a dolphin-shaped cloud* ... and I did say to Bob „Play me!“ to share the glorious swimming feeling with him. I even tried to „play him“ and „be him“ while swimming with that certain projection method to make him „see“ what I was seeing with mortal eyes and feel the joys of swimming surrounded by water. From what I've read about Betty White's descriptions – the discos do something similar to „swimming“ naturally in their realm as a normal means of moving. Oh I would be so curious to find out if it worked today ... that Bob could „swim“ with me or rather „as me“!

Later as I drove to visit mom, there was the most amazing **„volcano erupting“ scenario** over Mittagsgogel mountain that does look like a volcano.

But this was not all: As I was swimming there, a **man** came and sat down on the bench where my stuff was. And as I left the water, I saw that he was handsome and very tanned dressed in black leather, and he smoked a rolled cigarette. *Like Sigi had smoked such cigarettes.* And when the guy

greeted me – *I recognized him*. I had last seen him, *Harald*, decades ago – in Vienna, **with Sigi!** They had both been very bad boys, lets say, at the time, related to drugs. Wow! I chatted with him for a little while as he has also known my brother Peter well – but he did not know that Peter had died so long ago. He told me about his struggle with his elderly and demented parents ... it was an interesting talk. ***I felt so catapulted back to the Sigi days – right after seeing the white cable!***



And it was still not all: As I had already begun to write this down, I realized the additional meaning of the „long white thing“: **The white lines** that Sigi and H. had consumed back in their drug days! ***Sigi had indeed connected with me on the bench two days ago.*** It could not be clearer. You be the judge. The „**white lines**“ being Cocaine, and he and H. really indulged in that back in the day. And then I saw a „**white cable**“ or a „white line“ and would literally see a white cable in the back of a car right before running into the guy who did the white lines with Sigi!

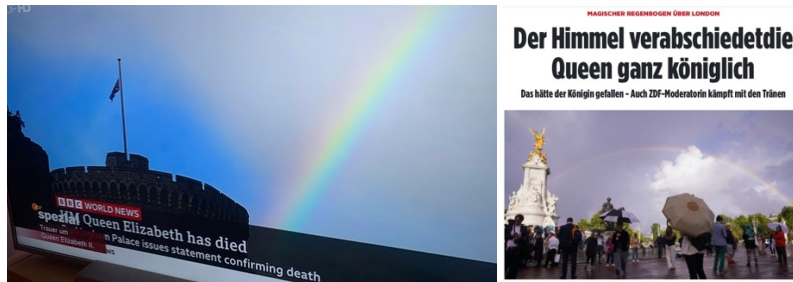
I only regret that I did not take my phone with me – I never do when I go swimming but leave it in the car along with my purse, because I don't want someone to steal it. I did intend to return and photograph the white cable in the parked car later, but it was gone when I left the swimming spot.

September 8, 2022 – Queen Elisabeth died today at about 7.30 pm

What a day. My mom did a short excursion by bus, to Styria, where CH also participated and had an eye on her, and just as they got back, Queen Elizabeth died, as was announced right then. So strange, as I looked at the church tower clock just at that time – because the bus with my mom was arriving. CH told me that already at the breakfast break *after an hour of bus drive my mother was considering drinking wine with soda instead of a morning coffee.* That puts everything in a new perspective for me. She was visibly flustered and appeared a little drunk when I picked her up. She has no tolerance for alcohol. But obviously she is not able to think straight and responsibly for herself anymore. If I would just leave her with her stuff ... well, I don't want to think about this. Fact is – the first time she was alone out there, she wanted to drink alcohol. I just can't give in to that sinking feeling that I have right now.

In Hawaii they say that a straight rainbow means the presence of royalty. And for the Queen's death there were **rainbows** in London. A greeting. And Elizabeth has left her very old body and had joined her beloved Philipp and all the other folks. Still, it feels so strange to live on here, on this planet with fucked up mankind without the queen. She was always there, someone wrote. Now she is gone. As we all will be one day – as of our flesh. The rest ... remains alive and well, and not just that: better than ever, right, Lilibet?





Sort of dreading the situation with my father ... will he die and never reconcile with me – in this realm? I can only hope that he has people around him that he likes and feels comfortable with.



That's how I imagine them now ... so aware and clear and looking right at us! Have fun over there, Elizabeth and Philipp!

Also I found some *pearl-kind-of-jewelry thing* ... seems to speak about connectedness.



September 10, 2022, Saturday – The MEA 910 Day & The Mo'o

It's four years this date that I spent the last day with Bob. Of course considering the time zone, not yet, but I'm just talking numbers.

And I woke up from a **horrible dream – of Bob**. Clear Bob. Bob as he was, exactly as he was. *How he was looking, walking, behaving, with his dark blue jacket and his withdrawn ways – and he gave me the silent unfairly cold treatment like so many times in real life.*

I lay awake for a few minutes, baffled by the dream confrontation. And after a few moments a very similar situation with my father of the recent real time events this summer came to my mind, when he had said that he didn't want anything to do with me because of something I had done that someone else had told him ... it was a clear brutal reflexion what happened in my dream. And I do understand that it is meant to be a clarifying warning, a pointing at where the problems are and

always were. The quintessential understanding: If someone is influenced and has allowed to be influenced by someone else about me and wants and chooses to believe that without even seeking to talk to me to ask whether it is true and without asking my side of things – then this person is not interested in me but has a very strong need to use something to separate and get away from me.

That was a mouthful. But the **dream** was so intense.

I was in some kind of **study group**, out in the open on a **hill with a grand view** (really like we had on Maui in Pukalani) but I don't know where. The **teacher** was a very famous man, that was the impression in the dream, and I felt very lucky that I was there. Somehow I remember some kind of confrontation or hike or talk with Bob on that hill, earlier, but I cannot see that clearly. So I sat in that class in the sunshine at a table facing East, and as I turned around I saw that **Bob was sitting on another table in my back, facing south, with other students!** I realized that I was cut off and that Bob felt that he belonged to the other ones, the better ones, as it seemed, and I felt so sad and heartbroken.

There was another element in that dream that I cannot remember that kept flashing into the story, something about me feeding or helping an animal or even a person ...

So eventually, back in that outdoor classroom, I found myself sitting next to another student, a *white haired woman*, short hair, kind of scrawny woman in maybe her mit forties, and we both had *notebooks of paper* but with some strange *orange elements*. The whole study was about something really important, like a building project, something mathematical ... and I looked into the materials, but I could not see the lines that the teacher was reading. So I asked that woman my neighbor and she did **not** tell me where we were in the material. I asked her how that can be because it seemed like she was reading right along and knew exactly where we were. She refused and said no, she had no clue, she was reading something else, but that I had the right notebook, with printed content, actually. And that I should ask the teacher. That I would do I thought, as the lesson came to an end. The notebooks on the table in front of me and my neighbor were somehow with *orange colored elements*, plastic, or something.

So I hustled to get out of the bench and turn around to ask the teacher ... but to my surprise the group dispersed so fast that I did not get to ask him. **But Bob was there ... and he was moving away from me along some kind of path or corridor**, as the outdoor setting seemed to be in a school building all of a sudden. I thought that I could sure ask *Bob*, but **he hurried away**, EXACTLY like he had done and been in real life, his body, *his posture, his height, carrying his blue almost empty backpack over one shoulder, staring at the ground, trying to stride away from me*. I was so baffled, and I ran after him and held him back and said: „**Wait ... wait! Why are you running! I want to ask you something!**“ He did not even want to stop. And looking back, it was so clearly and EXACTLY the energy that Bob had had so often, trying to get away, being aloof and shy and weird and unpleasant and not willing to communicate ... but I insisted and maybe grabbed his arm or stepped into his way. **As he stopped and looked down on me THAT WAS BOB, the real Bob ... the looks the feeling of his presence all.** There was something *orange* about his outfit, like the notebooks on the table in front of me and my neighbor had also been somehow with orange colored elements.

I complained bitterly, saying „**What is going on? You never help me with anything, you always brush me off ...**“ Not literally maybe, but this content, and Bob looked down on me, and his eyes were dark, almost black like zombie eyes with disgust and rejection towards me, so that I was almost **shocked** ... And he spoke right away in an accusing tone that made me so helpless like in real life, he said, that ...

And here comes the strange part, he spoke **of the street where my father lives** and where I had lived in real life in my childhood and youth ... he said „... *I know what you have done, and while I was away ... in the street ... the monitor waggon and all that ...*“

I was entirely baffled, as I had no idea what he meant, and **he went on to say that the teacher had told him all that**, that I had used a monitor waggon (to spy on him, I was assuming) ... Him „having been away“ seemed to relate to him having been at a hospital, I think ...

So I stood in front of him in my dream, like so many times in real life, entirely helpless in my attempt to get through to him with words, to convince him that what he had heard was not true, and I repeated over and over that I had no idea what he was talking about, „**What monitor waggon? What is that?**“ ... but he just looked at me *hatefully* and in no way inclined to even listen to what I was saying or considering that he was not right.

And in my dream I thought and felt that this was so **similar** like it had been with **Sigi** all through our relationship **and also with my father** ... where I had not been able to get through to them and where they had turned to other people and left me standing not listening to me not believing me outright ignoring and accusing me in the worst ways ... just horrible ... I relived that about my father and Sigi and Bob in that dream, standing facing Bob so desperately trying to make him understand and listen and believe me – but he would not even answer! Not answer with anything meaningful, he was just bitter and quiet and stared at me that because of „**what the teacher had told him**“ that I had done „in the street“ while he „had been away“ that was it for him, and he would never want to have to do with me.

And *I realized waking up that this deep and horrible frustration has been such a big part of my life in the mortal realm* ... and maybe, as bad and negative and dark as this dream feels, it is a very precious and wonderful and loving greeting of Bob to the anniversary of our separation in the mortal world.

Does he warn me to stop allowing to be entangled in the always same patterns? It is very similar with my mother. I know she does not give a damn about me, hasn't done that for a long time. And still I care about her, and I care for her. There is no choice.

I must watch out for myself, I know. I know so well. I must be smart. I cannot convince certain people – of anything, if they are mentally not able or willing to understand and believe me. Like CH? I must be the one to walk away and not seek help and understanding *from people who will never be willing or able to help me or understand or – love me*. Bob was making this so very clear in my dream.

His closeness ... his Bobness ... **I longed for it so much like I always have after the first blissful months, after which he had suddenly turned cold and distant**. But he was distant and he would not turn to me and believe and help and love me. He had not in real life – onto in the last weeks we spent together, where he came around and saw it all and regretted it all.

It was so much too late. So this **dream** has a lot to say to me. I will ponder on it for a while.

I do know that it went on briefly, but I do not remember how this ended, as I woke up with this horrible real-life feeling of despair knowing **that I was not able to get through to Bob to make him understand**. His face was so bitter and cold and distant towards me – like it had been in real life so often. With no reason, I must add. Without any reason. That was all inside of Bob ... from the very beginning, way before he had met me. It was not me. It was him. And this is probably the message for me today, too. ***I am okay. I know that I am. I know how I was and am, and that nobody could ever accuse me of wrongdoings as there were none.*** But I have been drawn to unjust people, like my father, and Sigi, and Bob, and even my mother, who would accuse me and

judge me – and in reality it was not me who they were seeing and mistreating but themselves. It's their story, and yes, it is connected to mine, but still their story.

And Bob's story lead to him destroying his mortal existence and by that mine also on Maui and my life and career with him, brushing me off that island, and giving me years of grief and of a calling I did not ever have an idea I would end up with – writing this contact diary.

Yes, these are, also astrologically, the days were I must reflect on my past to move forward without the old baggage and without making the mistakes again.

Maybe the dream was telling me that I must finally „see“ what is right in front of me and face it and accept it and deal with it and stop wishing it were different.

Stop wishing it were different but face the facts? Oh I suppose I'm smart enough to do that and realize I got to. But the basis of my mortal existence, the emotional make-up, that's an entirely different story.

Maybe the message of the dream is for me to not just „face the fact“ but „make facts“. **Do** stuff to imua. **Imua! Move forward!** That is Bob's message to me. **Move forward Dani, don't look back.** And „back“ – that is what I thought would be, my expectations – but not the past itself. ***Of course I must look back to understand the present. But don't focus on the old prospects. As those suckers ar gone baby gone.***

Yes, the outcome may have been different. There was always a chance that Bob and I would have ended up learning about the project „The Bridge“ and worked on it together in the mortal realm. But we did not make the proper choices for this to unfold. I did not ask the right questions at the right time for fear of experiencing pain from the answers and that things would not be the way I wanted them to be according to the answers. Bob was so difficult, and I did not dare to express myself the way I really felt for fear of losing him. This was my mistake. So was it always me who was doing the wrong things by clinging to my wishes and not the facts?

I intended to go for an early morning swim. But the air is so cold, and it's the Harley-Davidson-meeting today, so a gazillion of bikes around already now, at 9.30 am.

(Later)

Took mom for a walk along river Drau ... watching her, being grateful that she seemed to enjoy it even though she doesn't want to talk with me ... and there it was: **A dead teal green mo'o, lizard, with a golden head.**

Oh I felt so greeted. It's the 910-day. **MEA 910.** The „mo'o“ and the noises they made were our theme in housie where so many lizards lived ...



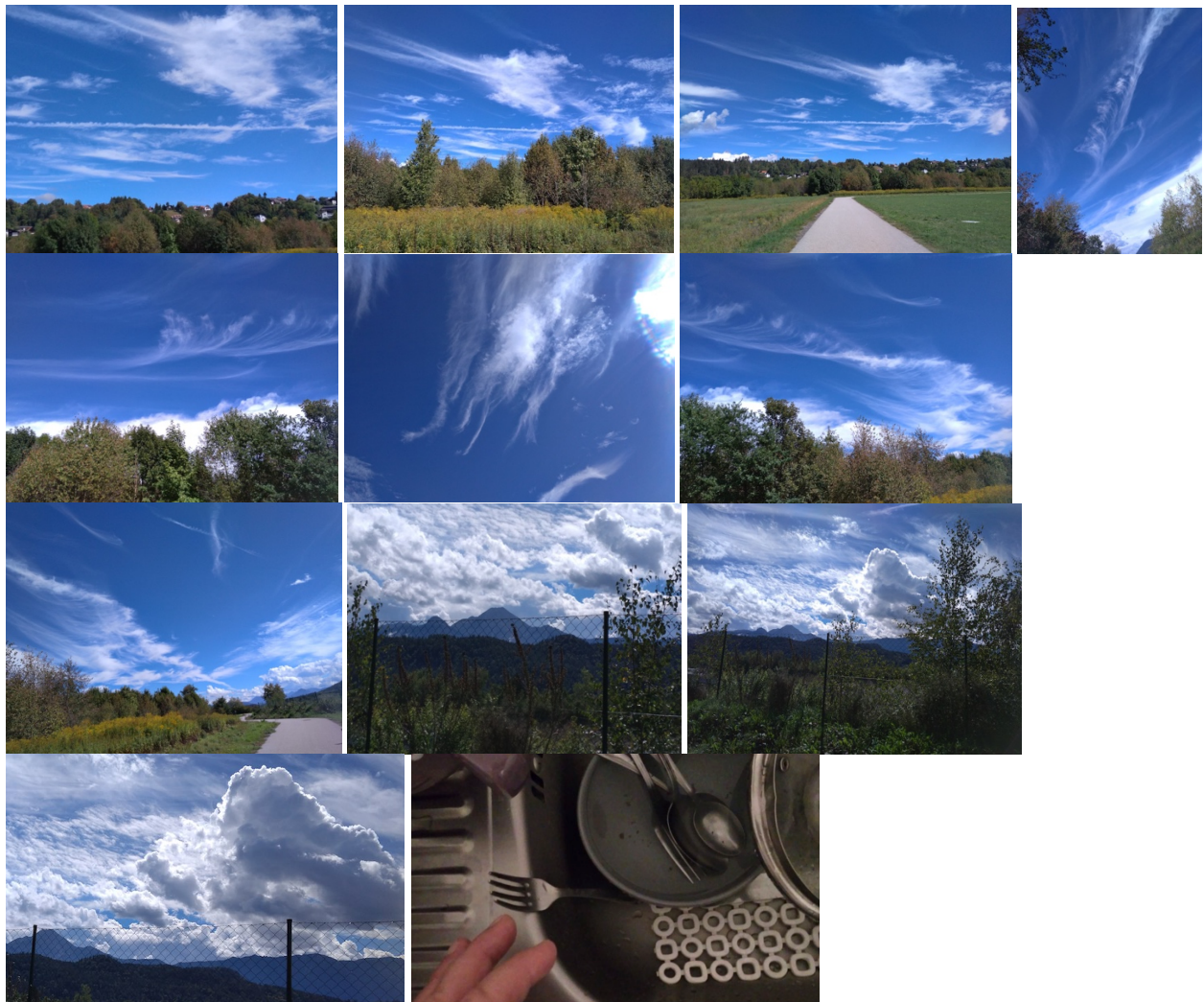
(In „housie“ on Maui)

(Note: January 23 today, and I had just discovered a whole bunch of Maui images including this mo'o yesterday, when I put in the last images into this c. d. Oh the memories ... hurt like hell.)

How fascinated I was seeing the license plate number of Bob's car on Bob's beloved teal colored Honda Accord for the first time. It was the most exciting sight ever seeing Bob in that car. How could I have possibly known that „**the matter 910**“, as „**ka mea**“ means „**the matter**“ or „the important thing or stuff“ would be the last day I would spend with Bob, September 10, 2018. I left him on September 11, 2018, fully anticipating to return to him in just a few months and find him alive and well.



Yes, the skies ... how strange today, *the skies under which the dead mo'o was lying* ... and I put it aside so that it wouldn't be run over by bicyclists or trampled upon by the idiot humans around, like that person who killed it.



... and the clouds mimicking the „volcano“ ... after first showing themselves as a „penis“.

So the image of the ***fork*** is dated yesterday (*Note: I put it in January 22*) ... I don't remember what it meant ... maybe „Fuck yourself“ like Bob and I often said „Fork yourself“ or „It's all so **forked up**.“ There. I think it dropped weirdly like having a life of its own ...?!

(Later)

Met my friend Martina at lake Saissensee who I went to school with until I was 14 years old and only saw her once maybe 25 or 30 years ago after that ... and she came with her lovely dog Benny, a black Labrador and Dalmatian mix, and he and Jacqui got along so nicely just like me and Martina. What a blessing to meet her again. She sought contact nearly three years ago, and I did not find it in myself to meet up with her while I lived in Griffen and in the first horrible year here in Velden, until today.

It was so wonderful to speak with a normal person. I am so tired of the drug and alcohol bullshit of CH and other people I know. I would really like to be friend with Martina and her people.

A huge ***thunderstorm*** broke loose just as Martina and I had a coffee at the restaurant right at the lake shore ... wow, it was amazing. We stood under an awning and kept chatting after walking around the lake. It was a short meeting, but we had to sniff at each other, so to speak, and sniff we did. It was lovely. Comforting to me.

Sunday, September 11, 2022

The **fucking fourth anniversary of me leaving Maui and Bob to never return**, until now. To never see Bob again.

I went for a swim in lake Wörthersee this morning, did that yesterday too, after all, in spite of the Harleys around everywhere, and the water was steaming yesterday because the air was so cold. This morning, it was much warmer, and the lake still has about 23 degrees Celsius. I will swim every day, because next week there will be a drop in temperature, supposedly.

I talked to Bob in the water, I think I am supposed to not think about the drama and the tragedy and the pain and the sick Bob anymore. I even can't think about it today ... even though, lying in bed this morning, I flashed back to my Maui futon bed so hard, and it was so painful, and I longed so much to be on Maui with Bob ... but I will not ever again. I must handle this somehow. I cannot get it back. I will not dwell on the dread. I asked him, like many times, if he is sad too – and swimming right with me. And I had the strong feeling he was, I played him, „shared“ the view over the waves, the feeling of the water just being mortal with him ... and also with Edith and even with my brother Peter.

I enjoy swimming so much, and I dread the time soon to come when the lake will be too cold and autumn and winter will come. And the dirt from just ... pollution and the idiotic salt spreading on the streets ... yikes.

I was thinking Bob wants to move forward too. I have the feeling he was telling me in the dream last night that *I must start to see things how **they really were between us***. He was not the nice man and partner I am making of him. I know. I am painting things pink. I have been. I still love him, and our stories were intertwined in such a strange way ... and I feel so abandoned and sad and kind of desperate because of all the film plans we had ... I miss so much doing all this But I must stay in the past. Here I am. Can't change that.

Must help my mother. Must work on my patience and on my health. I observed myself swimming, felt my body, I still have that mortal machine, and I must make sure it runs okay. I don't know for sure what I am supposed to do. But I will find out.

Interesting to learn such a different life view like Martina has ... worrying about her health and her body all the time, going to examinations ... yikes, I would never do that. Ever. But she feels better, except when there is the slightest chance she has a problem, like with her heart, that scares the shit out of her. So strange to be so afraid of being sick or malfunctioning. I cannot relate to that.

Anyway.

So today ... I took mom for a walk through Velden, and I must really work on my patience, as I get so frustrated about her oblivious behaviour among people, standing right in everyone's way, eating her ice cream so aloof of everyone else ... she can't help it. I can see that there are phases of her behaviour and thinking. She is so well at times. Then seems really old and so demented.

I will have to talk to her tomorrow to find out in what state she really is. I will preface it with just exactly that – I want to figure out together with her, if and how she is able and willing to work on her mental progress. And we shall write down what we talk about. I must do that. If she can't follow and gets desperate that will be a clarification for me like any other outcome. I need to know if she is willing to get new clothes and shoes and a mattress, which is so important, or if she refuses and display the typical behaviour of elderly with dementia issues who don't want to change clothes or wash their hair .

So we took that walk in Velden today ... and at the parking lot I came across a wooden kind of sculpture, with a kind of hidden *bird of prey* on it. Later also took a walk with Jacqui in the forest, too, saw a big „bear's claw“ mushroom and an egg mushroom. Just amazing, everytime, what the woods hold as of food and shelter and also dangers. I remember last winter when the big snow came and half the forests broke down, and I went for a hike with Jacqui, and we ended up in very deep snow, and even though there was no real danger for us, I felt the dread of sinking in too deep.



Went to the bench at Aich to sit under the tree for the „Ma'alaea“ view.



So Bob ... my love, be well. Be with me. Or not. Help me imua. Somehow. I so much want to influence the world with my films. But how can I? I live in a fucking commune of strange people right now ... with who I can't share anything that is really me ... just a few meters from a huge building site where the noise drives me nuts ... Jesus Christ, wtf?



Just now, as I was writing the last lines, a sharp very high tone appeared in my head on the left side where the ears are ... it's inside, there, even when I hold my ears shut ... it has subsided now. But it was strange.

I am reading blogs about dementia patients throwing things away and the experiences of people whose loved ones have or had dementia ... and how they should have known early on. I know that my mom had dementia signs already in 2011, and thinking of Bob, his strangeness that I noticed about his thinking and misplacing things and his anger outbreaks were sure signs of a certain type of dementia, maybe frontal lobe. He told me about his grandfather and that he had it ... didn't recognize his grandmother from one day to the next. I should have counted one and one together.

One is always smarter „afterwards“. But I really regret having been such a whim and not speaking up about Bob's behaviour right from the beginning. I felt it pressing so often. But I did not do it for fear of offending him.

Education can ruin our mortal stories big time. This must stop.

After dropping off mom I took J for a short walk to the road next to the care facility close to where mom lives, and there was a guy ahead – ***exactly like Bob***. *Bob used to wear khaki cargo shorts, socks, sports shoes and a dark blue cardigan with a zipper*. It was really like seeing him from a distance like I have so often up Haulani Street ... the height, the slender figure ... I was just baffled by the similarity. Oh how often have I seen Bob ... and how often have I looked at him and felt rejected. No loving glance, no glance at all so many times. No holding hands, no talking ... after one year of bliss. And then many years of ... well, a mix. A very emotional fucked up mix.

And of course my best friend Jacqui, always keeping an eye on me.



September 12, 2022 – ANNIVERSARY SYNCHRONICITY: The Dream of Handicapped Flying, the Typewriter & The Google-Image of Handicapped Writing While Flying!

This morning is, given the time difference, the time when I left Bob on September 11, 2018 at around 8 p.m. to catch my flight from Kahului airport. I really tried to ignore it, but my mind was on it all the time.

Oh the dream this morning, today, I mean! There was a woman, who was able to fly, and I was supposed to do that too, but I could barely lift off! I could not move my legs, I felt so weighed down in

my willpower, so *I could not will myself up* ... And there were people watching, I think it was on a meadow, in some hills, highlands, maybe, but it also was a building site somehow or a village. I had to do with a family with small kids, and I was supposed to complete some important task. It had to do with being in a house but needing out to join the gathering of people who kind of were mostly clad in brown coats ... on that hill.

The woman was there, about my age, slender, blond, and she showed to them a perfect lift off and flight. And I was so desperate as I knew I could do it, but I was weighed down – by my thoughts. And I had a hard time moving my legs, still. And the flying did have something to do with swimming motions. I just could not muster up the sufficient willpower. At some point I found myself lying on the ground in the lap of the naked (!) woman who kind of was my teacher. And my head was right on her crotch as she sat with her legs kind of open-crossed like in a yoga-sitting-position. And in my dream I moved further to the side as I thought if I move to the right and turn my head, I must touch her vagina. That was so strange, that I kind of purposefully dreamed on. And there was something about ... I wanted to say a man who took something and that I needed to get a hold of, and there were kids related to him, but this is blurry. ***I only know that I closed my eyes and willed myself off the ground***, and I was wearing a heavy brown coat too. And I knew that I was probably flying right above the ground, but not touching it, and if I opened my eyes, I would fall down. I still had a hard time moving my legs. But I did open my eyes and looked up – and I did fly – and then I woke up.

And just now, after the walk with the dog, I opened Google to check my work email – and fucking look what the image is today! **A woman with the hairstyle I have today flying in the autumn air in a wheelchair related to writing!** Because the connected image is a **typewriter!** And just a few days ago *I had taken my old typewriter from my mother's basement!* And my dream of not being able to move my legs and trying to fly ... and then this image: **A woman who is a writer – and Bob called me „his writer“ and even other people told me this! – in a wheelchair! ... and I am a writer or am supposed to be one in the air, flying!** Like in my dream! But there I could not as I couldn't move my legs, like the person in the wheelchair!

And the typewriter too! And: The person is dressed in brown! Like the people in my dream and me too, as I wore a brown coat! But she is typing with her foot!

And the light in the room with the typewriter is the moon behind the **flying typing writer woman in the wheelchair!**



What are the odds? (Note: And oh, there will be more significance two days later!)

This is me in the imagery. It is FUCKING ME. *In my dream and in reality. She is carried by her writing that makes her fly. Oh wow.*

Thank you Bob for the greeting. I accept. You are the best. It's a masterpiece of synchronicity as communication. Is it an encouragement to get back to my roots – the writing. Focus on it? Must I? Should I? Try to fly and trust you can even if you are weighed down? And above all – trust the communication with your disca-friends! And work on it and share it. That is it. I know.

Mahalo. I will „imua“.

September 14, 2022 – HUI 1, 910 EA, The Tape & The King „Kralj“

I made notes in the last days, about amazing license plate number events ... but today it was some kind of climax with twice „**910 EA**“ – *It can barely get any closer to „MEA 910“, Bob's license plate number. And „HUI 1“, and „hui“ in Hawaiian means „meeting“ or „gathering“. So we shall meet again? „Ea“ in Hawaiian means „sovereignty“.*

Twice! Within an hour I saw this license plate number close to where I live. And in between: „**910 FI**“! Wow! And before that „**480 BD**“! And 480 stands for „sound“, remember ... which I interpret that Bob still likes me to talk to him, out loud that is.

I wish I had photographed the *cloud penis* that came right out of the evening clouds as I was swimming late in lake Wörthersee yesterday, September 13. After I had dropped off mom ... we took a stroll at Villach, shopped a bit, she ate at my place ... and I observed her how sweet and old she was, remembering how she had been, her hopes of love and happiness ... and I cannot even believe myself how I could have ever had any aggression against her ... no matter how nasty she can be. She is aware that her mind is diminishing ... but so is mine!

Today I explained to some *guy at a hardware store* what I need a *wall tape* for ... and I explained to him that I needed it for the spot where the wall paper meets the wall – *which is fucking bullshit!* I need it to connect the wallpaper with the sink because I don't have a proper back for my sink! And just earlier as I looked at the tape I realized that I had told that guy things that were not true but *to me they were while I was talking.*

Wow. That was an insight into my mom's situation and behaviour. I can so imagine now how one can say something with full honesty – but it is not true. I experienced it on myself. I know that I must take care of my mind. The stress is getting to me ... it does have to do with my work. I sometimes get a lot of jobs and want to finish them, but know that I must go pick up mom, go shopping with her, get her to walk a bit, eat with her, but must work in between, and then I often work until late at night ... can't do anything else.

I also had an amazing experience the other day ... one with a song, too! I never listen to the **radio**, but I switched it on just once, after thinking so intensely about Bob, and right there, a woman sang a refrain like „**Don't you know I am always with you**“ or something like that, „**... I'm always there.**“ It was so so so intense. So I switched the channel because it was too intense ... and I ended up with a *Slovenian* station, and all I could understand was the name of a **King** called „Karl“ or „Karol“, and the speaker on the radio said „**Kralj Karol**“, which means „King Karol“. And I said to myself that I used to speak and understand the Slovenian language, that's why I understood or heard that word, „Kralj“. I just took the turn right up the hill between Velden and Lind where my mom lives.

And a day later – I drove the *other direction, but on the same spot*, a car came towards me with the license plate number „**KRALY 1**“. I kid you not. I was so baffled ... and I think I understand: Bob

was telling me that he was right there! It was on the same spot but in the other direction where I had heard „Kralj“ that I saw „Kraly“ on a car!

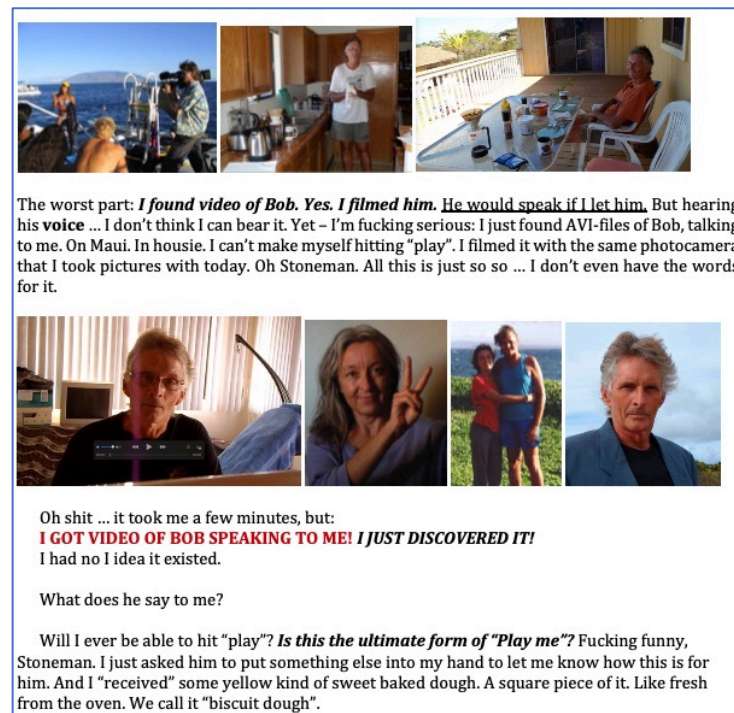
This is not a coincidence.

Just saw on my cellphone notepad that I have also seen „111 RS“ which seemed so significant. *RS stands for Robert Stone*. Oh how long have I not seen this name ... written it. My heart is right now burning, literally. A sharp burn. Only reading Bob's name. (Note: *Something really similar I would see on December 31, 2022:*



Wow, something odd just happened ...

I had just earlier edited an astrology text for my client Daniela, and she asked **to check what had happened on May 18 and 19 this year**. So I opened the file Q-R of this contact diary, thinking that the date would be in it ... but it ends with *much later*... and scrolling all the way down I ended up with the entry that I had found an AVI-file of Bob speaking to me. **BOB SPEAKING TO ME. Literally. In the flesh. As a video I have taped of him maybe in 2013.** Oh shit. And I was wondering why I saw the „480“ license plate numbers all the time.



Am I supposed to watch this ... see Bob move and be alive? Am I ready for this? Shit no. I don't think so, Stoneman. I ended up staring at pictures of him ... and my tears are welling up like they

had always just been there waiting to be able to flood everything about me that I had thought was under control.

How must my mother have suffered after the death of her beloved friend, then of my brother, of her brother and of my grandfather, her father? And I dare to be pissed off at her at times? What a fucker am I?

Earlier today, I took mom to the spot where I swim, but it was right before a thunder storm, and the waves were wild. It was so much like on Maui ... so I swam, in high lake waves, mom watching me from the shore. Out there I said „Now that’s a swim!“ repeating what Bob had said when we had swum in good waves and even stormy conditions ... we loved it.



And I put out my hand, and a **pearl** appeared in my vision. „**So – pearl**,“ I said. If he was really with me, a pearl will appear in my reality-mortal awareness soon. I also found another lonely red cap mushroom on the path today ...



Pearls have always appeared at certain stages of my life ... I have always been baffled. Well, today I received it as kind of a vision in my hand from Bob. I am curious now.



Also, this morning, during Jacqui’s and my forest walk ... I saw a whole big spot of amazing **tiny mushrooms**. They were there, so self-confidently, yet so humble and hidden, and not many people would ever see them, and how fragile they were ... but they played there roles in the course of things ... I was so amazed.

September 15, 2022 – The Crying Dream, 250 BS and HUI 1 & the Pearls & the Moon

The last warm day of the year, they said, with over 20 degrees Celsius. Went for a swim in lake Wörthersee in the rain, with mom and Jacqui watching. I flashed back to Maui so hard again ...

Right after a **dream of crying and crying and more crying over losing Bob**: A woman by the name of „Brianne“ or „Brionne“ had written me a text message „Oh I am so so sorry“ as a condolence of Bob’s passing, like she had only now learned about it. And there was a **photograph of Bob** in some kind of elevated commune, **like in a tree house**, like one of the treehouses of the fucking project „Taylor Camp“ that killed him ... He was somehow on the righthand edge of the scenario, like hovering on an actual long branch ... it was very colorful, looked like a poster or a puzzle, and **Bob was in it filming something or someone**, looking very stern and serious. Just an image of him. I saw it and gazed at him and cried and cried ... the poster was an almost kitsch-type bright colored photograph with many many details, like one of the paintings of those famous Hawaiian painters Robert Wyland and John Clark here:



And I was wondering who had taken the picture and where it actually was that I was looking at it. It was like on a wall, but I could not reach that wall, *I was separated from it by some invisible barrier or a gulch or something. And I stared at Bob in the picture and knew that this depicted a time in his life when he worked without me, where I was far*, where he had excluded me from his life and doings ... like he had really done. We were at times so far away from each other even though living together. He would not share. He was just so ... weird.

So when that „Brionne“ woman text-massaged her condolences – I really don’t know what I had to do with her, never really saw her, only kind of knew her name and that she was a **pudgy blonde in her early fifties** – I had no idea what to do with it. It just broke down something inside of me and I cried and cried.

I saw a car with the license plate number „**HUI 1**“ – like also yesterday – right after I was seriously stunned by what I saw on the Eurospar store parking lot. We only ended up there because I had thought that my mom had forgotten to get mineral water, and the path to a newspaper store where we wanted to go was blocked, so I took an entirely unintended route. And after leaving the store, I saw the license plate number of the car parked right behind me: „**250 BS**“.



250 BS.

And that’s „**Bob Stone**“ and the first numbers of his phone number, **250-8030**, that follows me around daily. And then, a little later, as I drove mom home, „**HUI 1**“ again. Like „we can get together by phone“ ... no, that’s what we did exactly four years ago, textmessaging all the time, not phoning. I don’t know why ... only when he was actively dying we talked, when he had aphasia and could barely express himself.

It's raining. I want to cry. But I cannot. I feel such pain over not being with Bob. Literal pain. And nobody to share this with.

(Later) **THE PEARL! And THE DRAGON! And THE MOON!**

Sitting down with a chocolate pudding, I just surfed the web and came across a **headline**, saying that it is **no coincidence that the Royals in England are wearing – pearls**. It took me a while, until I saw the image of Camilla with the pearls around her neck, that I realized that Bob had „given“ me a „**pearl**“ on just a few days ago.



Königin Camilla trägt Perlen als Zeichen der Trauer. (Bild: APN/Photo by HENRY NICHOLLS/AFP)



Adrienne Bresnahan / Getty Images

Pearls are unique among gemstones in that they are formed inside mollusks, rather than deep within the earth like most **crystals**. Pearls are connected to the energy of the moon, as well as innocence and integrity. There are many lessons we can learn from pearls, and, in many ways, their teachings and energies can be applied in tandem with **feng shui**.

receptive channel for spiritual insights. In Europe, pearls were thought to encourage modesty and chastity. In **feng shui**, there is also the connection between the **dragon holding a pearl**, which is also called a wish-fulfilling jewel.

The creation of pearls offers a beautiful metaphor. Each pearl started out as an irritant that became something beautiful and precious over time. We can apply this teaching by considering how things that may be bothering us could be turned into something meaningful.

The image texts says that traditionally **pearls are symbols of grief**.

No shit. I have asked Bob many times if he is sad too that we are no longer together and that we did not get to manifest what we intended ... because we fucked up the story that could have played out so wonderfully. And I got the „**pearl**“. There. Symbol of grief and sadness. And: **A pearl has to do with the energy of the moon, according to Feng Shui.** Yes, Bob, you are the moon. And also it stands for the idea that something negative can turn into something beautiful and lovely.

A **dragon** (me, in Chinese Astrology) **holding a pearl** has to do with wish-fulfilling ... oh great.



(Later)

Oh geez! I just googled a picture of a **dragon with a pearl** – and see what came up, by chance, I just clicked on it ... it's **about the dragon and the pearl that stands for the moon**, as a dragon

(me) longs for nothing more than the moon itself! Wow! Fucking true“ ***And I swam in the rain today and told my mother how I saw the droplets look like perfectly round pearls when they hit the water!*** And here it is written!



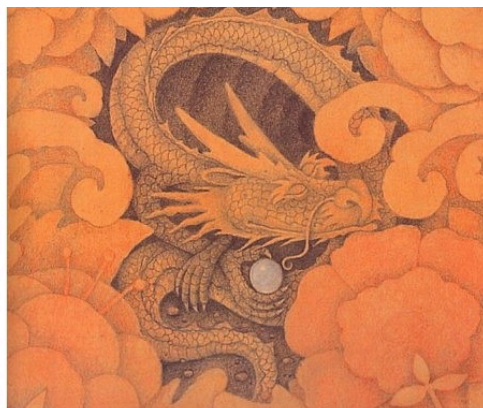
„In China it is believed that pearls are droplets that fall like rain from the moon into the sea, where they are often swallowed by oysters. So it follows that the pearl which dragons long for most of all is the moon itself.“



they see as thieves. In China it is believed that pearls are droplets that fall like rain from the moon into the sea, where they are often swallowed by oysters. So it follows that the pearl which dragons long for most of all is the moon itself. Many have been known to go mad with infatuation and try

And it says in the dragon story: „... ***the pearl which the dragons long for most of all is the moon itself.***“

„This love has been fixed in the stars with the constellation of the dragon forever chasing the moon across the sky.“



chasing the moon across the sky. It is also celebrated in the timing of the Chinese New Year, when the moon rises just beyond reach of the starry dragon, a sign of hope that the mistress of tides and fruitfulness will always escape such rash and consuming lust.

THE DRAGON'S PEARL

Of all the jewels that get washed down to their underwater palaces, dragons value pearls beyond all else and for this reason they are a great peril to pearl-divers, whom they see as thieves. In China it is believed that pearls are droplets that fall like rain from the moon into the sea, where they are often swallowed by oysters. So it follows that the pearl which dragons long for most of all is the moon itself. Many have been known to go mad with infatuation and try to steal it from the sky, resulting in a lunar eclipse.

This love has been fixed in the stars with the constellation of the dragon forever

***You're the sun, and I'm the moon,
You're the words and I'm the tune – Play Me!***

That's what Bob sang to me when we had just met. I remember it like it was yesterday. ***And I was in the water when he gave me a „pearl“.*** And now it is the symbol of the total connection between him and me! I just found it out!

Five minutes ago, I had no clue! And had I not allowed myself to be „lazy“ and just read stuff online, I would not have come across the pearls-headline, would not have read it and would not have entered the full awareness state of the true connection of me, the dragon to Bob, the moon

– the pearl. **Bob IS the pearl as Bob is my Moon** – that is what he told me when I asked him to prove to me that he was really there, with me!



There is this close connection between us and always was ... no matter where or who we are. I the dragon long for Bob the Moon ... and he is aware of it and is with me proven through the pearl image. Which signifies the moon.

Like **yesterday** I also swam, in high lake waves, mom watching me from the shore, I even told her that Bob had said „**Now that's a swim!**“ ... and I felt so much like on Maui ... and Bob gave me the pearl ... and today, in the turquoise green water as the rain came and created a million of tiny **pearls** on the water surface ... it is so magical. And I could cry all the time.

This is communication between the dimensions. It is. It works, it just works. This doesn't mean that my mortal longing is any less.

*(**Note:** Putting images into this c. d. today, October 6, I realized that on September 8, the death of Queen E, I found the strange interwoven **pearls** thingie ...)*



Interesting also the **logo** I created for my film production company to be ... **Lunawai Films**. And „Luna“ means „moon“ and „wai“ – „water“.

(Later)

And just now I realized something else!

I have seen the „pearl“ equals the „moon“ just recently – in connection with me being „**Bob's writer**“, like he always said ... right after getting back my typewriter and having bought new tapes for it: **The Google-logo of September 12!** The girl with the typewriter and the moon! And on the open book, that she has written, is – **a pearl!**

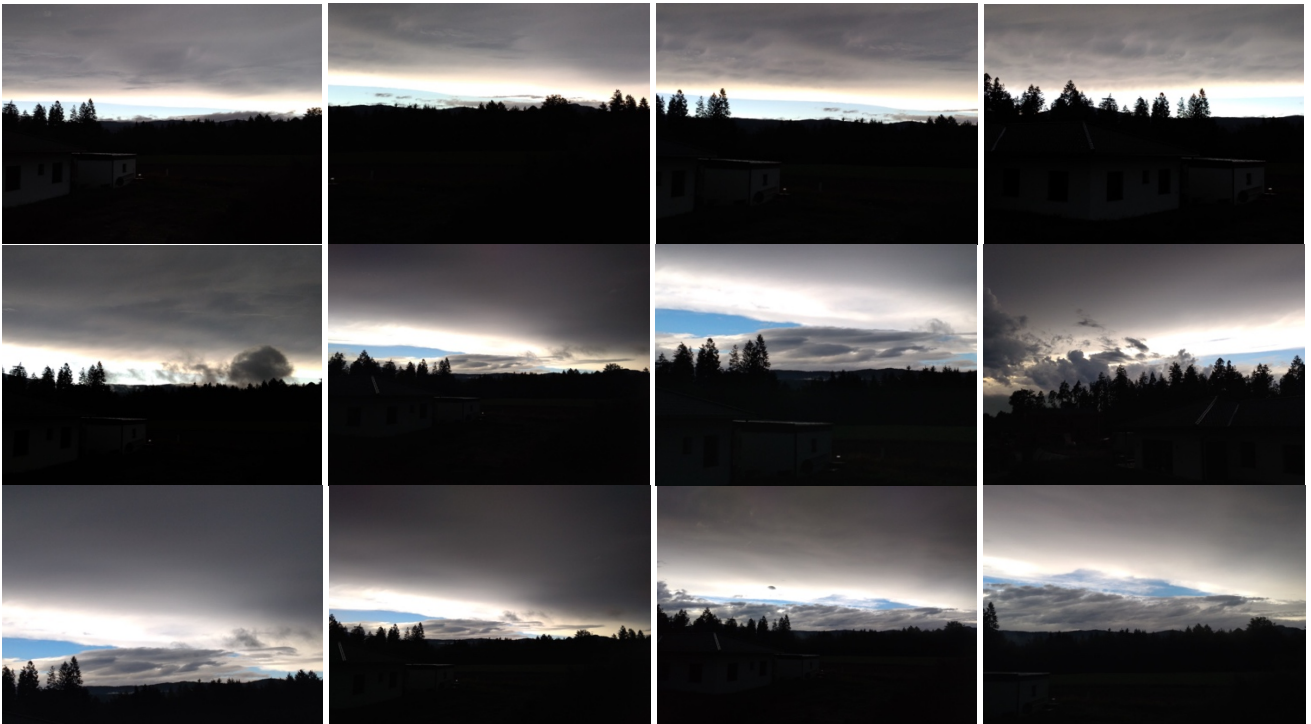


Oh wow! That is synchronicity.

Am I „**Bob's writer**“ in terms of writing this story, in this contact diary, is the main thing I am supposed to do and pursue in my remaining life time? But I want to. But I want to also achieve „Regents of Clouds“ – as film is the vehicle!? But I first must share this contact diary with people? I know! I must? I must!

(Later)

The most amazing **sky opening** in the evening ... seen from my kitchen. Like a glimpse into the dimensions ...



September 16, 2022 – „Let Me Come Home“

Peter Rosen's mom Miriam passed on today. Her body was over 103 years old. Wow. Peter is about 77, I think, and he has dedicated his life to being with his mom for decades. A lot of ailments he is suffering now. But he is planning to return to Maui and move to a retirement home there. Kind of sad to even imagine ... and looking back to the „young“ Peter I knew on Maui. Brr ... when I only see an image of an ocean that looks like a Maui setting, I get the shivers ... no way to ever be there and then not being able to return to Bob in housie upcountry. I feel the trauma wallowing inside of me when I only write of this ...

Wrote to my lawyer sending her a pre-worded letter to my father's lawyer with a statement to the accusations he and Picej made against me. I just felt like it. (*Note: My lawyer answered there was no need to send this via attorney and to mail it myself instead, which I did. Never a response.*)

Went to Villach with my mother ... and after getting strangely upset about looking at her and seeing her kind of „old“, I kind of realized that this exactly makes me angry: I need her to be young and share my life with me. And not old and with a past that consisted of rejecting me and suffering horrible disappointments in relationships and then withdrawing for years to sink into depression and alcoholism and asking me to stay away. And the smart-ass psychologists advised me to heed her wishes! Oh if I only had not! Now I see my mom, sometimes so youthful, but sometimes so „old“ and in a way struggling with loneliness and boredom, aging ... but I *need* her to be young to be with me and join my path! On the other hand, I am probably biologically older than her, in a way, as when I imagine myself in twenty years, I would not possibly be in the shape like she is – inspite having almost died of malnutrition and of having been so heavily demented ... and now she is just fine. Could be better mentally, but hey, it has been only a year after her horrible stint at the psychiatrich clinic and then at „rehab“, and she has made such a wondrous recovery. I am so proud of her.

I wish I would not feel that frustration when being with her, mixed with the thankfulness of being with her ... that makes me be snappy and unfriendly and even accusative sometimes. I do not want to be that. I can't help it. Must work on it.

I drove back home from dropping her off at her place, and I switched on the **radio**, which I hardly ever do. I did think of Bob and that he often used song to connect with me. I had asked him several times if he needed to be leaving or be free or freer, if he has something else to do than stick with me ... and I had that thought in my mind, kind of, ...

... when the singer sang „**Let me come home ... I'm home when I'm with you**“ ...

This made me smile, and I looked over to the empty passenger seat and asked Bob if that means that he wants to stick around to be with me, the mortal, he, the discarnate invisible. And then I asked him **what for he would stick around**, and right then, the words „**To work on our projects together**“ appeared clearly in my mind. I said „*That would be great, but in what way are you working with me?*“ And the thoughts came „**Oh, by inspiring me ... by somehow directing me ... making me say that I am sticking to my story ...?**“

Oh I can hear Bob say these things, like „Can't wait until we will work on our project together, finally ...“ How long have I not heard his mortal voice. How long has he been gone ... it is so painful, this time of year. I do not want to think back four years ... his dying months ... the hospital effect ... his sister ... me sending him medicine ... expecting the best ...

I have been thinking about that video of Bob that I taped years ago and that I have not watched or dared to look at. I keep thinking about it. I want to. But I can't.

„**Let Me Come Home**“ ... yes, whatever that means. „**I'm home when I'm with you**“ ... I would say the same thing. „It's time you came home, Dani“ Bob said so often in the years we were apart. And I would have loved to. But how without money? „We'll figure something out“ Bob said. No, Bob, we wouldn't have. You will always be my love, Stoneman, and I wish nothing more than being with you. But I cannot fucking see you or hear you or feel you for real, can't do mortal things with you anymore, Bob. And this kills me. Pun intended.

And Bob would have been thrilled by the play on words ... I can see his smile, can hear his cackling response ... I miss him so much. Can't possibly express it. My task ... our task ... how the fuck am I supposed to find the strength to „imua“?

The world is such a horrible place.

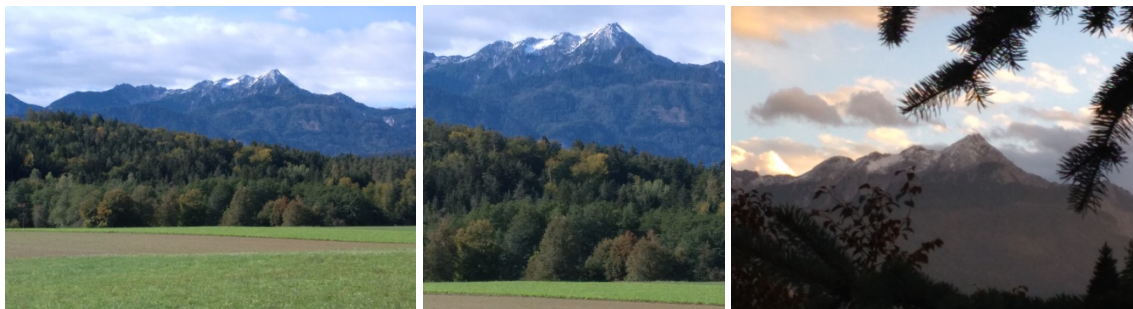
Winter is coming? Seriously? The heating is being put on by the landlord company. And I can't wait to go for a swim tomorrow. Are people crazy to put the fucking heat on? It's September, and it had about 18 degrees Celsius today, and yesterday it had 23, and I was swimming in the 22 degrees lake! If it has 18 degrees in spring, people run around naked. But now, in not even fall yet – they put on padded coats and complain about the cold. Yikes! I do not want to be surrounded by people who are that dumb and ignorant.

What a disgusting mass mankind really is. I keep seeing amazing *mushrooms* in the woods ... what genuine wonders of nature.



September 17, 2022

Swam in the 20 degrees warm lake Wörthersee today – with view of the **first snow** on the mountains! Wow. It had rained nearly two day, but just for the yearly *street market at Velden* it stopped. Mom and I went to the market, I bought a woven shopping basket, that could double as a small-dog carrier ... mom bought nothing. We also went to take a walk at the lake in Velden – it was mom who had called me in the morning and asked that we go.



And back home, I warmed her meals on wheels, apple strudel with vanilla sauce after spicy asian soup, and then I offered her a fun marcipain potato, but she looked at it with such reckless disgust, refusing to even try it, and I reacted very sensitive and blew up on her. Yelling at her that she should really not always hurt my feelings but just fucking once pay any attention to what I might need. Obviously, that was so dumb, she just can't consider ... well, me, pretty much. She is in her world, it's all about her, and it has been like this for decades. So what the fuck am I expecting?

Later I apologized only to hear her say that it's okay and that she doesn't think much of stuff like that because she „knows me meanwhile“. Fuck, that was the wrong answer, mom. I would have loved to hear something like „*Well, I should have been more sensitive to you, too, didn't realize it meant something to you*“ especially after I had told her that I have a hard time right now because of Bob. But again, what did I expect? I should really be happy about how advanced she is in her thinking, and of course it may be hard for her to find herself aging ... and yes, I am making excuses for her, but I admit that I am hurt.

I found a single red capped mushroom on the forest path where J and I often go, a „Butterpilz“, and it kind of touches me, as I feel exactly that lonely often, too.



I saw CH today with her non-boyfriends mother and sister, going to the market, and she looked so miserable. Last night we had agreed that she would come over for a chat, but instead she lay down, fell asleep and kept me waiting. I was furious. Later she called and pretended everything was fine and tried her best to get me to be not pissed off, so I relented.

After the blow up I drove for a swim ... and the water was so nice, and the view ...

And „**250 DA**“ license plate number coming right at me, and several „**910**“. I think I should communicate with Bob more again. That seems to be what he is asking of me.

September 18, 2022, Sunday

Left mom at a **harvest folk music event** – on her own (to pick her up later) with an old friend she had met and was chatting with. I let her stay for several hours, just had to trust, because I could not stand the noise and the sitting around but she just loved it so much. When I picked her up, she was entirely sober and so satisfied about the opportunity to be social. I am so proud of her.

Before that ... found wonderful **meadow champignons** yesterday – and prepared those wonders of nature. They left a lot of juice, so I kind of made a „soup“ from them. So good.



Of course, the **penis mushroom** I saw told me right away that Bob was with me in that forest ... this might sound like an outright projection and wishful thinking to some readers, but trust me, I can discern between my own imagination and an impression that comes from beyond. And I did feel Bob next to me, saying „***That's right Dani, that's meant for you to see ... aloha from me!***“ After all with all the shyness he had about his private things throughout our relationship, in the end he depended on me trying to save his penis. And it worked. Just the rest of his mortal existence was so fucked that it was too late.



Went for a swim in lake Wörthersee, it was spooky how empty and quiet the streets were, on this Sunday, right after the GTI-meeting had finished. Jesus, the summer can't be over yet! It's only mid September, and people behave like they are about to hibernate! A handful of cars and a few lonely cyclists around, at not even 6 pm. The water was grand, the lake looked abandoned, I felt so strange. But so happy about my mom, that she had made it through that event yesterday without drinking alcohol, even though I was not with her!

Then I took J for an evening walk, and because CH had asked me in the afternoon if we'd go, but she didn't get back to me, as usual, I asked her boyfriend M. to call her outside, and she came. We walked a bit, then I asked her up with me. As this time I had to tell her what I am thinking about her pills addiction as a substitute for her cocaine and alcohol addiction. So we talked and she shared that she'd like to stay in rehab and on pills for several years and doesn't want to work. Of course she is on pills, and we discussed how she is talking from inside the bubble, and it became so stressful, that I got entirely outspoken with her – but did that for me. I know that this does not go anywhere in her, as she is on chemicals, and every cell of her brain is under the influence. It is not her speaking. *I don't know who she is. What kind of person really.* All chemicals speaking through her. Shit. I want nothing to do with her anymore, to be honest. I am so appalled and disgusted by her drug-mind, the strange way of talking, the weird glances, the repetitions, the forgetting ... What the fuck am I doing anyway to have contact at all? This is not a friend!

Take my lovely mom who wouldn't take any pills and nothing. And I regret to not having intervened earlier, years earlier, that I have not ignored what everyone advised me, to „accept her wishes“ when my mother „wished“ for me to stay away ... which I did. What a waste of lifetime. But nothing to be done about this.

Peter sent me a link to his facebook and flickr sites, and there is a wonderful image of Maui at night done with Peter's unique spirit body photography. And many images of him. Oh geez, those were the days, back on Maui ... I knew Peter before I knew Bob. Looked at a few images of Maui today with CH, but could barely bear it.

I wish ... so many things. But hearing CH say literally that she doesn't want to work or strive for anything just live into the day being financed by the state put me off so much. I know Bob is pissed too. I can feel it.

September 19, 2022

Took a walk with mom in Rosegg ... the clouds seemed to form **letters**. The other pic is from yesterday, the mountain called Dobratsch seen from the bench under the tree on the Aich meadow, where I intend to hike in a few weeks with mom.



Saw a lovely flower grow out of a piece of wood ... it touched me. Nature our playground is just wondrous, and we got to learn from every single thing we see.



*(**Note:** Often I wonder why I put in those images that don't have anything to do with my project „The Bridge“ directly, meaning interrealm communication. But just now, as I put in those flower images, January 22, 2023, I realize that **they may mean something to the reader of this material, just on the day they read it!**)*

September 20, 2022

Another walk with mom at Rosegg ... talk about a penis cloud! And talk about an odd mushroom right with it!



September 22, 2022 – **The Dotted Fabrics & Peter's Dead Mom**

Nights of turmoil, of really intense **dreams** ... yesterday, Bob and I in a town like Vienna in the public transport train, having to get somewhere urgently, but he knew the way, and yet he let me get off the train in the wrong place and watched me struggle to find my way while he simply traveled on ... and there was that dark and kind of vicious air about him ... I woke up and was tossing and turning being all hot inspite of the coolness of the night ...

And last night ... I was in a submarine traveling somewhere deep in the ocean, and somehow I had a very hard time to move forward, and I have forgotten most of the dream, but I think I was abandoned by my mother ... I also woke up distraught, tossing and turning.

Peter Rosen has been communicating with me via LinkedIn, and I had told him that on the day that his mom died and I thought about her with the intention to connect I had received a clear image of two or more dotted pieces of fabric, like a scarf or a cloth ... they seemed to be „Polka dots“, but really they were just dots ... just my subconscious interpreted them as a typical Polka dots pattern as that's what I am most familiar with and would come up with if someone said „**dotted cloth**“ ...

And Peter shared a picture of his mom Miriam of five years ago, her being arranged in an angelic fashion ... wearing a **dotted garment! Wow!**



And today I took my mom for a walk along river Drau near Gottestal where we haven't been for a long time, and sure enough – on a boat, **a dotted cloth!** And before that, a car with dots on it at the store where we shopped! Wow! Is it selective perception? Or just what it always is – synchronicity?



I got kind of upset when Peter wrote in a some kind of sarcastic tone, that „*he has not heard from his mother in heaven*“ ... and truth be told, I got so pissed off at him. I was nothing but nice to him, he is nice enough, but he was such a prick to me back in the day and to Bob especially. And he is thinking of returning to live on Maui. Fuck you, Peter. I feel compelled to tell him my mind, going back all those years when he so badly disregarded me and the work I had done for him ... when he was taping a show at the studio of Akaku in Kahului, and I had done ALL the work and helped him for hours. Then some of his friends showed up when all the work was done and began to be „important“ in the directing room with the switch boards, while I, with the studio camera, did not only the shooting but also the floor directing and everything else because Peter was a stoned fucker. And after that show he gave money to everyone of his friends. *Then he turned to me, money in his hand, looked at me, put the money away and said – „And you ... well, I will take you to dinner one day.“*

I will never forget and never forgive. Or all the many times when I was invited for dinner at his place and he offered me half a baked potatoe or a fried banana ... yikes. He was always a selfish ignorant person who never cared about anyone else but himself – except for his mother. He alienated most of his friends and certainly his partner, of who I only knew lovely Annie who he treated so badly and then got all mad at her when she left him. Oh Peter ... you are walking on thin ice with me. I am so not willing to put up with shit anymore.

Maybe those dreams are mean to tell me that I must stand up for myself more? The dark Bob abandoning me all over again, in various impersonations, not helping me on my path but rather hindering me, not caring about me ...?

I saw this **amazingly long cloud** today ... it was so unusual ... no idea what it means. When I'll read through this c. d. again for errors, I might realize something, but now ...



I told my mind to CH the other day, and I seriously didn't give a shit whether or not I'd ever see her again. Next day she told me how miserable she had been, crying even, and she suddenly thought that it was not a good idea after all to become a forever-social-case-junkie ... and I am curious now how she'll move one. Without my intervention, that's for sure.

I will deal with my shit only, and I want what I want. I think I start to know who I am. Also in dealing with my mom. She is simply aging. I love her, but there are limits to what I am still willing to put up with – including the behavior and actions of my father, of who I have not heard at all, and of the state of Austria. Who wants more money of me for insurance, while I can barely make ends meet, and they give everything for free to the illegal foreigners who come into the country and only have to say the word „Asylum“, and as long as the legal procedures about whether or not they are entitled to the refugee status takes, they are taken care of, housing, medical stuff, food, clothing and all! And we, the Austrians, don't know how to survive anymore.

No, this is not acceptable anymore.

The big circus about the dead queen ... Jesus Christ, the rituals, the pomp, the horrible custom of embalming the „royal“ and put her in a lead coffin so that „*she*“ be preserved for a long time. **What a horribly wrong philosophy this is!** I do not like the thought that there are many royal corpses all over the world somewhere in airtight coffins and revered as the persons they once were.



(Geez. This upsets me. Preserving the shells ...)

Went to swim in 19 degrees Celsius lake Wörthersee today, like yesterday and the day before yesterday. I love it. But I do need to stay in the sunshine for a while. Seriously never made it longer than a few times for five minutes this whole summer! Must make this happen before the cold autumn comes.

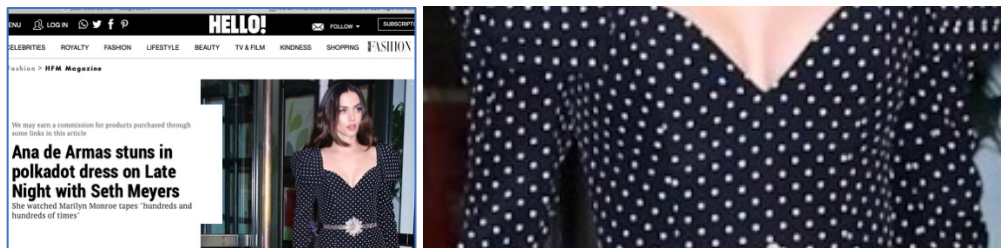
September 22, 2022

Found a lovely „Steinpilz“, „**Stone Mushroom**“ (oh yeah) and at it! Delicious. Not sure about the wall, but I just had to photograph this tunnel in Lind, close to where mom lives.



September 23, 2022 – The Polka Dots!

Browsed the internet randomly ... and there she was:



September 26, 2022 – **The Dream, The Internal Bleeding Thought & 250 & My Laptop**

What a fucking horrible **dream**, the horriblest in a long time ... ***I needed a woman***, of who I only ever saw the upper part, like the torso and who I didn't know, ***to look at me and answer me***. I don't remember the question, but *I was so desperate because she just would keep her eyes closed and not look at me and not say a word*. And I began to shove her around, and she had a perfume flakon, for some reason, and I dropped it and spilled most of the perfume. I did pick it up and lay it on some counter so that the remaining perfume stayed in the flakon. *I tried to convince that woman to talk to me, but I got so mad that I even hit her ...*

Somehow, there was some **man** who seems to have been a love interest, and I needed to connect with him, and the woman was the key to it, but it never happened. There was ***a scenario where I had been many times – in dreams!*** – along a road, where I was supposed to catch a bus, but I always walked to the bus station that was way too far away and that I could not possibly reach before the bus would arrive, it has been a very stressful dream many times. Tonight, I was on the same road, it seems like it leads to real-life St. Egyden near Velden, where Rudi, my ex is from and still lives, and that man, the love-interest, was suddenly kind of more my father. And he pointed out that I was very close to the other bus station, in the valley, and that I could easily catch the bus this time. I was so excited – but because that woman was so stubborn, I couldn't just catch that bus. Eventually, somehow, she seems to have „woken“ up and spoke to me, but I don't know what. In the dream I got a strange feeling because of my aggression about her, and I talked to her and tried to tell her that I was sorry. She was close to me and smiled, and there was a ***clock on the wall*** with a strange black round center and the clock hands barely moving. *She needed me to adjust the time*, and I did and reached up – only to realize that ***a young tall man was behind me***.

Just like Bob had been behind me in real life in 2018, and I kind of thought it was an erotic approach and was kind of surprised, but the body of that young man felt kind of exciting ... and then I noticed, that ***the man was holding my wrists up***, where the clock was, with one hand. And the woman who had not spoken was standing facing up *with a vicious smile and exchanged a glance with that man*. And I saw that ***he made a fist***. And I felt how unprotected and vulnerable my ribs

and liver and stomach and all my abdomen was, and then I realized, that this man was going to hit me with his fist in just a second, he already took a swing. I realized that this was the revenge for me having spoken up and having pushed that woman for not talking to me or looking at me – and I had been entirely right. But she did not see or accept it and wanted me punished. ***I was going to be so badly injured and suffer internal bleeding, and they probably intended to break my ribs and damage all my organs ... oh shit.*** The pain was imminent, and I had no chance to get away. And I woke up – in utter horror.

It was so shocking to realize that I was about to experience excruciating pain by being beaten by that man with his fist, and I would likely die, and that woman would watch, that I woke up! Thank God I woke up before he hit me!

The horrible aftermath ... I opened the news website, and there was a story of a homeless woman having been beaten up to near death in Styria, yes, in Austria! – and some youth had watched and filmed it! The footage wasn't to their liking, so they came back and beat her up some more, filming it again. Oh I can fucking relate! This so much reflects my ***dream-horror*** of being helpless and getting beaten up, likely to death, while somebody watches!



So the big question is – why the fuck did my life get connected with the horrible experience of that poor woman through my dream?

I lay awake in such shock – it still is with me, that shock of the realization and the fear. And I thought about how many people experience such pain done to them by others in real life ... how the hell do they end up having a mortal story that entails that violence ... same true for all the gazillion of humans who suffer horribly, like my brother Peter or my Bob ... and all through the morning and still now, it's almost 2 pm and I just got back from shopping with my cold and nasty mom, who would never have a nice word for me or a thought or interest for me ... I thought about how that is a warning of sorts, Bob saying to me „Be very careful with how you deal with people, they are not who you think they are, and they cannot be trusted“. ***That and so much more was in that dream.***



And as I stepped out ... a **rainbow**. So touching and comforting. I nearly cried.

Driving back from dropping off my mother on this rainy Monday, I thought about Bob intensely and switched on the radio, and a man sang about how he is **bleeding internally** (!) **because of being separated from his love!** I kid you not!

Bleeding internally was on my mind the entire morning! *Because of the fucking dream!*
And there is a song line of that – googled it right now: It is by Miley Cyrus and The Kid Laroi,

WITHOUT YOU

[Miley Cyrus, The Kid Laroi](#)

Yeah, yeah, yeah

*You cut out a piece of me, and **now I bleed internally***

Left here without you, without you

And it hurts for me to think about what life could possibly be like

Without you, without you ...

WITHOUT YOU
Miley Cyrus, The Kid Laroi

Yeah, yeah, yeah

You cut out a piece of me, and now I bleed internally
Left here without you, without you
And it hurts for me to think about what life could possibly be like
Without you, without you

I can't believe that you would up and leave me
Fuck all of your reasons (woah, woah)
I lost my shit, you know I didn't mean it
Now I see it, you run and repeat it
And I can't take it back, so in the past is where we'll leave it, aha



The Kid LAROI - WITHOUT YOU (Official Video) - YouTube
<https://www.youtube.com/watch>

e, and now I bleed internally
thout you
k about what life could poss

Yes, so much about Bob's and my relationship in that song ... so fucking much.

And I switched it on **JUST when I thought about Bob and the dream about internal bleeding! *There are no such odds.*** We are in tune, my love and me. But Bob is dead. And I am here. In this fucking mortal game.

Last night I thought that I really should work on this contact diary, putting the pics in, finalizing the chapter and sending the USB-sticks off to the people who must receive the work ... What if I die soon? But I could not. I read jokes online instead and looked at images of dogs, and then read up about dog education ... and realized that I am not treating my dog optimally. He would love to play so much more, and I don't take the time. But I will.

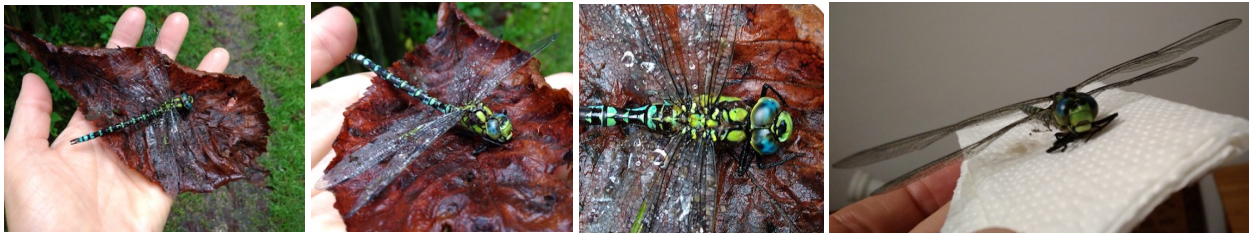
And then the dream is FORCING me to turn to this contact diary to write this!

And JUST as I was listening to this song, a car crossed my path with the license plate number „250 BM“, this is Bob's phone number, and it means „**Bob is calling**“! As I was thinking about that dream's message! And just as I realized it with my usual numbness-as-excitement, another car came with „250 1“ Wow! So, yes, that dream was a warning, a message, has so much content ...

It has to do with being careful and not piss off the wrong people and consider the value of what I do ... And lying awake I thought about how I have a little fear of that fuckhead Valentin P. who is my father's heir and against who I have been communicating with authorities ...

And there is the **dragon fly** that just came back to my awareness.

During a nice Sunday walk with Jacqui I picked up a dragon fly from the path, it was barely alive, but I did not want it to be trampled underfoot, so I took it home where it died.



It felt odd. Everything feels odd. Probably it's a weird astrological time ... I shall read up ... later. First work. Thunderstorm with rain just came. Nice.

(Later)

O shit! After writing the above, I sat down to my other **laptop**, the **MacBook that Bob bought for me and gifted me with exactly four years ago**, an old device from 2009 – and the screen went black, and I could not do anything anymore. I restarted it – and it came back on, but it is kind of slow. So I worked a bit, edited two files, and then I called the Mac-tech of my trust, Argjend Itaj ... and he said he didn't have time to check the laptop, but if it wasn't urgent, he'd happily take and check it.

Oh wow. So now I do the self-check on it ... I am so afraid that the MacBook will die. **Please don't die, Bob's gift to me! The „internal bleeding“ may apply to the laptop after all!** It's the thing that Bob has touched, that Bob got for me in our last weeks together, it is sacred. But maybe just because of that – Bob told me that it is in some kind of „danger of losing its life“, and nothing to be done about it. O the pain. Oh how fitting with my dream.

I will never forget Bob sitting with this laptop and installing everything in his editing room, cleaning it ... it was his last gift to me. A surprise. „So that you can do some real editing“, he said. I did. I finalized trailer to „Making of Barricades“. (Note: Then I found out that Apple does not publish newer updated version of Bob's and my beloved editing program Media100 Suite in their new operating systems! Jesus Christ! I won't be able to edit anymore, only with exactly that older MacBook! When I think about this, I just want to cry and vomit and all together right now.

This is no coincident ... with the dream and the internal bleeding and all.

(Later) **Going into the Light**

Peter Rosen posted, that it would have been his mother Miriam's 103rd birthday today, had she not passed 11 days ago.

And something else was uncanny, but: After that wondrous twofold **rainbow** this afternoon right above the entire East, seen from where I live now ... as I entered the forest with Jacqui right after the rain, the sun gave **us the most stunning experiences of „going into the light“**. Wow, I thought, this is like when you die?



Looking at the images later ... I could swear there was a **shape of an upright person** in it ... do you see it? I actually see it double.



I asked Bob if it was on this date four years ago **when he knew he was going to die** or when the shit really hit the fan at his hospital stint ... and the answer in my mind was a big fat „YES“. (Wow, writing this I got such a hot flash that my face is really burning up like a fried tomato.)

Also ... I received gifts today: At my mom's I saw that some unknown neighbor had put out an old but still good looking **clothes stand** and several big **plant pots** to be disposed of. And I had been wanting to have a clothes stand and big plant pots for weeks now! And here they were *together*! In the evening, I picked some other stuff up, too, and brought it home!



I did to my laptop a little of what Bob would have done, technically, entering some checkup mode I hadn't ever seen before, but it „just so happened“ that I navigated myself to that spot in the system and did it ... emptied some chaos on the harddrive. And now, after not being able to access the internet, even though I do have quite some money on it left, the old MacBook is running just fine again!

Thank God – or whoever! I wish to work on Bob's gift like – forever. I miss being with Bob so much that I feel nauseous a lot. Like tonight, waking up, I felt so nauseous that I thought I couldn't even get up. But it passed.

There is something else I nearly forgot – but got reminded of just now, when – for the third time today! The phone number of a veterinarian doctor and animal care official Dr. Jutta Wagner came up on my phone **without** me having dialed it! It takes several distinct steps to dial a phone number on my phone, and today, also when we walked „into the light“ in the forest, that phone number showed up twice, and I did not dial it or even think about it. I did think of little Cocker Spaniel dog Marshall of Griffen intensely today, first, when I saw that number, because that woman was the one person I entrusted with the entire story and who did take measures for him. And also when I „fixed“ the laptop, I threw away many videos of Marshall as a puppy and how he had been desperately freaking out with fear and other horrible incidents. Walking in the forest I thought that I really should have intervened right away instead of letting that abuse happen. I really really should have. But there was the fear of being thrown out of the apartment by those asshole people, as my landlady was Marshall's owner's mother in law ... and with my ordeal with my mother I wouldn't have been able to stand that. But still ... what should have happened? I don't know what to think at times, about myself. I am a sucker, am I not? In so many ways. I have no way to find out if the little dog is okay. Inge wrote to me a few times that she did see his fucking owners walk him sometimes ... but I cannot imagine that he has a better life now with those horrible people who mistreated him so badly when he was a puppy. Altogether ... so uncanny.

(Later)

Evening walk ... the mountains ... snow on them. Feels kind of comforting.



September 28, 2022 – The Bee and „BEE 1“

Comfort on a horrible day ... where my demented mom displayed her full hatred against me. Won't even go into detail, it's very painful to stand. I know it's the disease, but it still gets to me so intensely. Why do I have to have parents like that? Other people are such fuck-ups, and their parents care about them and adore them.

So I had that stranded bee in my kitchen for two days, and I could not make myself put her outside to her certain death, as it is so cold at night. So I made her a home under a plastic cup with air holes, gave her jam and honey, and she ate and recovered – and tried and tried to get out. I let her crawl out, she'd fall on her back, I put her back up – either under the cup or without the confinement, she'd crawl and fall and struggle, and I always put her back up.



*(Note: Putting the pictures in on October 6, I just said to Bob „Oh the little critter ... I hope it is with you know – it better **bee**!“ And I had to grin on the play on words, that’s just what Bob would have loved or even said. And it just came out of me, I wasn’t thinking, as it’s late, I’m sitting on my sofa thinking of hitting the sack.)*

That little critter touched me so deeply, what a fighter, what a brave soul ... And last night I made her a nice soft home under the cup again, and this morning it was dead. I sure want to see it again.

So I drove to pick up my mom from the hairdresser’s, and right away „**480 DB**“ came towards me! „**Da Bee**“! „**480**“ is the abbreviation for the audio frequency in video production, 48000 Hertz, and it means all kinds of stuff – but above all, Bob is communicating something about voice and audio and hearing and listening and talking ... maybe „**I heard about the bee!**“ At other times it means „talk to me“ or „don’t give up the film biz“ or „I can hear you, even you don’t hear my frequency“. Shortly after this, „**480 DO**“ passed right by me! Wow! And a „**911 EY**“.

And then – what are the odds? A „**BEE 1**“ on a car license plate that crossed my path. Just a little while later! A „**BEE 1**“, after my adventure with that **bee** for the last days and me being deeply impressed and affected by the little critter, who I put to rest on a flower.

There. „BEE 1“. Be one. Yes, we shall be united again, Bob. What the fuck happened that you are dead? I must realize now, truth be told, because of all the setbacks and non-realization of the film-projects I tried to uphold since Bob’s passing, I seem to lose my mojo. I am caring for my mom all the time, all I do revolves around what she needs, and I am aging so fast. What happened to our projects, Bob, and don’t tell me it is „The Bridge“! I am talking about the projects we talked about when you still were a mortal! All my many many finished screenplays! I know that they are great material. I have tried to find an agent. Nothing. The guy from Lisa Film, nothing? *Why? Is my life going to end with all those loose ends? Those missed opportunities?*

I found a **two-part stone** today in the forest. Reminded me of the fishhook pendant I once gave to Bob, made of two different kinds of wood. And he said that it broke apart right away. Or the **moon stone**, that I received as a gift and that broke right away, as I put it into my pocket.

So Bob is here and there, black and white, in my realm and in his ...? Back then I tried to not take that too serious when Bob’s fishhook pendant that I had given him for good luck broke apart. I didn’t want it to be what I felt – a bad omen. I should have taken it serious. Bob couldn’t sleep for years. And what did I do? I was kind of burned out from the years trying to be there for him and help him and by his betrayal. So I did give him some advice, but nothing worked. I did not dare to delve deep into his matters again. I had been rejected too often, I was hurting too much. He was sick for a long time. Had he even gone to take some kind of blood work ... nothing. I guess, though, I wouldn’t have either.



*(**Note:** Just recently I realized that all the raps I created as rapper „Mad Fauna“ in 2016 deeply express my frustration, my sadness, my resignation about my relationship with Bob ... especially the first one, that deals with waking up, realizing that one is a live and who one is and just having the feeling that everything is lost. This was in 2016. I should have traveled to Bob no matter what. But whenever I wanted to, he told me that he was traveling somewhere, like Cambodia even though he had sworn he wouldn't again ... and so I never went. And then Jacqui was dead-sick in 2017 ... oh all those years.)*

September 29, 2022 – FLO 1

Horrible horrible blow-up with my mom last night, we screamed at each other and she called me a witch and Satan and said outright that she doesn't value my help and wants to die because she cannot stand me. I shared it with CH ... I was so shocked and hurt. This morning, mom called. Later I called her back ... she was like always, and I didn't mention last night. I didn't go see her today. It is the dementia. I know. Still it's so hard.

Oh my. I have been fretting about the one single **flea** I saw on Jacqui's belly two days ago. I was always afraid he would get it from the neighbor's dog Debbie, whose owner keeps talking about how her fur is so bad because she has an allergy against flea shit. So do something against the fleas! Debbie is the old female I have picked up right before crossing the dangerous street because she escapes from the neighbor's yard all the time ... everyone knows that she is in bad shape, ... I think I must make a note to animal services. We keep running into each other, the neighbor, Debbie and his other dog, the German Dogge Hokuspokus called Hoki, and Debbie comes running happily, and of course I pat her. Or she comes to sniff at J ...



Well, so the flea. I was horrified. I had just shampooed the silk carpet and washed all the little carpets, and then that. So I packed up all of Jacqui's bedding, well, most, after spraying him with anti flea stuff and putting spot-on drops Adventix on him ... and I have been looking for fleas every where, ***I did find a dead flea in front of my bed this morning!***

Yikes! So I drove towards my appointment with the eye doctor this noon with the bedding for the washing salon in the car ... when another car came towards me with the license plate number **„FLO 1“**. And „Floh“ or spellig sloppily „Flo“ is the German word for – **flea**.

Oh wow. And then the „**480 EX**“ right afterwards, another two „**480**“ with the ending I can't remember, and two „**910**“ and „**911**“. Our numbers, Bob's and mine. Wow. He is telling me that he was right with me at my flea ordeal?

October 1, 2022

Amazing pattern of plane tracks in the sky ... oh yes, I would like to fly somewhere again. I would.



October 2, 2022 – **Bob's Birthday Greeting & 222 BX**

Took J on a way to late „morning“ walk at about 10.45 am into the forest, and just before I turned into the path, a car stopped right in front of us at the little side parking – and there were **Hibiscus flowers** all over it, the „**hau**“ in Hawaiian, like „**Haulani**“, our address on Maui ... and there were also stickers saying „**All One**“ and a website for taking care of one's body. I know that woman and her dog that were in the car, J and I have met her several times on lake Saissensee as they used the same swimming spot. Kind of nice to see them today. Had I not slept in ... I would not have received that greeting.

Oh wow had that been a topic in the last days, because I could not sleep at all last night and barely the nights before, as my arms and hands and joints in my arms are hurting so much and simply „dying off“ no matter what I do.

I have no idea what that is about. But this morning I got the hint that Bob knows about it all. Mahalo Stoneman, it sucks so bad that you are dead. Last night I was reminiscing about his physical suffering, KNOWING that I am not supposed to, but I am flashing back to him and his life and me being with him and our last weeks together so hard ... and it is so fucking hard to bear.

So thanks, Stoneman, for the greeting today. An **uphill** street – like „up“, „towards heaven, *lani* in Hawaiian“, with the „**Hau**“, the hibiscus like all around „housie“ ... that does sure count as „**Haulani street**“, our address. Oh, and I found a jaw in the forest ... yes, teeth. Maybe a deer's?



And of course the „**222**“ was so prominent yesterday in car license plate numbers ...

It's all connected, isn't it? Like the **wasps** I'm feeding and me. I have been putting out honey every day. They know me, they don't even fly away when I reach down to give them more honey.



Yesterday that license plate numbers were so intense, that I had to take notes on my phone ... „808 CW“, „910 CR“, „480 DI“ and „250“ with letters twice as well as „222“ ... and just one after the other. These are all „our“ numbers ... it's our code. But Bob is still dead, and I am here on this fucking planet longing so much to do the things with him we planned to do. I miss you so much, Stoneman, and no, it does not fucking get better. I did share pralines and all kinds of stuff with him last night, thinking that I really must get back into the connection practice ... that's why all the „480“ and the „250“ might mean: „Talk to me“. Or also „I hear you“.

I also flashed back to Bob sitting down with me and singing „*Play me*“ to me, on that weirdly gloomy day on Maui when we had just met, and in the very depth of my soul I knew that „something was brewing“. And brew it did for the next 16 years, and now „play me“ has that strong and „magical“ meaning I knew instinctively it would have, when Bob sang it, looking at me from close with some kind of sad look ... I know I must start this contact diary with that ... I must go back to part A and redo the beginning ... if I could only find the time. First I must put all the images into this chapter to finalize it and finally send it off to the right people ...

I must describe how it was back then, when Bob and I were sitting in housie, and it was a bit gloomy and all new to me ... but it felt weirdly „familiar“ or at least emotionally so odd that it had to bear great meaning, ... and of course I realize now that *the eternal souls that we are and involved in the project „The Bridge“ we did know what was coming for us* – just as the „Selves“ in our mortal stories we did not. And yet we were and are so advanced that we had played out everything that we had kind of concocted for us for this go-around to make me write this contact diary and experimenting with the communication with discarnates the way I am doing it right now. Oh shit I really must put this to the beginning of this C. D. ... Along with:

Everytime some event of synchronicity hits, it means that everything is in the proper course of things ... it's even my own Self in the beyond, my immortal aspect, telling this together with Bob and all the other immortals, that „***Dani, don't despair, it is all the way it is supposed to be, just keep going and trusting you gut, and we will advance our project this time more than ever before.***“ Right.

AND: I got to ***talk about Hawaii last night***, when I drove to the social market „Togetherpoint“ and chatted with that lovely young lady who told me she was pregnant for the third time being married to a man from Peru. And it had always been her and his dream to move to Hawaii. And I thought, „wow, and I got to live that dream“. But today ... I am emotionally even too exhausted to cry. I took J for a walk in the late sun in Rosegg yesterday ... not sure if it was comforting.

Then, the horror night without sleep and millions of thoughts about Bob, flashing back to being in housie so intensely, in my beloved futon bed, alone for months and months and months ... when Bob let himself being abused by his „friends“ Ken, Tom and John at projects that killed him.

This morning I even imagined him being born, yuck, a slimy little worm, that's when his mortal story began. And it ended already ... fuck it all.

It is Sunday, sunny and lovely, and I got to take a walk with J and mom. And hope for the best for my father. Even though he has been cruel to me all my life and now raves in hurting me again by telling me that a total stranger will be gifted our family property and everything.

Bob – hau'oli la hanau, happy day of birth ... although, as I said to him this morning, where he is there are no „days“, and the birthday of his mortal body may not have any relevance but some nostalgic merit ... and that only in relation to me as the mortal, in my mortal story. But this is my story, right, and I am sticking to it. (Like „Hannah“ said, in „Dexter“).

(Later)

Twice „222 BX“ today. So Bob is hugging me at our home, at Haulani Street 222. WTF.

Took a **walk** with mom and Jacqui at a new route along lake Saissensee, in the sun. Mom stopped several times, exhausted. She has not slept either – because the fuckhead renting company had put the oil kettle right under her apartment at full throttle, and the noise is unbearable in her apartment ... but I think she did enjoy the walk. She barely talks. When I talk, she barely answers. But the one thing that concerns her, like today, the charging of her cell phone, she keeps in mind and mentioning. So that must be good. We came by a *Christian memorial* ... with very weird imagery. Given that it's *Bob's birthday today*, I did photograph them ... They seemed to reflect my broken heart.



Served my mom Tortellini and fruit compote, so okay. Good Sunday. Except ...

(Later)

Late night, I googled the website – with a name relating to take care of one's body! – I had seen on *the car with the Hibiscus flowers* ... and the first thing I see is: „Lomi Lomi Nui“, Hawaiian massage. Wow. I did learn Lomi Lomi Nui, too.

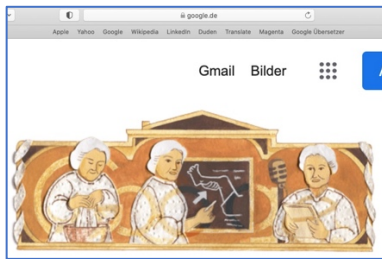
Well, talk about a greeting. Found a lovely image of 2013 of the woman who offers that massage – **turns out I have seen her many times with her dog Diego (?) at lake Saissensee** this summer! There is a picture of her with a Humming Bird. And that, of course, is the symbol for my old friend „C“. I read an ad with a hummingbird earlier today, some realtor. And there it is again, with that stranger, „Sabine“, who turns out to be a multi-functional shaman type of woman, who turned towards her urge to help people heal. I should connect with her.

I also saw this amazing bunch of wild flowers on a grave next to my brother Peter's grave with that brilliant color, Bob's favorite ...



October 5, 2022 – Me & My Leg on Google! The Blue Round & the Raspberry

Oh my! I, **white haired** woman with mostly a back-out-of-the-face do, am constantly busy massaging and treating my legs especially knees and calves with ointment. And now – look what **Google** chose as a sujet today! **A white-haired woman treating her leg!** What are the odds? I saw it right after I had treated my under-legs again! Wow!



She looks like me, hair color and style and all! ***She is also recording something she is reading!*** See the microphone in the left image side background? And it reminds me of a very similar image I have of Bob standing in front of his microphone reading from a paper – actually the text for the English version of the „Tree Monologue“ in my film „Arbo“.

Received a message from my old friend Walter (from my childhood) today after I had sent him way too much info about my work and later told him that I realized that this was too much ... and he wrote to me that „he cannot help me“ and that „I must get through things on my own“ like he had and had been able to „close all his challenges in positive ways“. Geez, I was shocked – because I had NOT asked him for that kind of help! Not in one word! But reading my own message I did see why he interpreted it that way. I really must be careful about the way I am communicating and what I say and what I assume people „get“ from what I am communicating!

Also, last night took a walk with CH, and she was so strange, like drugged and drunk at the same time but swore she was sober ... I did not believe her. I am so disgusted today, and I just really want to stay away from this kind of shit.

(Later)

Went for a glorious swim in lake Wörthersee, and driving home, I had weirdly thoughts of **Sigi**. So I said to him that I did not really want to communicate with him. But I asked if he wanted to – and to put something into my hand, through Bob or in whatever way. And right away, something **fuzzy, round and blueish „appeared“** on my hand that I glimpsed at. I kind of dismissed it, like round and blueish and fuzzy and unclear ...

And as I drove into Velden, a group of young people ended up right next to my car – lead by some kind of Punk or **Goth girl** with a **round Bob hairstyle – in blueish color!** That blue that I had seen, with graying fringes too, but definitely a round shape around her head! It had not been a fuzzy ball, but a **round head of blue hair!** Wow!



Then I asked Sigi again to put something into my hand, and it was a **raspberry** right away. Strange. I thought. So just now as I was reading stuff online, and it was about a person who was dying of cancer, and I read the commentaries of the readers and compared the picture of the dying guy with Bob ... and one of the commentaries was by a reader named – **Himbeere!** Very uncommon! And it's German for – **raspberry!**

(Later)

Well – of course! How often have I imagined to connect with Bob by *remembering the scenario when he embraced me from behind and told me how sorry he was for everything that happened and did not happen between us ... even yesterday I did ...* and just now, a **pop-up** window in the browser where I was browsing the news showed exactly the same scene from the movie with Demi Moore and Patrick Swayze where he is dead and **embraces her just like the live Bob did ...** actually for the last time ever. In the mortal form. But Bob's head was over my other shoulder. Oh and we cried.



I feel Bob so intensely right now ... for a moment there was the impression that his death never happened and I was just about to see him and talk to him. I remember that embrace so closely ... next to the window overlooking the West Maui Mountains and the isthmus and the ocean and Kahului ... and all our past was there ... in my mind ... all those years, the feelings, the losses, the sadness, the great happiness ... and it was all gone already then, in September 2018. It was such a bitter feeling or experience of reminiscing ... like right now. I could throw up because it so intense and painful.

Looking back ... back then I looked back, standing with Bob, and we both cried, and it was all too late, and the past was gone, and we were there, so lost ... and I had left him alone for so long ... so many years until I came back ... *and things were in 2018 in the house like I had left them in 2014.* I remember the shock ... it was just so horrible to think how lonely he was and how he suffered and couldn't help himself. But I was worn out by that time ... by having never been told how precious I was to him. *But he did tell me it was „time I came home“ several times* in those years ... but without a doable plan or suggestion of how to manage it ... still involved in the „Taylor Camp“ project and so lost in it ... and becoming sick ... in those years ... so desperate. Did I fail him? Did I fail us? But I just could not trust him anymore at all. I did not have a good enough reason to return ... and I had Jacqui who kept me busy. He kept me from traveling to Bob. That was a fact. I did not have contact with my mother back then. She refused.

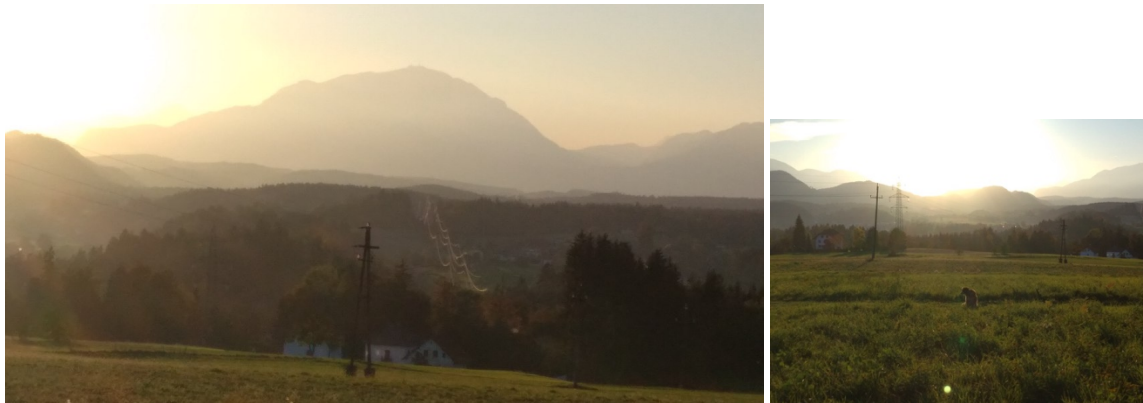
Oh what a time ... what a life ... how much got lost in just doing the wrong things and not asking the right questions.

Bob was addicted to his helplessness against the toxic masculinity of people who took advantage of him ... he fought me off to be able to be miserable and not successful. Why? That's what he knew. It didn't scare him. What a mess. And that day ... standing there, embraced, smelling the house and hearing all the familiar sounds of that my true home ... it was such a horrible and devastating looking back into what was and also what might have been and which had been on my mind, but never manifested.

I remember the sense of loss and grief when I saw Bob again after that long time, standing in the doorway, smiling at me so happily ... Bob was a dying man. I saw it and knew it and held on tight to my hope that the reason that I was there was that I was supposed to help him heal and live on. In this realm. But I was there to just redo the grand Bob-and-Dani days one more time ... for some kind of closure, I guess. But the wound is so deep and so painful ... I am very often not sure how or whether to bear it at all. My days are busy – but I am just passing time, am I not? All those plans about the films and other things – nothing came through, at all. So I am here now with my dog, taking care of my mother, aging ... and where to?

October 7, 2022

Late evening walk with Jacqui up to the tree where there is a view to the East just like it was in Pukalani towards Ma'alaea harbor ... My best friend. I wouldn't exist without this dog. Thank you Fe Fischer.



Saw a „witch circle“ of Amanita muscaria ...



October 8, 2022

Beautiful day with **mom an Jacqui on Dobratsch mountain!** We had planned to do something nice before winter comes, and I suddenly had the idea to drive up mount Dobratsch. We used to ski up there when I was a child. I remember that so well. Skiing as a family was always a mix of disaster

because of the fights and the moods between my parents and the pleasure of being on the mountain and that sports ... oh I can't get into this, I feel, stuff wallowing up making my heart race ...

Mom really has a hard time walking, but she did enjoy the trip. We really didn't hike far, but at least some. It was so nice to see how interested she was in everything and enjoyed the views ... and on the way back, we sat down at a hut just one curve after the summit parking next to a nice man of my age and his mom of my mom's age, and the guy and I had the grandest funny conversation. It was sweet. We knew, he and I, that we had similar experiences with our mothers ... and the two ladies barely followed when the guy and I had our subtle exchange. Nothing about our moms, other things about politics and artists ... it was so rewarding to talk with someone so sharp, funny and smart. He also had a dog with him who was waiting in the car.



October 9, 2022, Sunday – **The Fuzzy Ball & the Star & the Water**

Oh what a day. Election day for the president of Austria, not my president – again.

I took a walk through the forest to the voting building next to the church of Augsdorf, „Eye's Village“, and on the way, there he was: the man that I was interested in meeting ever since I took my first walk along that path: The one who had the wooden pig, the carpenter with the license plate number „**30 SM**“ and the house number „20“ ... he came walking out of his house and ended up facing me and I him, and we looked at each other kind of curiously and greeted each other, me: „Hallo!“, he „Good morning!“ at 11 am. He gave me a similar feeling like Bob gave me when I first saw him. That was so so so strange. I did not see him in all details, but what I saw I found really attractive. He used to have very long white hair in a pony tail, now the hairs are short and white. He has about Bob's height. I have seen a woman on the terrace, so obviously he is married or something ... but still, it was a wonderful feeling knowing that he is on this planet too. His name is „Ernst“. Which means „serious“.

So then ... on the way back I went to the **lotos flower pond**, and it was entirely quiet in the forest and on the meadow, a slight breeze, the leaves falling ... so peaceful. Goji berries next to the bridge that leads into the water ...



And I lay down on the bench and asked Bob if he was here and would put something on my hand, and **something beige or golden or ornamented and kind of round or half round and fuzzy like a ball of wool or something else with wool standing out appeared** ... and I was really indifferent and didn't trust it. Later I asked him again, and I received a **blue pouch**.

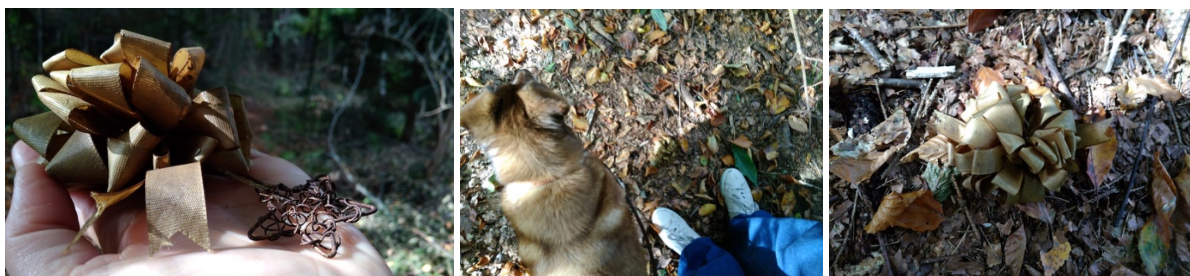


So I lay there on the bench, silently chatting with Bob ... and **suddenly, the dried out water spout next to me came alive!** And all of a sudden water flew full throttle into the wooden dugout! Wow! I was baffled! What a surprise! All I could say was „What the fuck?“

Imagine, you are lying in total quiet on a bench, and you talk to your dead love and ask for a sign – and in that moment, the water starts flowing out of an old pipe right next to you!

Later ... I walked on to the little bench under the tree ... and I was the lady Elena come out from her house, the one who owns so many Chihuahuas, and I considered talking to her and waited for her to come up the hill, but she stayed on the path downhill and walked back home. So I left there too ... and took the path I did not really want to take.

And there it was: on the path with all the leaves in brown and gold – **a golden round fuzzy thing!** Like I had received from Bob just earlier! It was actually a parcel or gift decoration as a flower from some kind of **ribbon** ... of course I could not „see“ something like this clearly, because how would me subconscious translate this? **So Bob did give me something „round and golden and fuzzy!“** And attached to it – a **star!** Oh the **stars** I used to find! And here was another one! In the middle of the forest! On a path!



Wow! So I felt motivated to play in the lottery. I really want to have money.

Later I visited my mom, and she was so strangely confused today when we played „memory“. But she is not adverse to getting walking sticks for her anymore, that's good. I am sure as soon as she has them she will feel great walking with them. We ate together, then I left her for the afternoon to watch TV and relax.

Took a short walk with CH who will drive to visit her mom for about a week, escaping her boyfriend who drinks and occupies the apartment. Poor girl.

So, the **moon**. A supermoon I guess. Heartbreaking.



October 12, 2022, Wednesday – **Realization: The Portals of Communication or Connection & The Chain of Stars**

After a break of three days, I swam again in 17 degrees Celsius lake Wörthersee, and it was grand. There was one more guy, older, with a long pony tail, slender, tanned, who I have seen there often and who I had found spooky until today. We both swam, and after drying off in the last sunshine of the day he talked to me about how Jacqui was such a good dog, and I just felt his genuine wish to simply chat a bit. So we did. And then said „See you again!“ It was very nice.

I was very sad today about my mom being so nasty to me always. On the phone she is nice, but as soon as we are together, she is hostile. And I have a hard time with this right now.

I saw at least five (!) „480“ car license plates today, one „480 FF“, which means – if I should „translate“ spontaneously from my gut – I shall „*continue communicating*“ with Bob, actual talking out loud no less ... and there was the ultimate „910 DW“ coming right at me. My initials. With „910“, the fate number. Of course a „222“ in the mix as well ... I spoke with Bob a lot then, shared a nice salad with him, and I made an *apple strudel, the first of my life*, I think, and I will share it with Bob ... but how sad that I can't share it with Bob the mortal.



(Not mine, but similar.)

Back home from swimming I felt cold and I did some short masturbation ... and climaxing I couldn't help but *send the energy to that one image of Bob of him sitting on the bench and watching me* use the High-def camera that he had borrowed from Willie K for the first time. I realized, today, that I was so so so close to Bob looking at this inner image, like he actually was there and looked at me. It was so immediate as if no time had passed. **And I realized that this was one of the portals of communications – those intense moments of closeness, of course well kept in our memory, of total focus on each other ... those are the portals of communication with the discarnates later.** And the energy sending using one's climactic overflow ... that is Tantra. I wrote about it in my never published book „We Creators of the World“.

That's how we can reach the disca, through those intense emotional memories, that's how our connection then, when one is a mortal and one a discarnate, can work – **by reverting to that moment, that experience.** And even if the attention that we received back in the day was hostile or negative, but it was full attention.

The positive pendant of this was the kiss I gave Bob on the airport at Kahului before I left in 2014 ... it was the last time I saw Bob as a healthy man. And I will never forget how intense the moment was, how close we were, ***how he looked at me, so surprised after leaning in***, how his lips felt, how he held me close for a moment with that expression of wonder ... And I have used that moment too, to reach Bob now that he is in the beyond.

In that moment of perfectly remembering Bob and being with him – and I have many such moments that I can recall and connect with „Play me“ – ***I did feel or rather know that there is no real separation of us, of our energetic beings.***

And I also realized and even said out loud that that is the entire point of closeness in the mortal world, that we build those portals that we can later use.

I had an event on the cemetery today: I had seen a whole bunch of wonderful flowers and plants and pots dropped along the cemetery wall next to the door, and I had thought that someone had thrown them away or put them there to be disposed of later, but I was sure they were abandoned. So I had taken a plant the other day, and I took two today ... and just as I walked across the street with them, a woman came from the parking lot, and we greeted each other, and she called out to me and asked if those were plants that I had taken. I said yes ... and she wanted them right back, she asked me „*Didn't you see that a grave was being renewed?*“ No the fuck, I did not. She showed me, and there was an entirely closed gravesite where *nothing* was to be seen that indicated that it had been renewed ... but I didn't want to get into that, she was stressed, said something like it was the grave of her brother ... well, fine. I had put one of the pots from there on my brother's grave, though. So ... I hope her disca brother doesn't mind.

It was strange, though. It wasn't fair. I had not done anything bad, but she was really angry. Those flowers and plants were there without soil for days next to the wall ... (*Note: They were not replanted, I never saw those plants on a grave later.*)

Earlier yesterday and just a few minutes earlier I had the taste of Bob's tumor in my mouth. That same yuck taste, that horrible foul smell ... in my mouth. Like coming out of my head. Oh wow. How strange.

All those heat waves that overcome me all the time and strange feelings of coughing and heart problems and headache right now ... and that strange sound in my head, very high pitch, and then the pain in my abdomen ... well, I am certainly not entirely healthy.

I said to myself today that in fact I realize and know that I am very traumatized by so many experiences of my life, and right now the behaviour or my own parents does get to me. I am so fucked in a way. I did not choose to be mom's caretaker. I am aware so often how she didn't give a shit about me for decades, but then, she had her own disasters to deal with ... and my father had abandoned me when I was only 19 and he throw my mother, my brother and me out of the house in the year of my Matura exame, recklessly ... and I think he already knew his later second wife, and he never cared about my brother or me ever ... This I won't forgive.

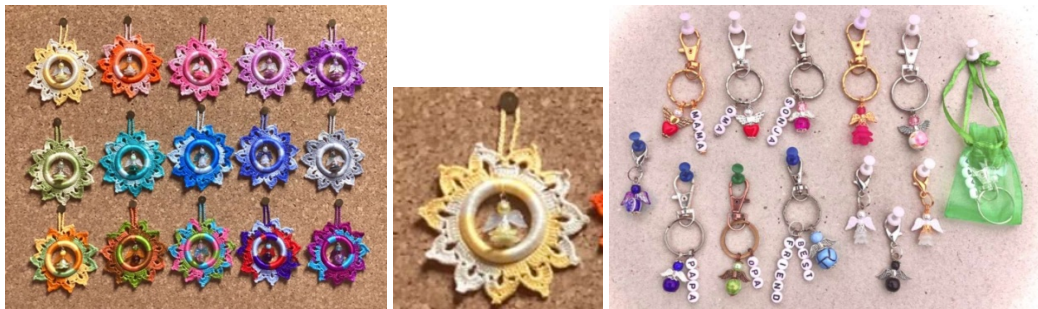
I had a very sweet ***dream*** though, yesterday, about Walter I., that childhood friend of mine. We hugged so intensely, that was all. But so warm. And the story of that dream was that I desperately tried to get back the ***pink Hula hoop „Reifen“*** that I had taken from my mom's basement ... and I needed my mother and Walter to give it back to me or tell me where it was ... but they did not. I was so desperate because they just would not tell me ... *I was frantic in that dream about that hula hoop.* I needed it! And in all the mess, that lovely embrace, ... but in the dream I knew that Walter did not want me, but *that he had a woman*, and that our closeness was somehow forbidden. So strange.

And other dreams ... so intense in the last nights. I try to be patient and nice to my mom, but I am sensitive, too, and I can't help but recoil everytime I feel her hostility. I did not deserve this. I am not sure where this is supposed to lead to. I feel that my patience is wearing thin. There is no way to talk to my mom normally, I mean, I can, and she will often respond normally, but she never has other thoughts that relate to me. No thoughts about me. It is all about her her her. And yes, that is no wonder. But it was like this even twenty years ago. When I visited her and told her something about my life, she would sometimes interrupt midsentence to tell something about herself. Or she would barely wait until I would be done and then say immediately something about herself. No questions, no comments about my experiences. It was excruciatingly painful so often. Disappointing.

I should put the images into this c. d., and finally send it off to the Arthur Finley College in England. I am sure there are people who will want to study it.

(Later)

Oh so sweet! Kaleilauhoku ... „**chain of stars**“, my Hawaiian name, that I was confronted with so often in the first year after Bob's death ... it's coming back: I googled some random stuff to read a bit before bed, and an ad was suggested to me: Someone had crocheted **stars** with **Guardian Angel**! Oh wow.



Same person also makes **keychains** with guardian angel figures ... And I made another apple strudel today.

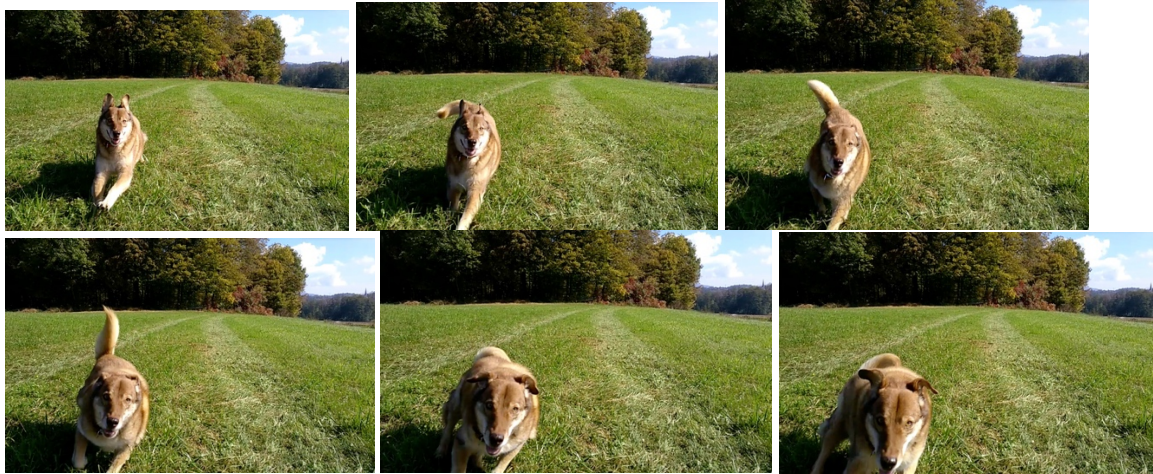


(This is actually my work.)

October 14, 2022 – 8. Anniversary of Adopting Jacqui

To the day it is 8 years that Jacqui lives with me. Thank God. Took a video today ... He is just the sweetest and the best.





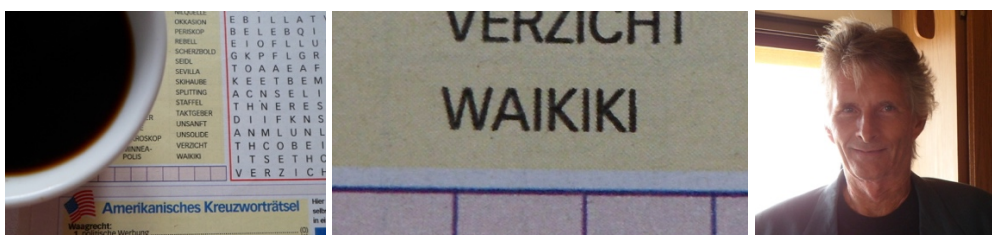
Went to get my glasses accompanied by mom, ***met my father at the bookstore in the same shopping center!*** Mom wanted to go and greet him, but he saw her and then me and visibly whined, he simply lifted his head, half-closed his eyes and shuffled away to the elevators. It was heartbreaking in so many ways, can't even explain ... My mom was quite shocked because he was not in good shape, hunched and fragile. It's the influence by that guy who wants to inherit, I know it ... and it's so sad as there were times when my father and I did get along and he let me help him. And from March 3 this year on – everything has been different. He had said that he was about to question Picej's intentions and would tell me the outcome, but never did! Instead, he pushed me away for good.

Mom bought *walking sticks* for herself! What a blessing.
Saw a „910 EL“ in Villach and a „911 FF“, too ... „FF“ means „fortfahrend“ in German, meaning „continues“.



October 15, 2022 ... Feeling of Extremely Immediate Closeness of Bob

It's an amassment of license plate numbers with „808“ and „910“ happening right now, I can't even note all of them! So many! Yesterday even „910 DW“, and „808 ES“ and „808 EJ“ shortly after each other and so many more. I only need to encounter a *Hawaiian word* at a riddle, and it gets me ... Oh the „hot black“ that Bob and I enjoyed so many times. My coffee right next to „Waikiki“ ... are these realizations helping me to remind myself of, well, myself? Often Bob and I would go for a swim first thing in the morning ... oh Jesus, it feels like thinking about some other people's lives ... or go for a walk at Pukalani sportsground, and on the way back we would tease each other about how great the „hot black“ would be ... Yes, those were the days ...



(Bob 2012)

Took mom for a walk to the *animal park at Rosegg* ... wow and we made it all the way up to the old castle. Then I thought we take the back road down as it was declared a „round tour“; but we ended up on very difficult terrain – and she made it with her sticks!



Wow. She had a hard time and was scared and in pain, but after we were back down, she was in good spirits and didn't complain about anything. We ate together, I gave her half the new apple strudel I had made in the morning, and I hope she is fine. It was so sweet watching her watch the animals ... I do think she enjoyed herself.

I am currently browsing the internet, just letting myself be driven from site to site ... and through a long line of stories I ended up discovering something I have never ever heard about: The „**Homo Signorum**“, a theory about the human body being ruled by the zodiac signs! Wow!



Beziehung der Tierkreiszeichen zu den Körperteilen, d. h. die zodiakale Melchiesse.

Tierkreiszeichen	Körperregion	(umfasst)
Widder	Kopf	(Augen, Nase, Ohren, Mund usw.)
Stier	Hals	(Kehle)
Zwillinge	Schulter, Achseln, Arme	(Hände, Finger)
Krebs	Brustbereich	(Milz, Lungen, Rippen)
Löwe	Bauchbereich	(Herz, Rücken, Seiten)
Jungfrau	Eingeweide des Bauches	
Waage	Nabel, Lenden, Gesäß	(Nieren)
Skorpion	Schamregion	(Gebärmutter)
Schütze	Hüftpartie, Oberschenkel	
Steinbock	Knie	(Kniegelenken)
Wassermann	Waden, Schienbeine	
Fische	Füße	(Zehen, Sohlen, Fersen)

Homo signorum

Als *Homo signorum* (deutsch: Tierkreiszeichenmann) wird die bildliche Darstellung der zodiakalen, den Körper als Spiegelbild kosmischer Vorgänge begreifenden Melchiesse bezeichnet, d. h. jenes zentralen Konzeptes der vormodernen, auf Astrologie basierenden Medizin (astronomische), die den Regionen des menschlichen Körpers die zwölf Tierkreiszeichen und deren Einfluss zuwies. Die Darstellung ist gewöhnlich eine Hälfte einer aus zwei separaten Teilen bestehenden medizinischen Illustrationsfolge, die durch eine Abbildung eines Adelsmannes vervollständigt wird.

Aufgrund seiner überlegenen Bedeutung in der ärztlichen Praxis zwischen dem 13. und 18. Jahrhundert sind Bilder des *Homo signorum* in unzähligen handschriftlichen und gedruckten Quellen des mittelalterlichen und frühneuzeitlichen Europa zu finden.

- Inhaltsverzeichnis** (Verbergen)
1. Ursprünge
 2. Medizinische Bedeutung
 3. Iconographie
 - 3.1. Typen und Aufbau
 - 3.2. Geschichte der Illustration
 4. Literatur
 5. Weblinks
 6. Einzelnachweise



Homo signorum aus dem *Trés Riches Heures des duc de Berry* (1412–16, Chantilly, Musée Condé, Ms. 65, fol. 14v)

(*Note: On December 29, this entry would have another meaning.*)

Acquarius rules the calves and chin bones, Pisces the feet and Libra the butt and hip area, Scorpio the genitals ... strange that I have never ever heard about that. I got to it while reading up on **Hildegard from Bingen**, who describes who *her hand was pretty much „guided“ when she was writing*, which sounds a lot like **automatic writing** to me ... not „God“ guiding her, but the disca. That makes all the sense in the world. I don't know why I felt inspired to google her ... but I am entirely going with the flow this evening.

Just found an interesting image „Hildegard writing without looking at her board“. Is that automatic writing? ‘course it is. In a way I would really like to do some real „talking with the beyond“ kind of thing ... and I would like to be tested, too ...



Miniatur aus dem so genannten Lucca-Codex des „*Liber divinum operum*“: Hildegard am Schreibpult, um 1220/1230, Biblioteca Statale in Lucca



Peter Rosen wrote to me that he is returning to Maui. I pains me even imagining this.

I have been finding myself looking up from writing this – being startled by the exact feeling like back in the day when it was the last evening before traveling to Maui to be with Bob again. *The excitement, the anticipation. Like a time warp experience.* Very strange. Today I also had such intense memories of Bob recently, I saw us in housie, him coming into the kitchen ... me watching him wash dishes, his typical motions and gestures ... so clearly ... ***so close, as if my memories where the reality***, and I only had to reach out to touch Bob. It was all so „back then“, as if it was real ... and **the Bob feeling was so strong as if he was really right next to me.** So intense. SO INTENSE.

The experiences of tasting „tumor excretion“ in my mouth like I had several times in the past weeks ... this is the most disgusting imaginable. And I know it's in me. But I started to take cell salt Nr. 4 and Una de Gato, cat's claw. I am not ready to succumb to anything. I have the feeling that on the contrary I must take some efforts to imua ... move forward. In terms of film that is. I told Bob that I only need to get help in winning in the lottery, and I would do the greatest advancement of „The Bridge“ ever. I cannot understand why he is not helping me. It is my free will asking for it.

Also I saw „910 DU“ today, and „du“ means „you“ ... which touched me so oddly.

I do not want to think back to four years ago ... I cannot. Even an inkling of thinking about it gives me a painful feeling in the heart area, some kind of pulling with a poisonous sting. I don't want to think about the shit at all ... stuff comes up a lot anyways ... O I can't think about it right now. I am feeling hot and panick-attacky with distress, it is nearly 11 pm, and I know I must go to bed.

Tomorrow a long walk with Martina, I am so looking forward to it.

CH will come back from visiting her mom tomorrow. I bought a book about an alcoholic for Manfred for the time he will spend in prison. I was shocked when she mentioned towards me that she was thinking of drinking again ... I must admit that disgusted me, even though our conversation was so nice until then. I will not forget that. I will not get invested more. Pau. Enough. It's about me now. I can't achieve shit when I am weak or dead. Can I. If it's her story to end up a pills and alcohol addict, well, I certainly offered her help and did my fucking best.

October 16, 2022

Lovely lovely walk with *Martina* and her dog Benny and Jacqui to Aich and beyond. So nice to hear and talk to a normal person! I did had a hard time keeping up with the many stories she told, but no drugs, no alcohol, no desaster right now ... it was such a breath of fresh air. Thank you so much, lovely old friend. And sweet weird dog. Jacqui had a good time too, I hope. He and Benny ignore each other for our human eyes and do their sniffing and pissing all along the path ...



CH returned home from visiting her mom, I saw her briefly, she looked awful. Often I feel like just turning away, I feel helpless ... she seems to revert to her old shit no matter what we talk or what she intends to do. And I don't have the energy to spare anymore.

October 17, 2022 - **The Crocheted Flower & The Weirdest Dream of Abandonment**

Oh wow. I found something so similar that I just felt drawn to a few days ago, in front of the bank building where my mom was in: **A crocheted flower.**



(crocheted guardian angel, huh)

The more I think about it, the more I seem to remember that *I saw this same thing already last year on the same spot but didn't want to pick it up. It was still there today!* I did take it, because now it made sense!

Wow! And no lottery win. I am so disappointed ... as to my mind, Bob could help me out here. I am sometimes at odds with him. I am also a bit confused about myself. The tumor taste in my mouth, my need for „normal“ and all ...

So the crocheted „flower“ leaning on the crocheted guardian angels I found just three days ago online – does it tell me that someone is „guarding“ me ... and I found it in front of a bank, does this relate to me being so pissed off at Bob for not helping me with the lottery win?

I had the most awful weird **dream** tonight ... fucking shit:

I was in some kind of long and **big harbor town that somehow also was in a desert**. It was like a fictional place, from a movie, all in brown, with big storage units like warehouses and even chimney and somehow also hangars, but for boats, weirdly. And I was with Bob – or I was supposed to be with Bob. And at some point, I realized that Bob had gone ahead to our destination and had disappeared and simply let me be alone, on my own, among a lot of strangers, who kind of seemed to belong to our group but who went their way. *No care about me, no interest ... I was so hurt.* So I found myself at night in that big huge ocean shore desert settlement, weirdly lit in some kind of reddish orange brown industrial lighting ... and there were the typical greasy and weird warehouses of the Orient and an atmosphere of danger. *And I knew somehow which direction to go, but I had nothing on me except my clothes.* No money, no bag, nothing. And it was getting dark and cold. So I was so desperate, and there was some kind of peninsula, like Istria in Slovenia, and I knew I had to get there and tried to „look“ over there across the entire city and land, but of course that was impossible. Somebody, a young guy, I think, I asked for the way, and he said, sure, that is the way that I was pointing at, but that only looked close. It was miles and miles, hundreds of miles, I would never just be able to walk there.

And suddenly there was **a short older man with a huge belly** who took me with him among those lit warehouses, and he was going to show me a shortcut. And while we were walking I was saying to myself, but not in my dream, but in my sleeping state in my own persona, even though the dream was not interrupted, that the most important thing one always needs to have with is **water and a blanket and a bag**. So this, of course, reminds me of the be-prepared-for-disaster-videos Bob and I made back in the day on Maui ... In the dream, I did not, though. That strange Danny de Vito type man was about to give me those things, and I was so grateful. And suddenly my voice began to be the voice over of the scenario as I walked behind that guy through that city and was so devastated that Bob had just left me behind. And the voice over said „And as I walked behind him and was about to accept his help, I realized that in return for his help he was about to fuck me.“ And in my dream I thought what in the world did I expect? I was going to be lucky *if only he would fuck me* and not half of that harbor population ... the rape-threat was everywhere!

And I was kind of afraid, but I was willing to let that happen with that one man if I only could go my way afterwards, after Bob, and find him.

Is that strange or what? *I was willing to be violated to be able to follow that man who had abandoned me and violated me and my feelings before ... in so many ways, in real life, too.* In my dream and just waking up I thought that this dream was so full of meaning that it was nearly suffocating.

There was something about a lot of **stuff** that I had to either climb over or that I had to sort out for other people ... and I realize writing this how direct that meaning can be understood. But in the dream it wasn't of any meaning, it was just simply material stuff that I also even **needed?** I think there were clothes? But somehow I did not get my hands on them. They were taken away ... and there were people aware of my struggle who just disappeared, too.

So I found myself alone, and of all things I could have done I chose to follow Bob who was hell knew where already ... striding ahead somewhere without any thought of me.

And that's what happened with Sigi in real life and with Bob. *They moved on leaving me behind without second thoughts about me.* And in some way also with Rudi, my first partner, too. **And especially with my father!** He had thrown us out of the house, had met Edith and never had any thoughts of my brother Peter and me ever again. And now, right now, in real life, he behaves like an utterly crazy fuck-up, too, even though he is 82 years old. So my dream is telling me ...? I must say something odd. (Edited for privacy)

The crocheted flower looks like a vagina, too, doesn't it? Oh wow.

Took mom for a walk to the Wernberg swimming lake, she was so pissed at me, I saw her face and barely could stand her energy piercing my back. So glad that she told me she did not want me to come for dinner.



It was nice, though, as *she did call me and gave me reasons why she would not eat the dinner by herself ...* instead of forgetting to eat it! She has improved so so so much! She gave me gas money the other day, without me asking for it! Wow.

So then I took a swim in about 17 degrees Celsius warm lake Wörthersee, it was lovely.

I had some LinkedIn chat with Peter, in writing, and he gave me something so incredibly insensitive ... I had sent him images of mom's and my Rosegg hike, of wild animals, trying to cheer him up as he is so in love with a squirrel he named Maxine ... and he wrote he doesn't care about any pics when I am not in them. I am so NOT willing to take any of that anymore. He was a dick to me and to Bob on Maui ... time to let him know.

October 18, 2022 – Tunnel visions! The **raspberry** and SO MUCH more! And **Marshall!**

Drove to Griffen without J to get my winter tires. The tunnels ... I did not want to „be in housie's hallway“ again, but it just happened. It was as if Bob was right there hoping that I would connect by „going there“. So I did: I went into the tunnels in my car and at the same time, as I was in there, I saw and felt myself in housie's hallway ... where I had been so often, so often ... my home. Where Bob went so often. Where me met so often, through with I ran so often to get to Bob's office ...

First, as I was driving, I was talking to Bob about the tunnels and how we had communicated back in the day when I drove to my mom from Griffen so often ... and I switched on the radio, and some guy sang some sad song, and it went something about „**raining cats and dogs**“ ... and just then, a car passed by me – with a **sticker** of a **cat's face** on the right side of its back! What are the odds!

And in the hallway of housie, in another vision, I found the door to the bathroom to the left locked, so I stood there, and I „saw“ Bob with **an orange round thing like a peach**, then with **a big raspberry** ... I kept saying it out loud what I was seeing to confirm ... and there was Bob pulling some kind of *long never ending* scarf from the storage shelf to the right behind the sliding door ... it was so painful to „be there“, but there was some pull from Bob, and it was irresistible to do it ...

I saw him playfully balance some kind of tray with some milky bulging white stuff on it, like „Salzburger Nockerln“ but in white ... he also at some point, in the next tunnel, presented *something pointy and bright yellow* – and just then, **a truck drove by me**, and it had a bright red sun painted on it and it read „**sunhouse!**“ And we had lived on „Haleakala“, the volcano, and it means „**house of the sun**“!



WOW! He also seemed to ... oh shit I forgot. I was going to say *swirl around or swing a swirl* ... but it is blurry.

But then it happened: I had very intense feelings of loss and mourning and sadness even looking in the area where I had once lived and where Jacqui and I had walked with **little Cocker Spaniel Marshall**, and I hoped and prayed that I would not meet any of those people and let alone Marshall! I drove around the center of the little town and to the backstreet to the car mechanic Kressnig's place to avoid seeing anyone. It was 10.30 am ... and then it happened: Just when I was about to turn into the street where the car shop is, a **big green truck**, and I mean a big green foreign truck came from the opposite direction, so I had to wait. And on top of the driver's cabin, written in something like a sprayed-on writing in white on big green was: „**Marshall**“. The word Marshall. I kid you not. (*Note: The truck was likely not a „Marshall Fields“ truck, but googling „green truck Marshall“ that came up. So I might as well use it ... but the one I saw had only „Marshall“ handwritten on it! The dog is also not real Marshall, can't bear looking at an image of him ...*)



I felt like I was told that „they“ know what I was thinking and going through. My Marshall. Sweet little abused dog Marshall for who I could not do anything. Oh my heart ... But there it was, the big

greeting. So hopefully it meant that Marshall is fine. I will have to write this to Inge and to the animal care woman who I have shared the entire Marshall story with.

Well, looking at the *imagery I took at the car shop* while waiting for the tyres to be changed, I think there is something that I saw in the tunnel! Just look! The „**orange round thing**“, and maybe the „scarf“ in form of a „lei“!



(Later)

Took Jacqui and mom to *lake Saissensee* for a nice walk – and there it was: The **raspberry or strawberry!** I don't know what it is – but that is what I received in my hand from Bob!



Yesterday ... driving home from dropping off mom, I put the radio on for just a second, and a guy **sang** that even if we make mistakes and even if we just can't understand what is going on and we can't make any sense of it, „**one day we will – one fine day – wake up and find ourselves so much smarter**“! Wow. That was a direct message from Bob. That's what it felt like. He did wake up one one fine day and found himself so much smarter and – dead.

I had such a strong and intense and yet naturally easy feeling of „seeing“ him in the tunnels today ... wow, it was amazing.

I swam in lake Wörthersee before returning home, then I called mom that I would call her later to pick her up for a walk after my work would be done. I did call her after an hour intending to tell her to meet in half an hour ... and it turned out that she had already been waiting for me this whole time outside, thinking that I would come pick her up right away. Oh geez. I don't want to go into details here ... but it was a disheartening experience with her today, as she had sworn last night that she'd eat the soup and was already on it and the dessert, but today, *her food was untouched*. And she had again eaten her yogurt and not the meals on wheels. There is no way she would be able to feed herself if I would not take care of it. Her brain is broken in that respect. When I told her about the bad smell of her jacket and that she really needed to wash her hair, she was so angry and so embarrassed, and I was so sorry, but I had to tell her eventually. Nothing I can do. I tried gently, but she gets off like a rocket objecting ... and she lies the living hell out of the day ... nothing I can believe her. She is hopelessly forgetful. But she does take her memory vitamins, I saw it today. Doesn't help much if she doesn't want to do her memory-spurring exercises or games. And I am so tired of trying to get her to do it: It is hard enough to get her to walk, and it is no fun for me to walk

in snail speed in silence, as she won't talk and mostly look so hostile and grumpy. I know she enjoys herself outdoors, and I like when she looks around in nature, but her attitude towards me is just so hard to bear so often. Most of my days have that kind of impact of hostility ... and I try to take it realizing that it is a part of her condition. But truth be told, it started long ago that she treated me like shit and I don't know why. So often I feel lost and wondering why the fuck ...

... swimming in lake Wörthersee was so cold and just because of that so nice ... there was a naked man lying next to the wall of the bathroom at the swimming spot ... just him and me. He woke up and greeted me just as I was naked too, drying off ... It was comforting, the water, the view of the lake, that strange person ... *(Note: Some other day I would get to talk with that guy who told me that he was supposed to die long ago of a failing heart, but at the day of the diagnose he decided to swim every day in the lake temperature permitting, and he has extended the distance he swims since then to a really long swim every day. Very interesting and inspiring.)*

All seems so strange.

And I saw CH today ... not sure I trust her one bit ... geez, I start to lose my interest in helping her. We talk for hours, she asks my advice, and I do my best, and then she turns around and does the contrary. She wants to be a junkie and pills addict? Well. You go girl. My part is done I feel, I have invested so much in this, emotionally.

Learned today, that my upstairs neighbor Fabian, the one with the lung problem, has a tiny three color kitten named Nala. Oh so sweet. I have been thinking about tiny kittens all the time. I really want to see her. *(Note: In the coming months he'd turn out to be a hermit with emotional problems, and he'd scream at the poor cat all the time.)*

October 20, 2022 – **The Dream of Bob's Camera on the Beach & The Sunrise Shell**

What a **dream**. What a message.

In real life, when I met Bob, I was so so so impressed by his handling of his big pro broadcast camera. The sight of him filming ... I was so in love with everything and all things Bob. And I had the greatest respect of his handling of his camera and of the thing itself. Eventually I learned the basics of handling the camera, just in case there would be a case where he couldn't shoot and I had to do it instead.

Tonight, in my **dream**, I was *high up on a mountain*, at least, a very high dune hill, looking down on some kind of long stretch of sandy beach. In my back was some kind of city, I think, a busy place. With another woman I was. I think of my age. And down there was that **beach**, a wide beige beach and a calm ocean, but also some kind of jungly place in the area, *where a lot was going on, and I knew I had to film it*. A very narrow kind of stairs, just wooden planks put into the hard sand of that dune mountain, with a railing to the right, was there, and I had to get down to the camera bag on that long broad beach. It was open, and Bob's beloved **camera** was in it! Yes, it was **Bob's blue „Portabrace“ bag** ... oh it hurts to even think that name, the beloved camera bag, I had the greatest respect of it, too. Bob had several of the same kind, and how many times have we packed it ... put all the gear in ... Only Bob would always take the gear out again, but I carried the bags many many times. And that bag was down there, on the beach, alone, open. People walking by ... and I looked down on it, and I was so eager to get down there, it was so urgent, and I needed to be fast ...

I think that in my dream I even wondered where the heavy black tripod was, that I handled so clumsily so often, until I got really good at it and got a kick out of dealing with it in front of our clients like I had never done anything else. I was a cool production lady, back then. With the coolest production guy of them all.



And *while dreaming* I thought that Bob was **dead** and how strange it was that his camera gear was there and that I saw it. I somehow made it down there, it was a huge huge effort to get down those steps, like unstable wooden steps on dune sand, and I was *hindered*, but I cannot remember by what ... It was as if I had to fight my way down there ... and then I had the camera. And in my dream I thought of how often I had admired Bob with it in his mortal lifetime ... and I was so so sad. In my dream, also, I thought that finding his camera *must mean that I was supposed to use it*. In real life, Bob had long sold that broadcast camera that was not high-definition-able, and he had used other cameras, but that camera was his one love. And I have a photograph of a young Bob with that camera. Joyce sent it to me after Bob's death nearly four years ago. It is very very hard right now ... I can't risk looking at it. I even have my own first cell phone of the year 2002, a gift from Bob ... I can't even touch it or look at it.

So I picked up the camera, and I right away saw that the **lens** was *incredibly dirty*! In my dream I thought that Bob would have been outraged ... and he would have never let that happen. And that I had to clean it. I saw that the lens was so dirty, that *even a small green tiny micro forest was growing on the left side inside the lens enclosure* ... and I thought, wow, such a long time that nobody has used it. It waited for me all this time to use it ... and I was going to treat it so well and clean it. But who had put it there? Why a beach? **A reference to Hawaii**, the many times I have actually seen the camera bag on beaches?!

But somehow there were people around me on that beach that were **threatening** and *hindering* me in many ways, and I had to protect the camera, and I carried it up that steep dune stairs, and it was so dangerous.

There was a violent sexual component to that dream that just flashed up in my mind, but I cannot remember. All I recall is that me using the camera or even cleaning it, was connected to other people, and they gave me such a hard time ... They hindered me at everything I tried to do. But I made it with great efforts of escaping that idiot pack to pick the heavy camera up and hold it properly and see that it was possible to use it, but there were spots that were the dirt on the lens or behind it, and I knew I had to get rid of that ... There was always again **that urge to get somewhere with the camera**, and I kept asking someone – vague images of people, nobody distinct – for help, but nothing came about. At the same time *I knew I had to make sure that nobody would take that camera or the bag from me* ... I was in such distress. That woman who had been with me in the beginning was there too, and she was not threatening, but not helpful either, but curious and somehow ignorant or oblivious ... So I turned here and there with the lens **trying to figure out what to do**. The perspective that I remember is interesting too, it was like I was seeing everything from deeper than my own eyes ... like I was looking out of myself into the world, as if my head was a housing, and I was living inside of it and looking out, but it was not me „who“ was the body that I was looking out from.

That is so poignant, too. The dream just ended, there was no conclusion, I was holding the camera and stunned by the micro forest of something like moss and algae on the lens ... yes, *like a growth of moss but with real tiny trees and bushes just in miniature scale* ...

So moss has grown over things? ... Bob being the camera man he was ... was he forgotten ... is something over ... is there a reason why I should „pick up“ what we had been planning now?

I woke up with my old project „Volcana – Flight on her Mind“ on my mind ... Of all my projects, that one. That has seemingly really not much relevance for me. About a young super-heroine in the making who retributed people for their wrongdoings right on the street, like for spitting, smoking, being reckless ... wow, maybe I should try and submit this for funding?

I received the astrology newsletter number 43 last night for editing ... and just around the time of Bob's death, the „stars“ offer the best of opportunities to start out newly one more time to accomplish the creative projects one has set out to do a while ago ... it spoke to me, so much, what Daniela the astrologer wrote ... all about taking the chance, trying again, not giving up – all based on the possibility that we will realize for good what our souls came her for in the first place.

I miss Bob so much. I cannot believe I have to live my mortal life without him. It is harder now than before. Why is that ...?

And then the dream of his camera and his camera bag. I can't even recall how it ended. But I did hold the lens and was outraged about how it was so unused and dirty with the moss on it and all ... I think I must send this to Joyce (*Note: Never did!*) ... I tried to film something with the camera, I recall now, and it worked great. But I don't remember what I filmed. In my dream I thought to myself that I am indeed capable of doing this kind of thing, making films, telling stories, and that I must. It will help me pass the time until I'll be able to join Bob in the beyond.

I swam in lake Wörthersee today, again, I think it has about 16 degrees Celsius, with my mom and my dog watching. It was grand. I kept thinking ... what if my heart gives out? It won't. For some fucking reason my kuleana is still totally calling out to me ...

*(Note: February 3, 2023 – **Time Synchronicity!** Yesterday I read up on the **ways to die in the water** because I had just come up with the idea for a spiritual Zombie-comedy, seriously, that would deal with the matter of life after death ... and I had read online that if you go into water of less than 4 degrees Celsius, then you could die of a certain kind of shock ... so interesting, that now I came across this entry about me thinking if I could die in the cold water ...)*

Did Bob send me that dream? He did. We had a lovely play on words when I drove back from getting my tires in Griffen ... I had to laugh out loud when I „heard“ Bob say that through my voice ... something like „a **tiresome** effort that I accomplished **entirely** ...“

Oh those days and nights at housie, Haulani 222, „the house of laughter“, as Bob had called it.

I managed to be very patient with my mother today ... I keep seeing how lost she is getting, and I really want to make her feel as comfortable as possible. It's her failing brain that makes her appear so strange ... and I have seen Bob be very similarly „strange“ often in our years together. Okay, I get it, Stoneman, I get a lot, I think.

And I did get a Hawaii greeting:

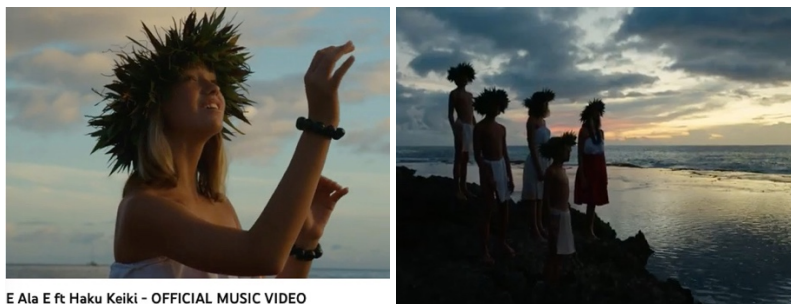
I went to a store with CH to look for *rubber boots*, but instead I bought other boots, supposedly also watertight ... but as I tried those on, I looked sideways, and there was – **Hawaii! On boots! The Bird of Paradise flower motive!** Even with a very **Hawaiian word**, „Keala“ meaning „the street“, but also „the rising“. There is a very famous chant, called „**E ala e o ka la i ka hikina**“, „**Rise, sun, in the East** ...!“



And as I went outside, there was a huge stone, in the background, just watching!

WOW – TIME SYNCHRONICITY!

*(Note: Oh geez! I am writing this part about the boots today, **January 16, 2023** as I am in the process of putting in the remaining images ... and yesterday, I found a **sunrise shell!** Talk about time synchronicity! And yes, this means that I am in the right spot. Everything is going ... according to plan, just resonated in my mind. Really?*



E Ala E ft Haku Keiki - OFFICIAL MUSIC VIDEO

*Oh I remember seeing this chant being chanted on Maui by Clifford Nae'ole ... with Bob present ... oh no, it hurts so badly. And yet ... I did make myself to screenshot online footage of people in **Hawaii** chanting „E ala e“ ... and it is like a big hole just opened inside of me, and I am being devoured ... It was my home there. I was all into Hawaiian culture. With Bob ... now, I am sitting here in Winter in Velden ... with two dogs, taking care of my mother, Bob dead. I really really hope it gets better in the beyond.)*

October 21, 2022 – The Penisses, Eternity, the Sun & My Name, the Wings and the Feet

Wow! Remember the song „You're the sun, and I'm the moon ... play me!“ Well, today I drove shopping to Villach, and I from the store I took Jacqui on a short walk in the area – and I discovered an amazing **park**, just five minutes from the store where I mostly go to get bones for Jacqui to chew on ... And there were „**penisses**“ in the park, a **vagina** and the **eternity sign**! Wow, I thought, this is so ... Bob! I think I need not explain why.





And then, as I walked back to the car, I waited to cross the street a little longer than intended, and I realized that right across the street from the store, there was a **sun** painted on the ground, and right next to it, the name „**Daniela**“ with **angel wings around feet!**

Wow! Of course, the sun was for a solarium's parking spot, and the wings and feet belonged to a footcare salon. And of course I had to think about the one sentence that I said every time I came back from swimming in 2018: „**Something touched my foot!**“ It did ... every time I swam in the ocean, and I got Bob laughing everytime.

Where are the days ... what happened? What are the odds – to find this amassment of stuff that is relevant for Bob's and my story?!

October 22, 2022

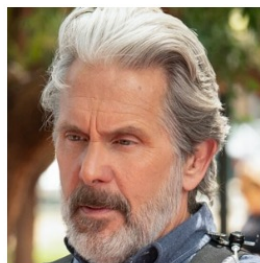
Impressions of the road that leads up to where I live now ... And evening clouds as seen from my living room window ...



Came across an article about Bob's favorite show „NCIS“, that Mark Harmon has quit, and Gary Cole is the new boss ... I am sure Bob would have loved to find out how this guy is. I do anyway. One day, once I'll have the proper internet connection, I shall binge watch all the seasons I never saw. Bob would have also enjoyed today's view from my window ...



Sean Murray, Rocky Carroll, and Mark Harmon on NCIS | CREDIT: CLIFF LIPSON/CBS



Gary Cole replaces long time cast lead Mark Harmon



October 24, 2022

Took a walk with mom in her neighborhood – actually along a path where I had walked with her many times many years ago, I think even with Kimba, my previous dog ... and the most amazing „exclamation mark“ appeared in the sky! Haven't seen one of those in a while! Exclamation mark means „I know!“



So many adventurous dreams ... I don't get to write them down ... just don't have the patience.

Just tonight: Intense **dream** about Walter, my childhood friend. We were in some kind of **medieval castle** or house, with a gloomy and kind of dark, candle-lit atmosphere. And I saw it from a third person's perspective. I had the feeling that I was not supposed to be there, but we were so attracted to each other and ended up naked cuddling, just while walking around, maybe lying down too ... but we were not supposed to have sex. I knew that he had a partner, and he was just as reluctant as I was, but there was this warm need of closeness, and we gave in, and I think we had sex briefly, and at that point I was lying on my back on the floor while he was in me. But he wanted to lift me up onto a bed, and I kept saying „No, not like this“, and I meant, while he was in me. He had said, I remember now, that because he was so attracted to me he was thinking of masturbating to relieve himself, and I said no, not necessary, as he could just come inside me ... but somehow he withdrew from me, and it was so surreal, because when I saw his penis it had something like a plastic ring around its tip, like spikes or an „Aster“-flower. And I thought wow, that is strange, how come I did not feel that? And strangely his penis wandered to his left hip and stayed there ...

(Note: As I reread this dream on January 29, 2023, I realized that I don't have the slightest recollection of this dream! At all! Many dreams, like the one before of the sci-fi-kind-of-warehouse-shore-town-setting, I can totally remember when I read about it, but this one, nothing!)

I woke up, went to the toilet and had a sip of water, and when I lay back down – **I dreamed right on!** And there was that woman who was Walter's partner in my dream, with short blond-reddish hair, and he had to join her to travel somewhere, and he said it was Villach (a real life city here) and he was going by train. I kept touching and holding him, and he did not know what to do, but he had to leave. Then that woman was there, and she talked to me, didn't have a clue about my relationship with Walter ... and she was uncertain whether or not to go to Villach, and there was no intimate connection between her and Walter. I said to Walter wow, now I had to go by train back home to Velden too, and not it was clear that I was in Klagenfurt, also a real life town, the capital of Carinthia. I had come by car, his car, as I knew in my dream, and now he was just leaving me to my own means, indifferently? Somehow I knew that he was aware of the situation, but he was kind of caught in his obligation ... and there were suddenly many other people walking around in this medieval place around him and related to him. I knew he wanted to be with me, and I also knew that I had to send him away ... so I made sure he left that place through some door that seemed to be a sliding door and made of glass ... and then I woke up.

I was so filled with this feeling of closeness and love for him, it still lingers right now. I think I must text him about this dream and ask for a chat ... as we had intended in real life anyway. *(Note: I did tell him, and it was not a good idea ... right now, February 3, 2023, we still haven't met in person, something is keeping us away from each other ... his fears, I think, because he said as much a few days after the entry of that day.)*

October 25, 2022

Horrible horrible **dream** ... *I was with a golden brown horse in some kind of sand pit that had also some water-filled area.* While I walked outside, the horse went into the water to swim ... and to my horror it made very strange „limping“ motions in the brownish water ... and when it made its way out – from the knee down, the right leg was missing, just some bone sticking out and flesh hanging down. I was so horrified and cried and ran to the horse, and I tried to get it to climb up a very steep ladder up some kind of ramp, calling for help ... but I knew that it was going to be put down, to die! I was so desperate, realizing that there was nothing to be done – and it was entirely my fault! I let the horse into the water, where, obviously, there were sharp objects ...

I woke up and couldn't believe the horrific dream ... and **while still in bed I tried to replace the imagery by something not gruelling**, like making the horse into a wooden carousel horse ... but it didn't stick. I was thinking about what that would tell me ... and it was a warning to be extra careful and caring ...

Today I took a walk with CH, and she is in such bad shape, emotionally, because of living with her drunkard boyfriend, and she was so distressed about what had happened between us. (I talked to her straight-out about her bullshit, and she lied to me about drinking ...) She was so sweet and brought me gifts ... I was nearly embarrassed, because I was very rough on her. She said she is taking all steps to go for a full withdrawal rehab ... and her boyfriend is supposed to go to prison on November 2, but she says she can't even bear being there anymore until then ... she is so desperate. She has problems with her heart, I gave her Hawthorn, she looks horrible. I am worried about her. The alcoholism of M. is a horrible factor in her life, since she used to be a heavy alcoholic for many years, and he refuses to leave the apartment. But truth be told I don't know what to believe whose fault is what ... He can't help himself and is a nice guy. But he kind of has some emotional hold of her ... he could live with his mother now, who is alone, but nobody from his family wants him around ... and she CH is suffering. She eventually admitted to drinking, and I kind of regret that I did not react in a more mature way ... I do know about her troubles. But honestly I did not realize how desperate she really is.



On our walk we saw a stone on a bucket ... **a kind of funny Bob-like quip** ...

Also, Walter called me, and he sounded so odd on the phone ... He is known to have been an alcoholic, too. He himself talks about drinking beer all the time ... I really can't get into details of our phone chat at all here, it was so multi-faceted. I loved it, I got embarrassed, felt warned and yet have such an urge to meet with him.

October 26, 2022, National Holiday

I was happy when mom called today and *asked if we'd go for a walk today* – which we did, to the little bench under the tree and the Lotos flowers pond.

Then Walter called again, but I was still walking with my mom, we had just sat down on a bench, and I felt strange to talk to Walter on the phone, but he said he was on a break while renovating the house he had bought, and was having a beer, and I couldn't interrupt him for some reason. He was very strange but honest telling me that he was afraid that something old could come up between us.

Well, there was nothing between us those 40+ years ago, but he admitted to being afraid to get hurt emotionally. At least, that's what I heard. I said okay I'd look forward to chatting in person one day. , So my mother just sat and looked, and then we walked on to the car ... and I still was not done. But then I had to stop the conversation and tell Walter that we should really chat in person one day.

But later, at night at home, I text-messed Walter that I don't want him to feel bad at the thought of meeting me, and I only told him about my dream because I thought it might have relevance for his life, and that I am okay if we never meet (which is true) because I really am only interested in the lightness of life at this point. And I wrote that I don't think that there is any comparison between the teenager Dani I once was and the old woman I have become.

I do feel kind of disappointed, though. I probably was hoping it could be some friendship, that it would be easy, and that he would like me, because he did once. I am confused, that is true.

There NEVER was anything between us! I was 15, he was 17 when he used to come over. He was a weirdo, I did like him, and from one day to the next he stayed away and was never again seen! Still, I hope we shall meet for a walk or something ... But then, I am not sure if this will ever come about. Why not? Why can't it be a natural, relaxed old-friends-meeting-and-chatting? Oh, I know why. Because of the way he greeted me upon seeing me again after that long time, telling me that I used to be the love of his life and broke his heart. I didn't do shit. ***I didn't know I was his great love***, and it was him who didn't show up again all of a sudden Why not? What the hell is this about anyway ... along with those dreams! Geez, I ran into him months ago ... (*Note, and today, February 3, 2023, we still haven't met again.*)

CH called this morning to say that she got M to move out. We had a chat last night, and CH was really in bad shape, her nerves, her heart ... so she texted me a few times today, but in the evening I did not hear back when I asked if she is okay. So maybe she is already back together with him. I swear, if this is the case, I will never ever again help her deal with anything, I will only talk to her once she is back from rehab – if she ever goes. It is so draining to deal with her shit all the time. I hope for her sake that she did walk her talk and have him live with his mom now. He goes to prison to fulfil some years old obligations for old felonies ... oh well. I so do not want to live here.

I don't know what to think about all these things in my life right now ... the people, actually. Met another friend at the pharmacy, yesterday, Gertie, who used to be in love with Sigi and who really wants to go for a walk with me. We will. Martina texted that she and her family has been sick since Sunday. Well. I felt very headachy and feverish today, tested twice – Corona negative.

So the influenza is going around. I won't get sick. Mom neither or Jacqui.

I worry about my father. Told my lawyer. Made an appointment for a free consultation with a lawyer for November 2 at the municipality building in Velden.

Here is an image that I must include: In ***Iran*** a big uprising is happening among the Muslim – against the suppression of women. I won't even go into the matter of how big parts of mankind still live according to the dumbest and most narrow-minded beliefs ... but this woman, with her hair open (the protests started with a young woman having been killed in police custody where she had been taken for not covering her hair properly!) and her arms up, is kind of putting the utmost criticism on the fundamentalist Islamic beliefs by stretching her *middle* finger up. It is the typical male gesture to Honor „Allah“ to stretch the *index* finger towards the sky. There. (We know what a stretched out *middle* finger means, yes?) Since the woman also forms a „V“ like „victory“, this gesture to me is one of **the most powerful of the last ... well centuries!**



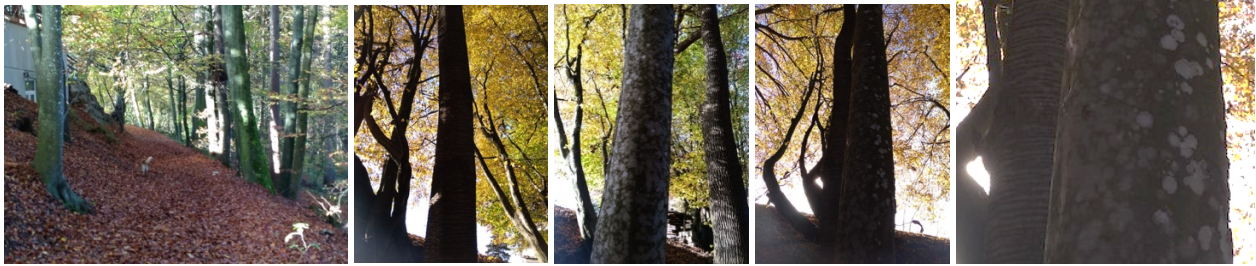
October 28, 2022 – Shrooms!

It was just so strange to discover those amazing mushroom colonies along the path where mom and J and I have been walking all winter and summer and now fall ... amazing, those creatures! I admire them, not sure why. And there was an amazingly **strange cloud** right there watching us.



October 29, 2022

The spots on the trunk of the trees that I see nearly every day along the path where J and I walk reminded me today of Bob's skin ... the heavy psoriasis that he used to have ... wondering if he was next to me as I talked about that ...

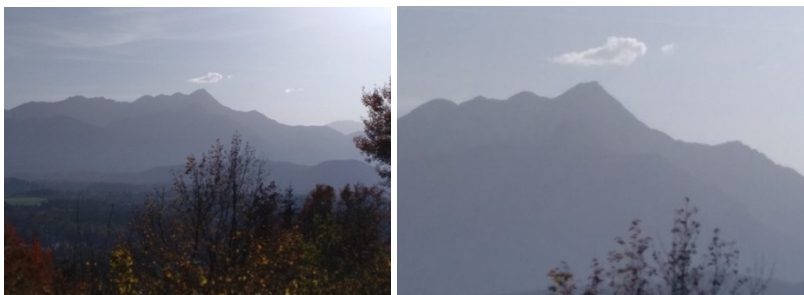


Took Jacqui and mom for a walk to Forest lake, I haven't been there for a while ... and it was kind of hard with my mother always complaining about how far and how hard to walk ... It was not as relaxing as it could have been ... but I still was glad I took her there, because in the end she did enjoy the view and the fresh air.



October 30, 2022

The most amazing little cloud hovered above mount Mittagkogel today, our volcano!



Took a nice **walk with mom along lake Saissensee**, with J of course, to a scenic view place above Velden. Yes, this is where I am from, but ... kind of not feeling it. There were four I think Arabic speaking people ... and I felt so strange seeing them gazing at us, no way of communication, it just felt off. That said, the two women wore jeans and their hair open. So that was good to see. But the way they looked at my dog made me recoil. They had a very small baby in a pram with them.



November 1, 2022 – **The Stone with a B on a Grave**

Oh I remember November 1, 2018. Shortly before Bob died. But I don't want to. Did a lot of thinking today when I saw people are the graveyard ... those traditions of celebrating the dead around Halloween really gets a lot of energy to those about who we think concretely! Right? ***I do believe that the folks in the beyond can make good use of the energy coming from us, so they do really need us to energize them through our thoughts.*** Optimally we think good positive stuff about them and really send our energy to them fully consciously. But who does that? That kind of knowledge is not yet common. And this sucks.

Like what the feast after a burial is about, called „Leichenschmaus“ hereabouts, „corpse eating feast“. Sounds horrible, but it's only getting together after a funeral – to eat! And that also has everything to do with energy ... oh I wish people would know!

I told Bob that I refuse to dig up those sad thoughts and memories ... I don't want to.

I went ***for a swim in lake Wörthersee today, 16 degrees Celsius and yesterday.*** It was wonderful.

Then took mom for a walk at Velden, and a big blow-up happened, because she simply behaved nastily and snappily against me, and I wouldn't take it for once – which she used right away to give me a full-fledged hatred-dose. Fuck I hate this.

So back home I met CH, and we went for a walk together with the dogs ... to the little house along the path. And she said we *should just walk over as nobody was there and pretend it's ours for a little while.* So we walked behind the house ... and there was a ***big round stone (!) with the letter „B“ on it! And upon closer look – it was a grave!***



A Stone with a B on a grave! Geezus! What are the odds? I bet Bob the Stoneman was right there and happy that I had followed my gut so properly and really walked there. I take it as a greeting ... on this day of the saints and the dead ... There is no grave to connect to the human formerly known as Bob Stone in my life. It is like he didn't die at all. But he did. And there I had my grave. (*Note: Later I learned that it was the graves of twos dog. Geez, what a sad thought.*)

Greeting you right back.

Yesterday something strange happened. I was walking somewhere, and out of the blue I started singing, just two lines, and I really watched myself doing it, not doing it consciously: ***„I want to hold you, I want to kiss you.“*** I sang that, then stopped and had an immensely strong Bob-impression. And I asked him if he felt that way? ***It was strange to observe myself singing while not singing myself!*** I had to laugh, at first, that's how odd it was. Then I also asked Bob if he still was in that kind of in-between-spot where we can communicate, and if he wants to leave, and what I can do ...

So intense. So intense! And I barely have the time to deal with this Contact Diary. But I stay on it.

And today the „B-Stone“ gave me some new push.

I told CH about the **video** that I have of Bob who is talking to me. I taped him many years ago. I think I did that only once in all our time together. ***I should listen to it. Watch it.*** Scares the shit out of me only considering this. I remember him sitting there at the table, looking up at me as I was there behind the counter on the stove side ... holding my little camera up ...



I happened to grab a book from a free-books stand from a young man named Christian Troger who made „Ironman“ even though he was only born with one leg. (Strangely, last night, the only night in months when I watch that quiz show with my mother, one of the quiz question was about the Carinthian Ironman event!) So his book is very motivational, but what stuck with me reading it in bed is ***„Don't dream your life, but live your dream!“*** And he suggests to make one distinct decision about reaching a goal in the future. He made one telling himself the exact date and place where he was going to make the Ironman. And he did.

So I went inside briefly and came up with winning an Academy Award in 2025. Shit, I thought then, that is long until then. I tried to chance the date to 2024, but 2025 was the spontaneous one. Okay, will think over this a little more. But there is no coincidence that I „found“ this book. Go for it, writes Troger, whatever it is that you are burning for. It is filmmaking, yes, for sure. My Regents of Clouds franchise. With the events of this Contact Diary integrated. (I can't help but think of Walter, ever again, like right now. My childhood friend who said I was the love of his life. Oh geez. I will have to meet him.)

Rudi visited me the other day, my ex, and I was surprised that he took the time. Sure enough, he needed something from me, to design a poster. Oh well. It was a nice enough chat, though, ok. So I made a poster. There.

So the „B-Stone“ today. Wow.

November 2, 2022

Me alone on the graveyard facing *Edith's name on the tomb* ... how sad that she has passed. We could have had such a great time ... or not. She was totally under my father's toxic spell. But I do regret so many things that I did not do with her, meeting her, talking to her, calling her ... I just did not dare to based on the behavior of my evil sick-minded father.



I went to a free lawyer consultation tonight about the situation with my father and Picej. Well, sure thing, I will fight.

I edited the **astrology** newsletter today, and it is all about the **blood-moon eclipse on November 8**, upcoming. Mars is in Gemini and became retrograde on October 31 ... and we were asked to note certain important dates ... and of course, **May 16**, when the last blood-moon eclipse was, is hugely important to me ... *it was the anniversary of Bob and me meeting in 2002.*

And one of the important dates in relations to **Mars in Gemini retrograde is September 3**: That's when I saw the car license plate „STEIN 1“, stone 1, and when the woman talked me up on the cemetery and **talked about her near-death experience** and how she had met her father and her brother Peter who had sent her back! O wow ...

September 3, 2022, Saturday – Oh the message! The total encouragement!

I took mom for a walk to a totally new place where I was maybe 45 years ago ... lake Trattnigteich, a small green lake in the middle of a forest. I forgot to take my phone so I couldn't take pics from the lake. Shit!




As we walked back to the car, a small red car came towards us with the license plate number „STEIN 1“, which means „STONE 1“. So I was baffled ... and so annoyed about myself that I didn't take the cell phone so couldn't photograph. But then the car came back, and the lady

And suddenly, a **woman** talked me up on the cemetery and asked me who I was and shared that her brother was also „Peter“, and that he had been a good friend of my brother Peter's and had died in 2015 because of a mistake the doctors had made at the age of 49. Shit! But then she kept talking about how she has lost almost all her family except for her daughter and I think a niece, and how often she herself had been close to death ... especially once at a hospital. **And I gave into my urge and asked her if she had had a near death experience there ... and she said yes!** She was „in the beyond“ and her father came and took her by her hand to lead her with him across a beautiful green meadow, but then her brother Peter's voice sounded from behind, three times and said „Turn around, turn around, turn around!“ It was not her time! She woke up and lived.

This blood-moon eclipse will be in Taurus, and Edith was Taurus, and it will take place on November 8, and Edith died on November 7. I have the feeling it is all about her.

November 3, 2022

A „puka lani“ in the sky ... seen from walking along the street where I go nearly every day.



And the strangest sight of „something“ aiming directly – at the moon!



November 4, 2022 – 4th anniversary of **Bob's** passing

Flashes of life on Maui during the night. Then the thought, getting up: ***Maybe the day of transition is a celebration on the other side?*** And we spoil it when we deliberately delve back into grief and loss? I will not do that. I send my best to Bob and his kind. I do. I try, at least.

Sent a condolence card to my father yesterday, yes I did! I had to. Then, later, in bed, I read a bit in the book about the inner child, now I know why it felt good to do it. I am connecting. Truly. I have experienced that deep satisfaction when being „**soft**“ or „**gentle**“, „sanft“ in German, no matter what the other part will do. Only have to practice dealing with mom and not taking her aggressiveness personally. I don't really, but there are habits of hurt and bad experiences kicking in at times. I also „saw“ something in Walter, reading those lines ... he must be so full of fear that he surely is not connected with his „inner child“. I don't know yet what my role there will be. But it sure is no coincidence that I met him.

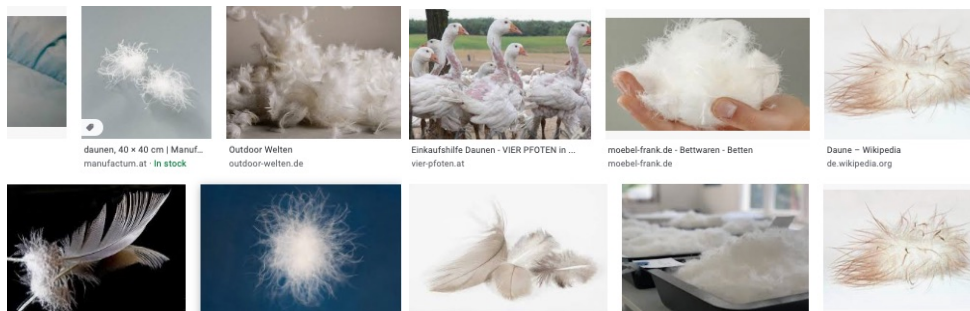
I will focus on positive thoughts of Bob today. I promise, to Stoneman and to me. Just writing this gives me a nauseous feeling, and I feel tears. I had such intense flash backs to life on Maui with Bob last night, as if I was really there. Even lying in bed was like lying in the futon ... that said ... I remembered how lonely I was so many times so long on Maui.

Anyway – happy anniversary, Stoneman! He knows I mean it. And the moon today ... over pink clouds at night ... well.



My first text to be edited today is about downs, yes, **feathers**, so softness is the topic. I received the text last night already, but only opened it now.

(Just googled **down** feathers ... and beside the softness, the imagery of suffering of the poor geese is unbearable. Human mortals are fuckers to such an extend – it's so hard to bear. I need a partner here, Stoneman, for my remaining time. I have pain in the usual spot in the right lower abdomen, too. So ...?)



(Later)

Well, so much for „not thinking about Bob today“. **He is present everywhere** ... even in a text I got about a Swiss appliance company, that consists of paragraphs of the kind that Bob would have read for the commercials he produced ... ***and not only did I hear his voice, I even found myself speaking (!) those „commercial copies“ like Bob would have done it.***

He is so present. It's like I could turn around and be on Maui with him. So I asked him „*Why are you doing this to me?*“ And I got an impression of deep sadness. So he is sad, too?

Okay. And now? I am still a mortal having to deal with this shit. And he is in the beyond. It's raining today on top of it fucking all.

Took a late evening's walk with CH, her dog Pauli and Jacqui ...



November 5, 2022

Took a shopping trip to Villach with mom, and there was an amazing hedge with never before seen so colorful fruits in the gray November mood ...



Later ... a walk with my best friend to the little bench under the tree with the „Ma'alaea view“.



November 6, 2022

Tomorrow it will be two years that Edith passed over. I miss her. I keep telling her, keep sharing stuff with her. What a mess, how sad, that she and I did not get to be the friends we could have been. Wrote a compassion card to my father ... I don't have any hopes, just had to do it for myself. And for Edith.

Saw a car license plate „808 EX“ today, parked at a cemetery wall, which was strange – as I have seen it several times already! ... and „480 BD“ yesterday.



I could not sleep last night, had to think of Walter all the time and what it meant that he spoke to me the way he did ... I am not sure why I want to talk with him about that time in our youth, I will know when we do it. Also, we need to talk about the condition he has ... the last time I saw him before this year's encounter, maybe 20 years ago, he was barely able to walk or talk, it looked like he was entirely emaciated, like a very bad case of some Parkinson condition ... And he did say that „the disease is there, and I must deal with it“. *Is this the reason why he doesn't want to connect? Is he ashamed?*

CH's alcoholic friend M is due to serve some jail time from tomorrow on, and she is at the end of her nerves, will bring drop him off at the prison ... just 6 weeks, and then? She gives me shit at times, but not deliberately, doesn't mean to ... I really hope for her recovery.

I texted to Walter today ... after a confusing chaotic dream of him in some kind of event or mass, overlooking the crowds and calling out stuff, being in a good mood, and me on the sidelines, watching ... I just must clarify stuff. I am not at ease about the situation with him. It feels like something big is about it. There is a reason why we met. (*Note: He did not respond, ever.*)

Took a walk at *Rosegg* with mom today. She has been looking kind of dark in the past few days. I think she is trying to be alert and aware, but I must ask twice almost every time to get her to respond to me with brains. I kind of forced her to do some riddle with me today ... I know it is good for her brain. It was touching to see her from close, her old hands and wrists ... I have to work on my total awareness that this a mortal machine like the one I am using, and she is using it. She is not it, neither am I it.

I have been thinking in the past days how many things I have fucked up in my life by not doing things I *should* have done. Like visiting Edith when she was at the hospital, she asked me to, but I refused. Right after Bob's death they invited me to visit, but I did not trust them and did not go.

And so many times I wanted to intervene with my mother, but did not, fearing the pain of being rejected and treated hatefully by her again and again ... She had been so nasty to me so often. And she had been drinking heavily, and there had been no way to keep her from it. Not her fault, the drinking ... with all the tragedy she had to put up with in her life. But somehow I always knew that something was **off and wrong** about her ... just like with Bob. Their minds ... not functioning properly.

My mom is so afraid of confronting negative things, that when I told her some intense story of my Maui days, she interrupted me by asking me „to tell her a joke“. I insisted on telling her the story, though, and when she realized that it was going to have a good ending – John bought me a new pillow, after I had caught him sitting in Bob's editing room on my sleeping pillow! With his fucking butt! And the pillow was even better than the old one! – she was so relieved.

So much I missed throughout the years, I was afraid of doing, didn't realize, was too stupid to realize ... maybe that is why I would like to talk to Walter and let him tell me how he saw that time back then. It was before my parents' divorce! It was hell back then for my brother and me, growing up with parents who hated each other intensely and took every opportunity to beat us, their children, who didn't do anything wrong except for being their children and – very intelligent. It fucking hell, it was.

So ... Blood moon eclipse coming up on November 8. (Not visible in our hemisphere.)

November 7, 2022 – The Friendship Greeting!

Two years since Edith died. I bought a *silver flower* and drove to the cemetery early, before 10 am, sure that my father would be there around noon, like always. I had just gotten out of the car, when I saw him and his „friend“ and „heir“ P. stand at Edith's grave. The sight shocked me, I must admit. My small and fragile and (suddenly) white haired father and behind him the dumbass P., so out of place ... *it was just so wrong, what I saw*. Took me a while to digest that sight.



Painful to see that the tomb reads „Familie W.“ **but my brother Peter is not buried there**, my father doesn't even visit his grave. Whenever I consider this, I could ... still, I am in disbelief everytime I see Edith's name on the tomb. What a pity. We should have been friends.

It is so wrong. I lay awake last night and thought of Edith a lot ... it felt like she was right there. And this morning, when I went to a special store to buy a plant for her, I decided to take Jacqui along and to take him for a short walk to the pond where Edith used to go with her Beagle dog Gipsy and then Sandy. And where I went with her a few times, way too few. But the situation was always that my father didn't want her to have any contact with me ... So just after a few steps, I found the sweetest little Halloween-remnant: A round chocolate cover **plaquette** with a little witch just like Edith ... and it read „**Freundschaftsgruß**“, which means „**Greeting of Friendship**“, and on the reverse side „**Von Hand und Herzen**“, which means „**By Hand and From the Heart**“. The most significant part of this is that *I had talked out loud to Edith several times how sad I am that we never got to live out our **friendship**!* And then I received the „friendship greeting“ on this significant day.



The image **reminds me so much of Edith wearing her little hat in winter** ... especially one day when I got my mom to visit the Christmas market with me, it may have been in 2010 or 2011, and as we walked there, **Edith came along ... with at hat, in the snow** ... between the little stands and

booths and people, and I greeted her, and *she was so lost, so shy* ... I felt pain seeing her, and she babbled something about „eating a hot sausage“ and wondering where she would get a good one, like she had to apologize for wanting a sausage ... I registered intensely that she was so lonely and sad and also desperate ... but I had no idea how she really suffered, I only found out in the last year by talking with people who knew her. She didn't share with me either, she couldn't dare to be friends with me because of my evil fucked up mentally ill father. Oh I shouldn't reminisce. It hurts.

I will always like Edith, always have, always will ... I recall her smile often, her resignation in her expression, her ways of looking so soft, like a dog trying to pacify a possible threat, ... but yet she could be such a bitch when my father was there, too ... *adjusting to him to have her peace*. Since I have started to read a book now and then I feel even closer to her because ***she loved to read books*** ... the worlds in the books, she got herself lost in it ... but my father too, he is an avid reader. They were in their separate rooms for years, he told me, each reading or watching TV on their own TV, and the dog Sandy alone locked into the kitchen ...

Oh poor Sandy right now, the beagle who Edith bought even though she could barely walk anymore and was so sick ... only to not be alone with my father ... I have pictures of Edith on some harddrive, can't make myself look at them.

Oh my. And right there, where I found the little „friendship note“, was ***a car with butterflies rising*** on it's back ... butterflies, the symbols of transition.



Mom joined me for an hour in my apartment – and she deliberately started to try some newspaper mind riddles, like crossword puzzle and other. This was so so so lovely to see! She managed to finalize the riddle we had started together yesterday! This was so sweet!

She did get a bit upset when I suggested we do another one together ... and later, when I did drive to the cemetery again with the plant for Edith, ***she joined me and visited Edith's grave with me***, which is also the grave of my paternal grandparents. We talked about how this is only a memorial place, and there are no „people“ in the ground. Mom said she sees it just like this too. I told her I do not wish to ever „have“ a grave. I want my ashes to be thrown into a river or the ocean, if there should be ashes at all.

Oh Edith, I miss you. I just know that Edith does not like this one bit now that she sees how everything is for real, do you, Edith?

November 8, 2022

Went for a walk at Wernberg, next to the village of Gottestal and along the river Drau loop, and there were amazing cloud formations – and a *pouch attached to a tree*, with the writing „precious for you“ on it and a folder inside, reading „***The Future – What does it look like?***“ I found that quite alerting. I did not look closer into the folder ... mom was with J and me, and I think she was in a really bad mood ... I just found the find inspiring in a way. Reminding me that there will be a future on this planet, every day, until it won't.



Also, I have been feeding **wasps** on my kitchen window-sill, and I am very impressed how smart they are. They have learned to recognize me, and they don't get upset anymore when I put my arm out of the window to pour honey out for them. I can put my fingertips right next to them, they just slow down and wait, but don't fly off. They appear out of nowhere, and I have learned that I must not give them a refill of the honey just before it gets cold, because they will remain sitting and eating, and sometimes, it gets too cold for one or two of them to fly away. I have kept a wasp inside the kitchen under a plastic cup over night ... but twice that wasp died, maybe it exhausted itself trying to find a way out. Another time I took two half frozen wasps, who had spent the night outside in the honey, into the kitchen in the morning, dried them off cautiously with some kitchen paper, and they recovered! They really warmed up, started to clean themselves and try out their wings, then they ate honey and flew off!



November 11, 2022 – Chris Schumi?

Rosegg again. I learned, that the mountain „Mittagskogel“ that looks like a volcano, is also called „Kepa“ traditionally. And this is a Hawaiian word that can mean a lot of things ... for example „Moving one's head like pecking or eating“, like in the song lyrics „Manu 'ai kepa kepa i ka pua o Lehua“. The bird picks in the Lehua blossom.



Oh the Ohia Lehua blossoms those days ... in Hawaii ... those years ... the island and me ... me in Hawaii ... my home there, my real home there ... all circled around Hawaiian culture and Bob. And it is now all gone. I do feel so dead, in a not so nice way like Bob's being dead ... somehow, a lot of times. It feels, at times, that ... If I wanted to, I could go right back into the Maui days, I can imagine things so well as if I could just blink and be back there ... even Bob I can recall so clearly, as if I could open that world again inside myself. And no, I cannot. It would never be material again.

Also, something odd ...

That relative of mine, Christoph, who died in summer in relation to his alcohol abuse and his mental problems of an epileptic seizure ... his last name was **Schumi**. I have always wondered if he was „around“ ... and today, looking at ads for ... I don't know, I think apartments to rent, there was

„Chris. Schumi“ with the most lovely reminder of my life on that wonderful island in the middle of the Pacific.



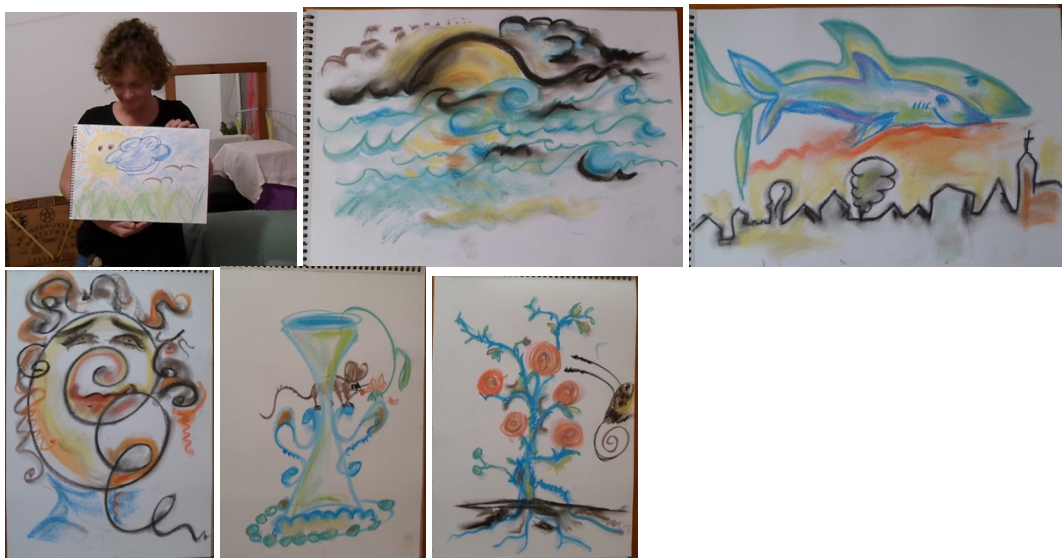
November 12, 2022

Found a horse shoe on the path where J and I walk a lot. It was special. New and shiny.



Did a **drawing session** with CH. Mostly to help her figure out herself, free her spirit a bit, I had learned that stuff at me trainer's education ... but did it also for me. We sat on the floor and drew with pencils and chalks ...

I thought it did good for her, and it did for me ... I was surprised about what I drew, especially the „tree“ that represents me.



The last one, is „me as a tree“ ... small, compared to the insect!)

November 13, 2022 - **LOTS!**

Several days when I could not make myself write. It seemed too much. CH did the biggest step of the last 20 years and called it quits with her abusive „boyfriend“, and there was a lot of talking with her. (*Note on Dec. 29, 2022: I can't even begin to describe the ups and downs that followed ... it's not really of much consequence for this c. d. except that dealing with CH and her story kept me from working on this c. d. and on other stuff for long periods of time ... for emotional reasons and because I was mentally simply exhausted.*)

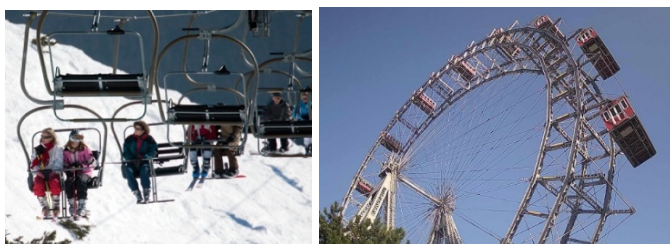
Along those days:

Tonight – horrible **dream** that seems to be the round-off of the drawing of „myself“ during that **drawing session** with CH last night. I have not drawn or painted anything in years, purposefully, except for dumb scribbles while on the phone, and it was amazing what kind of „tree“ I let my subconscious draw of me.



CH was a „tree falling apart or being in the process of assembling with so weak roots that it can fall over anytime“. I drew a blue tree, but first, there were the big red fruit or petal balls ... and then I realized that it was an alien tree and it was very small. So I drew a part of a bee's head to it to show the dimension. Tiny! The wasp, I think was a memorial piece for the many wasps I fed in the last weeks of autumn before the frost would come ...

Then tonight's dream was that I was on a giant **ferris wheel** that was at the same time some kind of wintersports **outdoors chair lift**, and I was high, high up, tower high, and I realized that I was not sitting on the seat of that lift or ferris wheel, but I had no hold, I was barely holding on with my hands to the suspension wires on both sides.



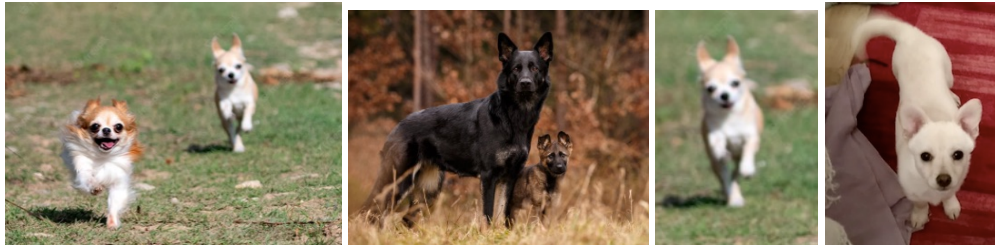
In front of me were my *mother* and my *brother Peter* in another dangling chair, and they were having a good time and busy chatting. And I thought while dreaming how sad this was, as it was meant to be a good time for me too, but for some reason I had not managed to sit down properly or close the safety mechanism on my lift chair, so that ***I now would have to fight for my life hanging on*** while being so high up like a bird. Strangely, I drew a picture of ***two flying sharks*** last night, too, when the topic was „feel good picture“, and my Aumakua is a „mano“, the shark!

So in my dream, *I tried to tell my mother and my brother that I was in life danger of falling*, and I tried to really say it loud enough, but it didn't work, I merely said to myself, something like „*I am not safe, I am not locked in, securely, I am hanging on outside of the safe chair*“, and they did kind of look back, but did not react at all to my miserable situation. And all I could think about was how bad of me to spoil their fun day. Strangely, the highest part of the ferris wheel was ***inside a big shopping center, and I could have jumped off and land just a few meters on the safe floor***. But I

kept hanging in that life-endangering position, maybe a tiny bit more secure and decided to continue the ride like this, because mom and Peter still were in the seat in front of me, too!

Interesting, right, to risk one's life only to be close to people who don't care about you?

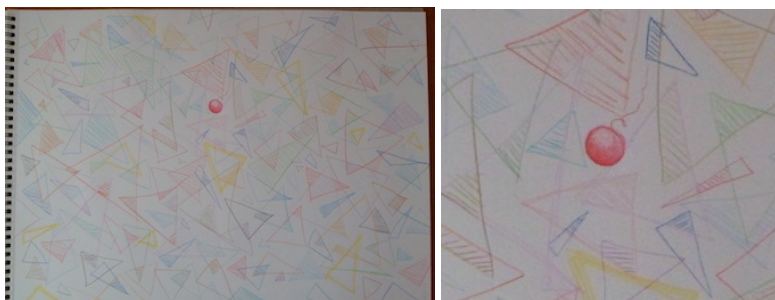
Then the **dream** shifted to Jacqui and me being outdoors, taking a walk near a creek, I think, some hiking trail nearby, where other people came with *several small Chihuahuas* without leashes and two big dogs, and they came sniffing aggressively at Jacqui, and I was so scared for him ... and thank God I woke up then.
Wow.



(Note: Very funny, as today, February 3, 2023, as I am re-reading this part of the c. d., a Chihuahua-mix just like the one in the picture is living with Jacqui and me, „Tino“ ... also with brown ears and a beige-white coat!)

Taking a morning walk in the fog today I realizes that the drawing of the tree was exactly what I am about right now: It is an unusual strange and „alien“ tree, and it's beautiful and exception and full of great fruits and potential, but it is tiny. That is me. I am so „tiny“ in my meaning, in a way, in that meaning I do what to have and should have in this remaining life time. It is so suiting. I must make myself get the size I actually should have!

Last night, after CH left, I drew another picture, I just let my subscious draw, and it is this:



Another red ball, there, and this time, it looks so vulnerable. It could be popped by the sharp edges. I must be careful with myself and grow instead of get tinier or ... pop.

I will write a final letter to my father, I know I must.

Yesterday, driving to Villach with mom to shop for a bird feeder and shoes for me, a broken down car was next to the road just before Villach, and the license plate number was „**808 GY**“. So I read „**BOB Gee, why?**“ spontaneously. My mind felt too cluttered and chaotic for me to really „get it“, but it was right there. And it has meaning. Because before that, in the morning, during a longer walk with Jacqui than I had intended and along a path I had not intended to walk, I found a beautiful new and entirely clean „silver“ **horse shoe**! It is the sign of utter luck, and it made me think of Bob who was a „horsie“ in Chinese Astrology.

There were so many strange signal license plate numbers recently, like twice „250“ as a chosen part of a number, which I can tell by its position before the letters, like „**250 EY**“, I think it was that, not sure about the „E“. It's the beginning of Bob's phone number, and it always appears in connection with a distinct „**480**“ license plate combination, only those three numbers thought, with letters. And of course 480 is reflective of the video audio Hertz rate, and it is something Bob talked to me a lot.

So it all feels so ... connected and significant again.

I have had another episode of near-death-feeling at night, a few days ago, and there is a lot of pain in my lower abdomen again, and I had pangs of strong nausea and weakness. And the smell of tumor in my pee. So I know I must work on myself and take care of myself better, considered dreams and drawings and all.

Also, Rudi, my ex of long ago, has really pushed my patience with him as he was here for me to help him with a poster ... It was a weird exchange, with all his incompetence about the task he still was the one to tell me what to do. Yikes. Oh I must learn to speak out what I am thinking and feeling more!

November 14, 2022

Oh a **picture of „Bob“**! He would look like this now! And „I“ am right next to him! In a magazine that I browsed yesterday ...



Horrible night, tossing and turning, I must do something about my work. Talked with CH last night – she did not do **anything** she said she would, all the many hours of talking and working with her on her fear and her separation situation from M absolutely useless. Geez, I was so appalled by her talking, I even felt nauseous. Maybe I am flashing back to the years with Sigi as a heavy addict ... and me being the innocent idiot ... No matter how sweet she may be at times, her inner damage is so strong, she can only disappoint me again and again, and it is the fuck not my job to try and „help“ her. Done ... it should be.

It is a gloomy Monday, dark, wet and cold. Okay. It is November.

I had very very strong Maui impressions last night, with Bob and all ... my life, my really being me. It felt like I was really there. So, yes, in my mind I can get back alright, but it is all gone baby gone ... for this mortal reality.

November 15, 2022 – The Orchid and the Geometric Pattern

Amazing.

Last night, I received an **Orchid flower** from Fabian, my upstairs neighbor, because I gave him stuff for his little kitten. So sweet! It took me a moment to see the **drawing** I had made – in the gift

right away! The red balls are the buds, and the geometrical pattern – that’s the vase the orchid is in! Geez! And I sat and drew this not knowing what I was drawing ... and here it is again!



And: This morning, my boss at the agency sent me an unusual document for editing: the year horoscope for 2023! Until 2044 (!) Aquarius is the winner. Acquarians will achieve everything, it says! Wow. Alright then. I will work on my stamina ... in all kinds of respects. Like surviving in this world full of ignorant fuck-ups. Like emotionally. Also in love-matters I should have a lot of good stuff coming ... says the horoscope. Yeah, right.

Well, will believe it when I see it. Surreal **green trees** in the brown forest ... alien creatures.



November 17, 2022 – **The Moon and the Stars!**

Oh wow. The ultimate greeting!

Last night, I was cold in my apartment working, and I put on my favorite *song „A Night like This“ by Caro Emerald*, and I danced and also pantomimed the words. Especially one part mesmerized me: **„So you look beyond the moon and see the stars“** ... and I imagined Bob dancing with me, and I even held my hands as if he was alive and real and holding me. It was kind of fun.

And this morning, I went for a first pee round with Jacqui, and he refused to do his biz on the meadow where he mostly does it. Instead, he insisted on going **behind the house** ... and there they were, under my fucking window in the grass, I kid you not. **The moon and the stars**. Literally!



THE MOON AND THE STARS about which the song was that I was dancing to with Bob!



(Oh our red hibiscus in front of „housie“)

What are the odds? None!

And so so so many „222“ and „250“ occurrences on license plate numbers, all the time, every day, I can't even keep up telling about them. It is like *Bob is strewing them into my path to remind me that Hawaii is still there* ... and that I am not done. Oh my. Just realized this may be true.

Last night I emailed CH the book „Dunst“ (Fog) that I had written about my time with Sigi ... and I hope she will be able to take advantage of it.

I bought sports shoes with mom yesterday at Deichmann Villach, and I felt so sorry seeing her so helpless. She has begun some mannerisms ... and her memory seems really bad right now. Yet, she speaks so clearly, when she speaks, but doing riddles and recalling stuff ... so bad right now. I'm here for her. Wondering all the time where this will lead.

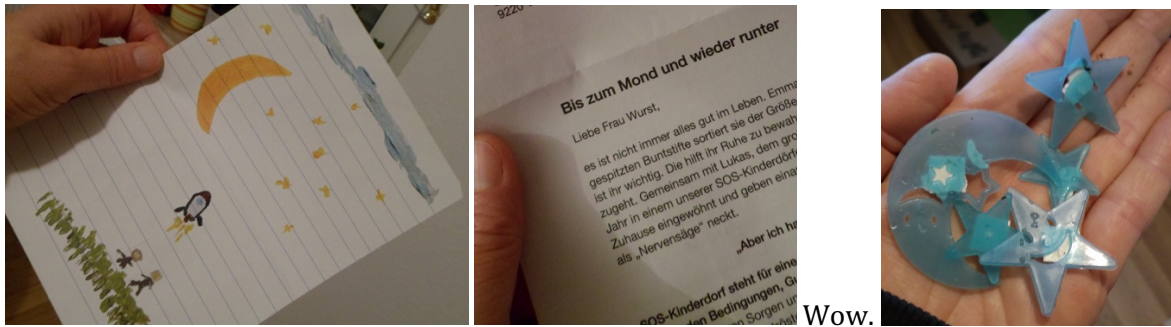
I think of Mercy Whitney all the time ... who lost her beloved partner Samuel just after arriving in Hawaii coming as missionaries from New England ... and she had to live into her nineties! Alone! Missing him! Fuck God, you are a pervert shit!

The beautiful nature setting at a walk at Rosegg couldn't really comfort me. Rarely ever is there a bird so intent on being seen like the **raven** we met. Reminds me of my fantasy book „Night is a Time of Day“ with the main protagonist's name being „Ravyn“.



November 18, 2022

The moon and the stars showed up again ... actually, they did a few days ago when I received a donation request for an orphan-helping organization. I received, like thousands of other people, a „drawing“ by a child, which I doubt was really made by a child, and it shows the saying „***I love you to the moon and back***“. And of course – the moon and the stars.



Wow.

CH also found a pendant with „*I love you*“ and then a *star* yesterday! She is so aware and alert now, it is really nice to see.

Yet then, my melancholia is so strong right now ... and when I read those smart sayings on *tea bag covers*, like „*Everything starts with a dream*“ ... I wonder what the fuck went wrong that Bob and I had to live through the story we did – being both such immensely talented and wellmeaning people with those big yet totally achievable dreams ...



My mom was kind of okay today and nice, and I think she is taking efforts when she is with me. But when the talk came to why she is not using her little toe-spreader thing to help heal her bad case of Hallux, she became so stubborn and close-to-nasty again, that I nearly lost it again. We had chicken together, and she displayed some weird greediness there too, not wanting to allow me to take the rest with me (which she would never eat but throw away), and she avoided by all means to share the dessert with me.

Then, when I got upset about her refusal to treat her hallux, where the big toe is almost entirely under the second toe, already, *she again said that then she might just die, because it is so hard dealing with me*. When I got more upset, she interestingly relented and said „*But it's just a saying*“, and I yelled at her that it hurts me though. I might as well not take efforts for her if she only wants to die.

Then I left, very unhappy again. The deep hanging thunderstorm clouds (no thunderstorm anywhere) and the gloomy atmosphere just fit ...



I feel at my wit's end so often. I have pain in my right pancreas again, often, and yesterday, with my mother, I reached to my right side, and I immediately got a dizzy-spell along with the near-fainting that I had in bed a few days ago when I turned to my right side suddenly, too. There is

something in my right brain, maybe. It has happened before, the heavy dizzy-spell after turning on my right side lyign down my head in kind of a fast motion ...

But I could keep my consciousness intact, again today, even though I had the feeling of a struggle, nearly fainting, and I recovered, although I broke out in a hot flash and had a feeling of numbness, and I kind of prayed to not break down in front of my mom, and I recovered.

So the moon and the stars again, huh. Nice.

I hope I will get back my other laptop soon, because I must get my pictures off my phone to finalize this chapter of the Contact Diary and send it off finally.

Snow on the mountains today. Winter's coming again. I don't want to live here in this apartment complex much longer. My father lives alone on a huge property with two houses where I grew up. He is not a father, he is a problem.

Someone moved out of the block where CH lives, next to the apartment building where I live ... and they put out finished puzzles, glued to cardboard ... the **birds**. The **panthera** of Maui. A big topic back in the day. Oh Bob.



November 21, 2022, Monday – The Writer

Fucking Monday again. I just read online that Jason Momoa is making a TV-Miniserie called „Chief of War“, and he was posing with a Hawaiian „Malo“, loin cloth. But the film is being shot in New Zealand – with Moses Goods, one of the speakers of my Hawaii documentary „Native of Owhyhee“.

I find myself so old. What have I done in the past four years since Bob's death? Why did Bob die, why Bob ... all the others on Maui that we knew still live, but Bob of all people is dead? When we were just beginning to really manifest our own projects? I can do nothing without him! I don't even know if I can do anything!

This morning, the **Google image was a writer with glasses sitting at her desk ... that is fucking me, glasses and all.** Just I have white hair now. I don't even now any more what to think. Bob called me „my writer“ ... even towards other people. He was proud of me ... in the end. Too late. I really feel so torn and destructed and betrayed ... and the sadness I cannot even describe.



(Am I supposed to feel inspired?)

Thank God things with my mother are better. It seems like the shock of our confrontation wiped out some dementia, that's how clear and normal and nice she was today. I was stunned.

(Later)

Oh geez, what happened?

I felt compelled to ... I don't know ... delve into Hawaiian stuff? So I went to my Lunawaifilms2021@gmail.com address – after I had written a whole long email to Inge from Griffen, and there I found an email that Michael Kraiger from famous Lisa Film (Karl Spiehs) had written to me just five days ago ... that he had forwarded on my work to a film production company in Carinthia ... and he sent me a list of the agencies that he was working with. Oh wow.

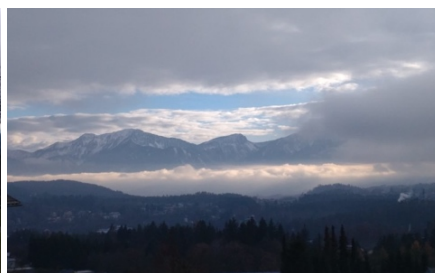
So I immediately felt inspired to email Kahu Robb Finberg ON MAUI (!!!!) for fuck's sake ... I wrote to Maui ... and I sent him the links to the downloadable files of my „Native of Owhyhee“ series And all that because I read about that Jason Momoa project! Geez! I am so jealous. I read up on the Hawaiian chief the movie is going to be about. Very interesting story indeed. Oh I used to know Hawaiian history by heart. I could talk about it in all details ... I barely remember the basics now. But my documentary series about Henry Opukaha'ia ... I hope now that Kahu Finberg is sharing the shit out of the copies he has.

I just contacted the agent of Moses Goods with the files of „Native of Owhyhee“!

(Note: Much happened in the earthly realm after that ... but there is no need for detailed explanations ... A lot of insights about my earthly story and that I must stick to it ... and be true to myself. That I still must learn, but the challenges are right here. And never heard back from Moses Goods.)

November 26, 2022

During a walk with mom and Jacqui high up at Aich with view to the Karawanken mountains, I saw an amazing display of the layers of existence ... I feel like I am far away from the intention of this contact diary right now ... Must pick up. Unbelievable that Bob is gone, so often ...



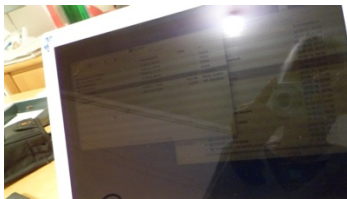
November 23, 2022



Found a lovely striped stone.

November 25, 2022

Oh my ***laptop!*** The one Bob gave me in August 2018: ***Its screen turns black on me – again!*** – and I don't know why! I had it at the repair shop, didn't turn black ever at all. I don't do anything, have been working with it for years, and the screen just turns black! It's like Bob messing with me.



November 27, 2022 – The Ferris Wheel from the dream

Went for a walk with mom through Velden – at the traditional „Krampus“ festivities! She liked it! And we came by a small „***ferris wheel!***“ ***Like in my dream!*** In winter! In Velden! At the Advent market!



November 28, 2022

Found a strange pendant in front of the store where mom and I mostly shop ... a mom with a babe ... and Saint John ... well.



November 29, 2022, Tuesday – **The White Bubbling Stuff**

Oh how I long to be „me“ again and deal with „The Bridge“ and get my films done! I am so tired of the whole Spiel of CH and her troubles ... I should not and cannot and will not deal with this kind of depths of existence anymore. My mom is fine ... I told Rudi what I thought of his behaviour towards me as I was helping him in his prestige project (which I can't share here for privacy reasons) ... **so I stood up for myself perfectly towards him**, another very arrogant man without much competence. Proud of me I am.

Today, CH came to my door and gave me back the money I have lent her – thank God. I can now find closure with her. She then texted me that she had seen something **dangerous and strange in me, something „with spikes“**, spooky, when I had opened the door ... and I wrote back that it was the defensive dragon in me that she had met ... what does she expect after all the bullshit she gave me? (*Note: Much later I would figure out that she was in such a dense pills-induced haze that she really didn't even remember stuff for the most part, and her view of „reality“ was just beyond fucked up.*)

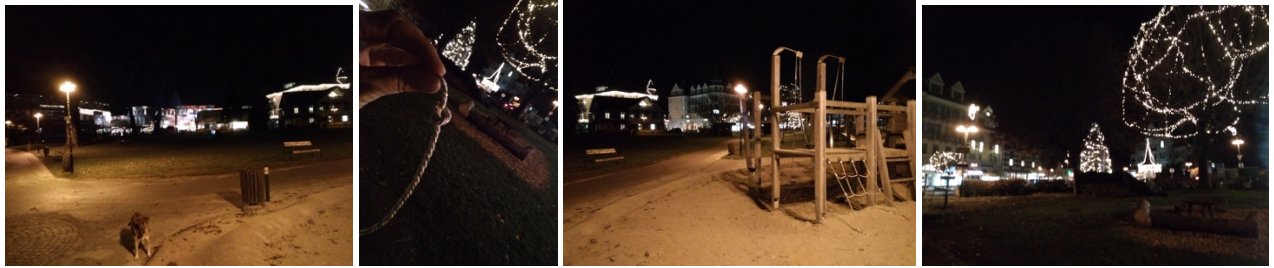


So, once again, I realized I must get the fuck away from her life and her problems. I helped her big time, and now it's her turn to get shit done.

The other day I walked in the forest and asked Bob to put something in my hand to let me know that he was with me ... and I think I talked with him about me maybe having to „let him go“ or something? Right away, I received *something like* **a pot with something white boiling in it and over boiling, like bubbles over the rim ...**

... and today, after a walk in the entirely empty Advent scenario along the lakeside of Velden with Jacqui, where I have found a **beautiful string tied into a knot and a shiny green lucky clover**, I found myself cooking – **pudding!**





And only when I ate the (way too thin) pudding (sauce), I realized, that this is what Bob has given me into my hand already two days ago: ***The white and only very slightly yellow pudding-milk bubbling over the rim of the white pot!*** WOW! He had seen that! Told me again that he knows that I am on the right path!

I remember distinctly walking in the forest and describing out loud what I was seeing, „... so something bubbling ... or bubbly on top of something white, like some flour meal ...?“ I must mention that I have not ever made pudding in my life! I saw a pudding powder on sale a while ago, and I had no thoughts about it at all ... just suddenly I felt the urge to cook pudding! What a match!

I actually spilled pudding powder and then the mix with the milk on my brown table cloth and my clothes. Because: First time ever pudding cooking! ***And it bubbled white and milky, and I stirred and stirred*** ... but right then it did now dawn on me that I had „received“ exactly that in my mind in the forest ... only when I looked at the pudding itself later.

We are still on, Bob, aren't we?

Yes, and Mauna Loa on the Big Island erupted yesterday. Good boy volcano. And as I googled bubbling puddings, I found a volcano-eruption-pudding! It even reads „Bubbling volcano!“ ***BUBBLING!*** This is also a version of the „white bubbling stuff“ that Bob gave me! Look!



I also started to pitch my screenplays to agencies and also to the knew female boss of the Austrian broadcasting corporation ... and I asked my lawyer to check what came out with my father as I intend to clarify this. (Note: February, and nothing came out of it.)

And I intend to chat with Walter, I do want to know about his story.

It is ***really*** about what I want and need. I must drop everything that is bad for me and that I do not want in my life anymore. Like CH's troubles. The sight of her strangely „off“ and weird facial expression today was so repulsing to me ... I cannot stand alcoholics and drug addicts around me, and I do not have to – do I?!

I want to work with Bob, if possible I would like to get to know Walter a bit better or at least find out what his story is ...

OH THE **LAPTOP!** I mentioned: The one Bob gave me in August 2018 has been giving me a black screen several times, until I brought it to the repair man who had set up my other laptop, the MacBook Pro that I am working on now.



So my old MacBook, Bob's gift, was with the repair man Argjend Itaj for almost two months, and whatever he did, and he tried a lot, *the screen remained **bright** all the time*. So I took the laptop back, paid 50 bucks, and I got back home, immediately did a big safety copying session on the new Seagate harddrive I had bought ... and when I got back to check after some copying and touched the pad – **screen went black!**

Oh geez, I had to think about Bob so hard and how he had pulled up all his strength to be with me for a little while the way we were even though he was a dying man. And now his laptop seems to do the same ... I restarted a few times, there were more problems, restarted again – and suddenly it worked just fine like normal. Of course I cannot trust it anymore now and must get a backup laptop for my work. It is so sad. I have my screenwriting software on it. Does this mean „Hurry up, Dani!“?

Breaks my heart every time I think about how Bob took such efforts to make that MacBook work that he had bought online for me without even asking me ... and yes, my heart has been giving me a lot of trouble recently. And there is pain in my abdomen that makes me cringe at times ... and my stomach, shit yeah, hurts like hell at times. But then, nothing for days. So well. My „kuleana“ ... I am doing my best here. That's also something Bob said. Literally, on the phone. Before he lost his ability to speak due to Aphasia. Oh yes, and there is the high pitched sound in my head that keeps coming on, quite strongly at times.

But I know I must get the stress and distress about CH's business out of my system. My mom's story ... well, I am connected. But I must step back there too. And regarding my father? I should be living down there. It's my right. He keeps it from me because he wants to hurt me.

So CH saw the threatening dragon when I opened the door? Good. Now I am sure I am right.

(Later)

Oh shit, just as I went back to my editing job, I saw an ad about „G-Star Raw“, and right then, my former boss **Lance Lumsden** flooded into my mind ... he has been dead since about 2012 now. Oh my, I never thought of him as a disca! His son, who he only met shortly before his death, worked at G-Star Raw, that was my first association ... feels like Lance is patting my back and saying to me „Go girl, stick to your stuff! Do one more going-for-it!“ And that I must.

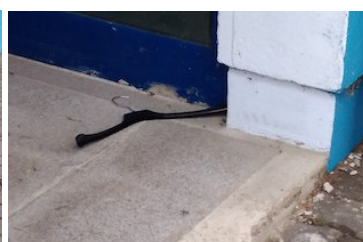
So Bob and Lance, are you guys talking? I am putting my hand out for an answer, and if I get one, it is „yes“:

I immediately had some kind of „**berry**“, „**fruity**“ *impression, like some shiny fresh red berry thingies* on my hand ... We'll see.



December 1, 2022

I am more open for the unseen world, and communication with the disca again now ... and promptly: I have been thinking that I need another **clothes hanger**, and as I walked to the post office today to post a card for my father, I took a never before taken path – and there was a clothes hanger right in front on me, next to a house. There!



Also found **two four-leaves clovers** right there around the corner!

And I wrote a strict and entirely truthful message to CH, and she responded, and I wrote again – there is no more bullshitting more of me, she is an addict, and I won't have this relationship. She must get her shit together and stop being the fuck-up she is, otherwise – done baby done.

(Later)

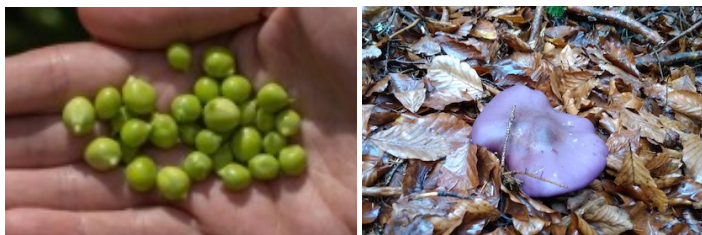
Just recalled (while in fact working on editing pics for this c. d., first time since ... in weeks) that I had an odd **dream** tonight: There was some kind of **competition in a culinary matter**, like making special snacks and displaying them in some kind of *lake side outdoors camping ground by a hotel* setting ... and there was a family that reminded me of the hosts at Griffen where I lived the two years (fuck, so long?), and somehow they had to do with inviting people to bring special dishes and compete. And there was a man, very primitive, masculine and in a way rough and almost provocatively **macho**, who for some reason I approached – just before he was about to drive off – and **I kind of suggested we compete together**. I had some specialty that needed to be combined with his, I want to say something pink and weird, maybe cold cuts, but at the same time something sweet ... but he had to drive somewhere first, kind of uphill on that camping ground ... and he was packing up. But I knew he would come back and help me, but it entailed that he had to have sex with me first! And he was in a very strange way sure of himself and laughed and maybe ridiculed me, but I was ready for anything as long as I would be able to get that special dish out into the competition with his help.

I woke up with a distinctly erotic feeling for that weird guy ... he reminds me of a new real life neighbor, a very blue-collar-appearing sturdy guy with a bad reputation about a short fuse and alcoholism. An appalling guy in real life. Great.

Also, yesterday I visited the cemetery to see if my flower that I had put there for Edith's death's anniversary was still there. It was. It is always so strange to see Edith's name there on the tomb, and I realized once again that **this kind of tradition is not doing any good for the mortal's emotional world, it simply is painful to become aware that the person died and how she died**. I know that Edith's life with my father was hell, and I really wish I could have helped her. But she turned away

from me all the time, she was a victim of my father's will ... it still pains me more having heard from a friend of hers, Gretel D., a few months ago, in what horribly bad shape Edith had been so long, drinking so much, and how she had fallen and had been lying there, close to the cemetery, bleeding, drunk ... oh poor girl. Had I only known. She did connect with me secretly a lot of times, especially when she was in the hospitals over the years, but she also said that my father can't know that she is talking to me, he hates me so much. And Edith must have been so desperate ... my heart breaks for her ... still.

I could cry right now, but it would be stupid, as she is so fine right now. I did share some pudding I made today with her, I share sweets and stuff with her all the time, as I have a totally clear image in several version of her in my memory. And yesterday, when I asked her if she was there, at the cemetery, and I put out my hand, I received right away something like „**light green peas**“ on my hand ... right away, as soon as I had finished the thought. Now I am curious.



I also saw an amazing out of place mushroom in Bob's favorite color ...

I re-activated my old friend Gina today, my Gamo AF-10, in my basement, only tried out if it still works. It does.

December 2, 2022 – **A Turning Point!**

Horrible horrible **dream** in the early night-hours, so that **I woke up calling for help out loud** – towards my **mom**, and only some muffled sound came out. Waking up I heard myself trying to shout ... it was like my vocal cords wouldn't function ... It was in my mom's apartment, in my dream, and while she was doing something in the kitchen, I entered her bedroom for some reason, and I saw to my horror that the window was wide open. It was pitchblack outside. And while I already realized that someone must be inside the room or outside the window, it was like some pillow-like but brown-blanket-type of thing was being wrapped around my head and I was being pulled out of the window into the pitchblack dark night ...

... and I took one last desperate turn, turned my head towards my mother and tried to scream „Mutti“ **to warn her**. But only something muffled came out.



I woke up from that scream that I had uttered in real life, too. It was so spooky. Almost got pulled out into the dark ... the feeling of intense and horrible and bitter danger was there so closely, all around me. I was so worried about my mother, too ... and I was so happy when I woke up realizing that it was only a dream. That pitchblack darkness ... horrible. I thought I would have to leave the light on for the rest of the night ... but I calmed down. Still didn't sleep well, tossing and turning all night.

As I fell asleep again, the second **dream** was about a real-life school mate of mine, Christine J., and it was all about her great life in a lovely house on the countryside, and she went by bus to a small town where she would get something from the huge business apartment that she had inherited from her parents. (*Note: Today, February 5, 2023, that I am re-reading this, I am astounded how well I can recall these dreams. As if they were memories of real life experiences.*)

Why the hell was I poor like a church mouse, I was thinking in my dream, while I was kind of sneaking around her ... walking on foot while she took the bus ... it was an unclear situation, but I felt so not „seen“ and not appreciated ...

And in the morning I received emails vom CH – who told me about her total break-down at the addiction-treatment office yesterday ... and then she gave me exactly the ignorant and facts-twisting shit that I have received from Sigi and from my mom and other alcoholics ... and I got so mad at her and at myself! What an idiot was I to help her like that, to get invested emotionally like that! She has no gratitude, on the contrary, she accuses and attacks me ... and even though I know it's induced by the many pills she is taking – I AM SO DONE WITH CH. For fucking ever. She is under observation now and was asked to get a place for Pauli, the dog and enter a withdrawal facility right away. Good for her. I am so disgusted by her behavior and attitude, though, I can't even explain.

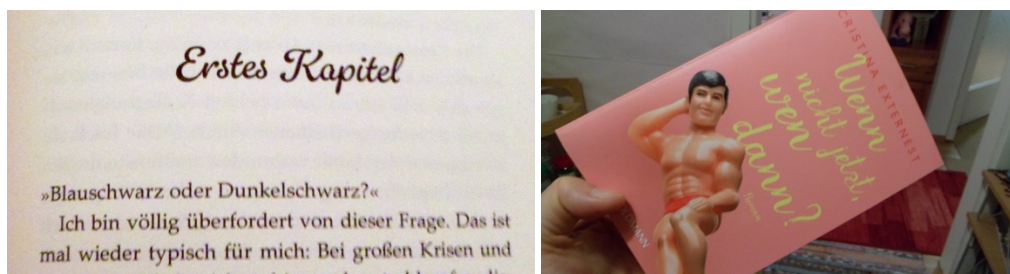
That dream as I almost got pulled out into the dark ... really seems to relate to this situation. I must get away from here. From the place where I am living now. I know it. I will!

What a suiting fucking dream that was with the „being nearly pulled into the dark“!

Had a nice time with mom later, and tomorrow I see Martina for a walk and coffee. Looking forward to normalcy ... I don't even want to see CH ever again. My face is hot like a fucking oven only writing about this and my heart goes nuts. No move. I must stay away for good. If she doesn't get her shit together now, she never will. She is really a very mean and indecent little addict shit. I really overestimated her big time. She is hurtful and absolutely not fair to me ... I won't take this anymore. She better stay away from me – far.

(Later)

Oddly, I borrowed on a whim a book at the pharmacy where my mom bought stuff ... and it's a love story comedy, „*If not now, then who?*“ (Sic, „who“.) but the first question asked in that book – what the story starts with, is „**Blue black or dark black? (Blauschwarz oder Dunkelschwarz)**“ Wow.



That relates to my dream. What are the odds! I had spent maybe hours thinking of the horror of almost having been pulled out of my mother's apartment into the **pitch dark blackness** into serious danger for my life! This is a warning. I know it now that I have seen the line in the book! The question refers to the coloring of eye lashes! Very strange!

December 3, 2022 – **The Peas and Janosch**

Oh my – it's still working! I went to meet my old friend Martina today, after several weeks (we wanted to meet earlier, but she kept getting sick, wondering why, didn't happen before in her life, just now she has multiple Corona-„vaccinations“ ...) ... and one of the first things she said was something about „**peas**“ – „**Erbesen**“! It had to do with children, I think, but I can't recall exactly, what it was ... I was so baffled seeing and hearing her talk about „peas“ that I was almost numb.



I haven't had those experiences so clearly in a while ... I had been so distracted by CH and her shit. (Baffling what bullshit she is writing to me as if she had forgotten all the many months that I was always there for her. I kept thinking today that my very first impression of her, when I did not know her yet, was right: She is in a way a mentally challenged person. And there were several times where I was pushed away from her, by my compassion got the better of me ... and I acted against my better knowing. Well, done baby done ...)

On with the peas ... ***nobody ever talks about peas with me, why would they?*** – especially right after I had received them in my hand from Edith on the cemetery! Two day ago!

And yesterday I was talking about some romantic stuff to Jacqui, yes, my dog ... it had to do about a romantic dream, and I said out loud that I had been in love with a man by the name of „**Janos**“ many years ago, at first, I had thought he was Hungarian, but he was Ukrainian ... I gave him my address when he left, and one day, months later, his son wrote to me ... and I don't know what happened to that man. It was in 2015, I think, when I was so sure that I was going to travel to Maui soon to make „Hulihuli Moon“, the movie, with Bob ... and he was in the crew who worked in the house where I lived doing restoration work. And today, as we sat down for coffee at M.'s lovely house, she presented a newspaper page to me – with a picture of a **cat** by the name of „**Janosch**“ who she is thinking of adopting.

Oh wow. I was just baffled. The **peas** and **Janosch** within a very short time – *and there are no odds that these two thing came up together „by chance“*. I even got to talk to M. a bit about my „Contact Diary“ work ... but clearly she had never even thought about the topic of „life after death“. I explained that after-death-communication is nothing spooky, and I demonstrated asking Bob if he was there, sitting next to me in that beautifully decorated room, and I put my hand out there and asked him to put something in it. And a **small blue or turquoise box** appeared, something small, almost transparent, maybe two by two by four inches ... Now I am curious.

I only left M. when it was already 5.30 pm, and mom had called. Worries me because I had told her that I would be with M., and mom said that she is fine alone and had eaten her meals on wheels on her own today. I will check tomorrow ... will talk a bit about visiting and bringing the dog and staying for TV, and I only hope that she has not invented the food eating. Because she swore she has eaten.

(Later)

Funny ... it's almost midnight, and I decided to work on a few more pics today for this c. d. ... and sure enough, I open the folder – and ***there is M., from our previous meeting in October!*** Synchronicity!

December 4, 2022, Sunday – Not Forgetting & the Warts

Oh wow, that is weird. I just drove mom home, – after a walk at lake Saisser See and a Hummus snack, some riddles and memories game rounds – and on the way back I switched on the radio, which I do very rarely ever – and a guy sang with full emotions something like „***I am not ready to hear that you have learned to forget me***“ ... Oh no, Stoneman, I will not ever forget you ever ever! I still have moments these days when I snap back to years ago and think that I will be with you on Maui again soon. And then it all comes back.

So just now, when I sat down to check my email if I have jobs, maybe ... I saw an ad, first thing, and it is about „***warts in the genital area of men***“. Oh Stoneman, shit! *I did not need to be reminded of the tumor that came out of the wart you had on your penis and that killed you.* Fuck you very much.



Oh and, of course the main remedy is – drumroll! **Thuja**! I just picked Thuja the other day and put it into 70 % alcohol for a tincture. Oh we could have made it, Stoneman, but you fucked it all up. I grated carrots and put it in genuine sunflower oil to make **carrot oil** ... like I made for you. I left it on the counter, for you to use ... but when I was not with you, your sister and you were unable to do the right things to heal you.

And oh my best friend Jacqui, always having to deal with my mood swings ... mahalo Jacqui.

The ad comes with information how to deal with genital warts ... oh shit, Stoneman, that's what you get from not being open with me. If you had told me in time ... we could have fixed it. But you preferred other people who were not good for you ... and yes, I understand, your mind was already a bit broken when I met you. And I should have realized that you were fighting all along when I saw all the mind- and brainfunction-enhancing supplements you kept taking over the years ... and the latest when you told me certain things in the same wording like new but months apart ... and when you told me that they had to guide you off a stage where you were supposed to introduce the film but began to talk about other things that had nothing to do with it, and you wouldn't stop talking ... you told me that. I was so far away. You were with other people all the time. They did not help you. They did not worry about out. They used you. Oh well.

All gone baby gone. And I am still here and not sure what to do with myself or ... with others for that matter. Looking at my mom who her mind is misbehaving at times ... at my father, whose body is shrinking and who hates me and wouldn't allow me to live in one of his two houses on the large property ... what a life. Remember what we planned, Stoneman? What was ahead of us? All gone. So did we fuck up, or did it have to be like that and I am right on fucking track?

I need money, Stoneman. Or a home. A house I need. I saw Martina's home last night ... oh the years in housie on Maui ... what's coming for me, Stoneman, what?

December 6, 2022 – The Little Box manifested!

Oh wow, what a night! Barely slept, Bob was all over the place in my mind, his face, his body, just him, in so many variations, positions and activitiest – many of them I can not recall. They felt new.

Like him doing something on the edge of the roof of a small house in the rain, like fixing something. It was not our housie ... and him laughing, walking, gesturing ... in his many faces. And some faces so strange, that I got to realize again: **Bob was not just one person.** I saw his diverse faces, and at least two repelled me ... so that was our truth.

I received by mail a little box – of the size that fits on my hand! – yesterday! It's not turquoise, but silver, with a turquoise company logo on top! *I had seen a blueish, a bit higher little box* when I was with Martina, but **a little box that fit on my hand** nonetheless! It manifested! Completely concretely! It works, everytime.



Wow ... then I **dreamed** of a young man who I was in love with when I was about 13 ... Michael T., and he worked in the factory of „Melitta“, a real life company that produces coffee filters and such.



It was a very intense, adventurous dream ... with many people on the grounds of Melitta, and it was dangerous and weird and had to do with animals, maybe dogs, maybe cats, that had to be rescued ... and there was a loooong dangerous path, like an abandoned road with few barely working street lights to that place, with parking spots where potential murderers were lurching, sitting in cars ... and where I had to pass ... maybe by bike, maybe in a cart pulled by donkeys? It's a mix now in my mind ...

Other people had the same challenges ... and in the end, Michael said good-bye and „*It was alright.*“ Meaning that we met. I had to laugh in my dream, because for me it had been grand and wonderful ... and all the adventures!? I accomplished it all. It also had to do with ... something like accounting, where I had to provide a woman with ... numbers or papers? Also having to do with animals ... wow. Well – non-appreciation, the theme of my life. What am I doing wrong?

It finished okay, that I recall. Right now I must get back to work, but I had to write this down. The big letters of „Melitta“ are still on my mind and the gloomy place that was that factory ... and Michael lived right there, next to it ...

(Later)

Today, my mom was the most normal and the nicest and clearest she has been in a decade. She sat down next to me after a nice walk in the sun, around noon, and while I was working, she deliberately began to do riddles in the newspaper, and she even managed to complete several! That is the woman that was supposed to be locked away in closed care forever according to the doctors that „treated“ her in August to October 2021. Jesus Christ.

I thought suddenly, this evening, that I should write a movie about my experiences. I should.

I might. The title? Not sure. But I could involved that old „friend“ of mine, Werner, who I met in spring and who gave me his phone number. Who is all into giving elderly people with dementia-like symptoms the benefit of a doubt and check what is really happening with them. I will consult him. I will right that treatment and then the screenplay. In German.

Mom and I talk totally normal on the phone, and today, when I dropped her off at her place and right before I left I joked asking „And is someone waiting in here?“ And she said, with some spontaneous sadness, „Unfortunately not.“ I realized, that if she gets even better, she would be able to have friends again. And maybe the one friend she has always missed out in her life. I really with that for her. She looked to sweet and pretty and normal when she said „Have a nice evening“ in such a sweet way ... this was the high point of all my and our efforts since summer 2019 when I saw her, a worn down skeleton of a woman so weak that she could barely walk and so demented, that she could only repeat the same 5 sentences. And today ... she is forgetful, at times, but so am I.

Today, I forgot that I had put my apple compote on heating up, and after twenty minutes I remembered, ran into the kitchen and found a pot full of charcoal ... oh my. I must support my own mind, seriously. The situation with CH was so stressful, I only realize now, that since I refuse to have contact with her, after she gave me all that addict's shit, I notice how I recover and how repugnant even the thought of seeing or hearing her is. She must get through her withdrawal, and then we'll see. I might read her email tonight. I did last night, and it stressed me to the point of near-panic-attack – because I realized again how I had been caught in my patterns of trusting way too much and of believing in the effect of my help, ignoring that the „patient“ is in a different world.

My mom and I – that is a different story. Since we had that big blow-up, when I told her straight-out that she has dementia and what it all is really about, she has changed. It has sunk in. She doesn't remember many things that happened not long ago ... but she is otherwise clear and normal and attentive. I must get her to fill her free time with something, I want her to knit or crochet a stola for me. I will tell her.

This winter can be good. I told the lawyer that I MUST know what came out with the matter regarding my father. (*Note: Good one. No such thing would happen, but I'd find out only at the end of March 2023.*) I wrote him a card for Edith's and his birthday, and now I am waiting. I will never allow that ass P. to live where I grew up. My father is not in his right mind, never was. He is a narcissist psychopath with dementia, hateful, unfair and psychotic, and if I must, I will prove this. I know what I want – fairness. And for my father to make up for what he did to my brother. I will write this to him as the last straw if I do not hear from him, and also about Edith's lovers ... and then we'll see.

I am also debating with myself what is more important: To tell Walter that I am still interested in his story and by that be true to my interests, or to not contact him – just because he does not call me, even though he kind of had said he would and even though I had told him already that I would love to talk with him. I should not run after any man ever again ... I know that.

Okay. First things first. I might sit down and start that concept for a screenplay or the treatment about a woman who is falsely and ignorantly diagnosed with „Alzheimer's“, and in that sense given up by doctors, ... whilst she has Wernicke-Korsakow-Syndrome and recovers with the help of her son. I will honor my brother Peter by that. And also – I will have a very cool ending of revenge. No consciously done revenge, but the revenge of the universe – taken on the people who nearly took away that woman's life to lock her up and put her down with the medications that they would have forced her to take for the rest of her life. It's nauseating to think that this is a true story ... only the ending will be just imagination.

I'll have to activate the other laptop, the one that Bob gifted me with in 2018 and that gives me the black screen all the time ... Only there I have the screenwriting software FinalDraft ... Oh, now I know, *maybe I shall call the story „Melitta“*, after the word in my dream today. It is also a woman's name, along with a brand ... Feels like the disca are applauding, that's how strong the wave of joyful emotion is that just swept through here ...

December 7, 2022 – **The Question: A Milestone**

Read a whole book in one night. And started another one, probably be done in the morning, too. I seem to have such a craving for other worlds ... Lay down instead of doing my editing jobs, just exhausted, thank god tomorrow is a holiday.

Also I wrote a detailed concept for „Melitta“ ... a fictionalized story of mine and my mom's ... not sure yet about the submitting. Mom was nice and fine today, a milestone in our development: **She asked me today if she could help me with something. My mom. Asked me this.** This is new, and it is wonderful.

I suffered a „aura-less migraine“, I think, of the kind I used to have a lot years ago ... where a line of geometrical patterns begins to spread in my vision of one eye, this time the left one, preceded by a weird kind of pressure in my head with some nausea. Then it moves up and finally disappears or dissolves, but before that, I barely see anything with my left eye, and I feel so nauseous and odd. My mom witnessed it. She was worried. I asked her to help me get her mind even more fit, as she cannot count on me always being on top of my game.

(Note: Can't remember later, what the „milestone“ was supposed to be!)

December 9, 2022 – **Aloha Greeting through a Dog & the Messages in the Books**

I googled Chihuahua, and up came a breeding place just about 20 kilometers from where I live. For some reason (yeah, right), I opened the page „our Chihuahuas“, and there she was, the Chihuahua named „**Aloha**“. Seriously, and they call it their „Maus“, mouse, which I called Bob during the first year of our relationship.



I count it as a greeting. For some reason I think I'll have to adopt a Chihuahua, as a buddy or even „child to raise“ for Jacqui. Last night already I inquired via email what happened to Dalmi, the breeding female that stole my heart, no answer so far. *(Note: Later I learned that she ended up at a nice home.)* I wrote to another breeder that if they should ever have an imperfect or otherwise „useless“ baby, to let me know.

So today „Aloha“ through a Chihuahua – this counts as serious message through synchronicity.

Yesterday I started writing my book about me and my mom, fictionalized, me being a man named „Hannes“, and mom being „Melitta“, like in my dream.

First snowfall today ... and during a walk with Jacqui I realized that I must really write it with easy, just free from the hand, not thinking, not trying to stylize, otherwise I won't make it.



I read the last email of CH last night ... supposedly she totally sees my point now and has already made arrangements for Pauli her dog to be in a shelter while she is on withdrawal rehab. I will believe it when I see it. She wants to apologize ... like several times before. But my disappointment in myself and her lingers, and I must take care of it.

Yesterday, a holiday, mom, J and I went for a nearly 1,5-hours walk together. It was great.

And today „Aloha“ ... well, there are no coincidences. Maybe I am on the right path. Talking of which ... the beautiful horse shoe that I have found and put on a garden fence pillar is still there – rusting. So strange. I know that the rider comes through here regularly, there are only a few people with horses in the area, but they don't bother to pick it up. Well, then not.



Several things happened in the last days and weeks that are the synchronicity events that I used to write about in such detail ... for some reason I just don't get around to writing them down in detail. I will better myself.

I heard a song, for example, again, that seemed to be Bob talking to me directly.

And in one **book** with the double-meaning title „**Gerissen**“, which in German can mean „sly“ or „cunning“, but also „killed“ as in a sheep by a wolf ... „gerissen“ literally means „torn“ as in „to tear“. And the book is about a teacher of literature who goes to teach in a prison, where she falls in love with a prisoner, totally believes in his innocence and helps to get him out ... only to learn in the end that he was a psychopath and killer ... Talk about being fucked over and dumb as shit. **But there is a definite message from the discarnates in there for me – how do I know?** Just see this dialogue:

„You know what I like about this planet?“

„What?“

„When you stand on it, you see the moon and the sun being of the same size. What's this about?“ (...)

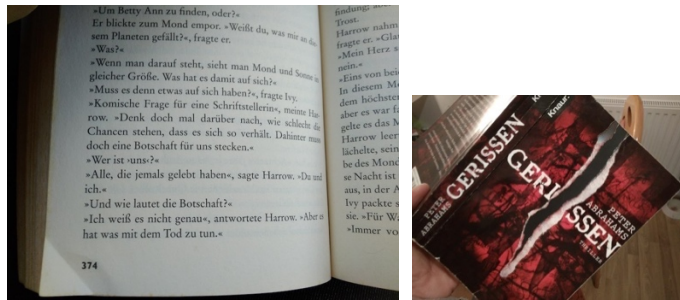
„There got to be a message for us behind it.“

„Who is, us?“

„Anyone who has ever lived. You and I.“

„And what's the message?“

„I don't know exactly, but it has to do with death.“



Or those song lyrics that I heard with *the man singing that he is not ready to accept that the woman would now be able to „forget“ him ...*

Never, Bob, ever, would this be possible. *But this is not the message in the song.* It kept me from contacting Walter, actually. I followed my inner voice. And that was the purpose, I think. It means, no, Dani, don't forget how hard it was with me and how hard it is with CH, and Walter is likely a very frustrated bitter alcoholic. Right. So – hands off. But I will send the book.

And then there is „Bob“ in a book, and a one-legged bird Larry ... and so many more aspects that relate to me ... Our communication is alive and well. Oh shit I really must find the time to put the remaining and new pictures into this contact diary!

(Later)

Oh Geezah, thank god! My mom took matters of Meals on Wheels not delivering in spite of the order for today in her own hands – called them to inquire, then told me, then checked on her list, that was scanned by MoW ... WOW! This means everything to me. She is able to take care of her own matters more and more.

December 10, 2022, Saturday

Snow. Met CH by chance, I was actually happy to see her. Oh I wish her well, but I got the feeling that she is much more broken as of her mind and spirit than I've ever thought. Later, shopping with mom, a bit of frantic writing on „Melitta“, the fictionalized version of my and her story, then I called CH, and found her desperate and crying. Went for a short walk in the deep snow ...



... then talked about my place, she is ready for long-term rehab in a facility, and I really want to help and wish her well. It seems like our rift has caused such big emotional trauma – in both of us – that it jump-started changes. I am so glad she is ready to go for actual help. She was so honest to me about her problems, and once again I realized how smart she really is. She does really really deserve a chance. Will see how I can support her. She is like a little sister to me, I felt that today. I know that I ended up in right this place for her. (*Note: Oh shit was I naive then ... I'd find out only months later.*)

December 12, 2022

Forest walk with Jacqui ... saw a „portal“ ...



December 13, 2022

Shopping with mom, and a car with the license plate number „250 BF“ parked right behind us. Santa right in front of us.



(„250-8030“ ... Bob's phonenumber – **Bob Fone or Best Friend – will forever ring in my ears.)**

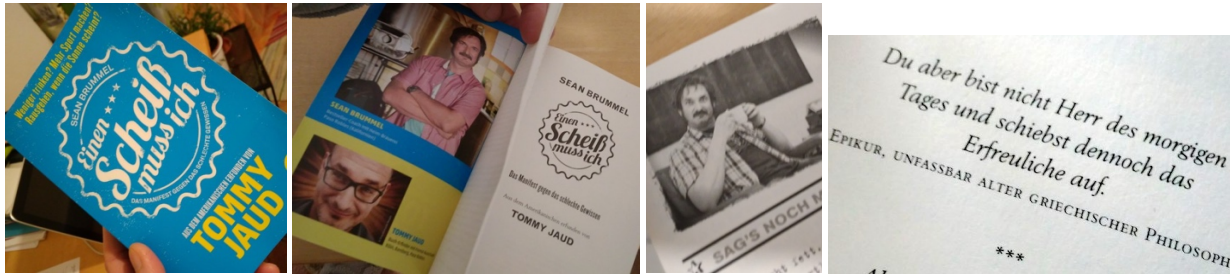
December 14, 2022 – Bob and me in books

Car wouldn't start after minus 15 degrees Celsius at night, had to call ÖAMTC, and the guy said that the battery was probably broken. So I drove to Villach with mom and got a new battery. Mom enjoys being around. And I enjoy being with her.

Got a raise of 5 bucks per hour at my work ... great, but this will mean a shitload of paying insurance backwards again.

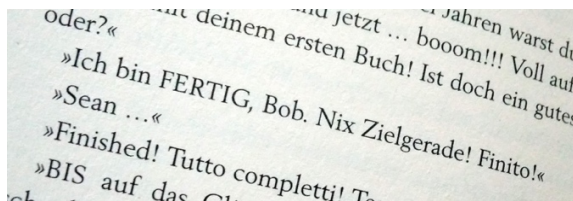
Amazing chats with CH, I really hope for her that she will get her shit together. Just realized that when she will be my age, I'd be almost my mom's age. Wow, I do not feel an age difference, really. Worry about my father. I have to recall how bitter and hateful he was and that I could not do anything. So I must wait and see, still. Don't know what came out of the court-submission in which I asked to figure out if he is safe at all or needs help.

I have been reading free box from the **book dispensers** in phone booth ... and of course I encountered Bob there: All about Bob and writing – with a „Bob“ being the editor of the guy who wrote the book by the title „***Like Hell I Do***“, about how we do not have to do anything that „the public“ does or thinks we must.

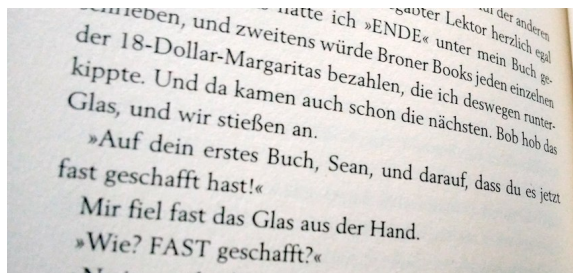


There is also a lovely saying in it, translated: **„You are not the master of the next day, and yet you are postponing the pleasant things.“** Oh Bob would have loved that book,

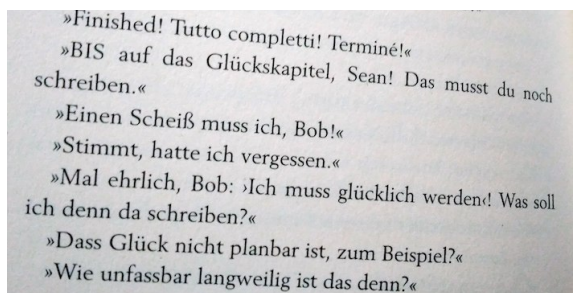
Bob was an editor most of his life, for video, but he was a book editor for Cindy P. in his last year, and he got nearly crazy over it ... So here I was reminded of this. And I talked so often about my abilities as a writer ... of screenplays and books.



„I am DONE (exhausted), Bob. No finish line. Done.“



„To your first book, Sean, and to having almost made it now!“



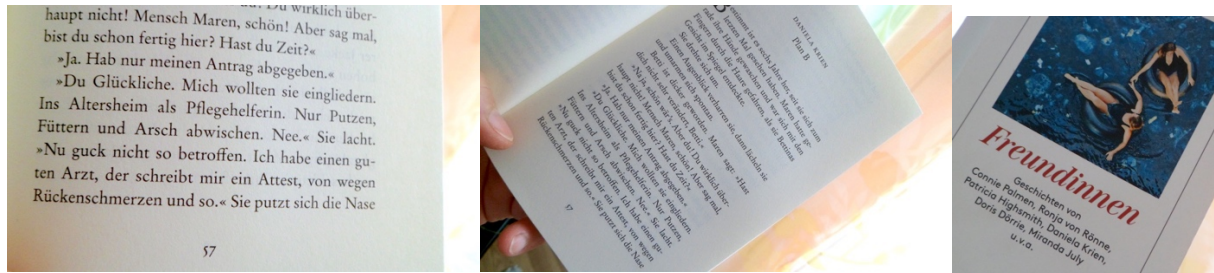
„Except for the chapter about happiness, Sean! That one you must still write.“

„Like hell I do, Bob!“

Exactly ... this voice in my head, *„Dani it's possible for you to live a happy life still with success and all, you only have to go for it ...“* Fuck you, Bob. You are dead. And I can't get over this on the mortal plane. You are easy talking.

(Note: Ok, today, January 19 as I put the images in, I realize that my central theme is „Move forward as a writer!“, and yes, I must. I have just felt so ... broken and paralyzed lately ...)

In another book with the title „Freundinnen“, „Girlfriends“, an anthology with bosom buddies stories, there is right at the beginning a section about caretaking of elderly ... ***it's like literally quoting CH!***



„They wanted to integrate me. Into a care facility as care aid. Only cleaning, feeding and wiping people’s asses. No.“ She laughs. „Don’t look so shocked. I have a good doctor who will write me an attest about backpain and such.“

*(**Note:** I read another **book**, a criminal story around murders and **a woman who raises young wolves** to put them out in the wilderness of Germany ... one she keeps and calls him „Merlin“, **he is a light one who would not have a chance in the wilderness**, and I had no idea why I felt drawn to this ... but today, January 19, I have been living with a Chihuahua-Pinscher puppy for two weeks, and he looks exactly **like a miniature wolf, a light one** ... and Jacqui starts to really like him, too.)*



Or the another **book** about a teacher of literature who goes to teach in a prison with the **definite message from the discarnates for me** ...

December 15, 2022

Dreamed of being in Hawaii, that typical West-side setting of other dreams, more Kauai or a Hawaiian island with a name that does not exist ... but **in my dream I thought „Wow, I was here before.“** But it is not a real place, I only go there in dreams. And I was so surprised that behind the ocean were **snow capped mountains!** I said to someone in my dream, maybe myself, that this is truly amazing. I think the last time there was snow on Maui was a few days after Bob’s dear.

I also had an email-chat with Kahu Robb Finberg who is a big fan of me he said and who screened „Native of Owhyhee“, and it feels like breaking my heart to even think of Maui and where the Kahu is, so close to housie and Pukalani. I feel panic attacks coming on when I only allow myself to think. I feel time is running out, somehow What about my great film screenplays and projects?

I started sharing the files from Akaku with people, also in New England, to just get it out there.

Driving to pick up mom for a walk, and a car with the license plate number „**250 CT**“ drove right behind me. Plus a „**222 CR**“! It’s like Bob is nudging me ... I have been having such intense sensations of his presence ... as if I only had to turn around, and there he would be. I often can’t believe he is gone. I feel so old. I look so old. Want to cut my hair. Not sure.

So in a newspaper ... I thought I'll get a heart-attack, **a guy lying in bed – just like Bob!** I have images of him, just like this one! The similarity! WTF, Stoneman?



With mom I saw such similar scenarios at **Rosegg** this afternoon *like in my dream!* Wow! I didn't mean to take a walk at Rosegg today with mom at all, it happened on a whim. I even told her about *that dream of Hawaii and the snow-capped mountains in the background* behind the ocean ... there was a big ocean-like cloud front in the North, and just amazing waterfall-like clouds in the South ...



I learned of the existence of a Pinscher dog puppy with joints problems ... oh I wish I would not deal with those dogs who need help all the time. But I keep thinking of Kimba and what happened in Norway before his death, and I will never ever forgive myself. CH understands, I told her. She also said that one can not even express those things and regrets, it is too painful. She has something like that too. I really like her, she is so smart ... but she is still on substitution drugs, and so much shit coming up, maybe, regarding her ex ... I try to not think about this too much.

Car works again, thank God. Mom is so amazingly clear and at the same time so strangely absent. She does enjoy walking and eating with me, and I hate to leave her alone in her apartment, but she claims she likes it that way.

December 17, 2022 – Is the Laptop Speaking? The **Spiral!**

Forgot to mention ... my beloved **laptop**, the one Bob gave me as a gift in August 2018, and that had given me a black screen all the time – now does the contrary: ***It wakes itself up all the time IN THE NIGHT and gives me the bright screen! Sometimes*** several times a night, and I see it because of the shine of the screen, it wakes me up. It is not spooky. I just think – it is Bob. Are you it, Bob (holding me hand out for a message right now ... „lemon cake“ I think I got. First, a *lemon*. But I did get a lemon from CH yesterday as a gift, and I said that just now „I got the lemon already, come on ...“ Then I thought ... well, I just made the weirdest „cookies“, with a lot of lecithine and oatmeal, and not only did they burn, but they also crumble upon touch ...



And it turned into a *golden-brown kind of square image with still a lemon in the middle*. So **lemon cake?** Oh well. (**Note: Oh yeah, just wait for it – the solution will appear tomorrow!**)

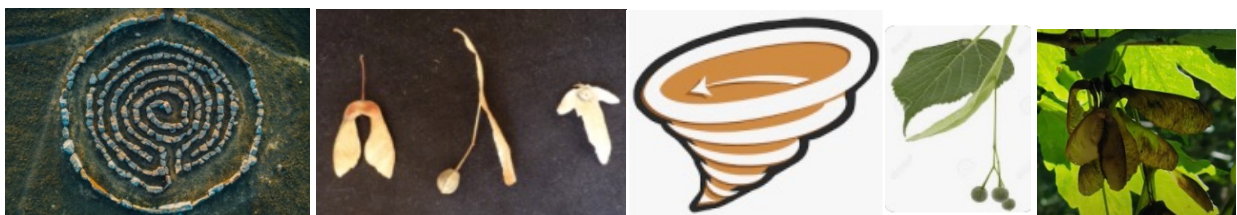
But it is very strange, the thing with the *laptop ... coming on during the night without anyone touching it at all*.

It does freak out at times, the mouse, that is ... but I need it to use FinalDraft, I am working, in snail speed, on the German version of my English language action movie „*Sideliners*“: There are no action movies written in Austria by women. So ...!

(Later)

The Abnormity ... very strange thing happened.

Last night, walking with CH, as she told me about an *exercise* she had done at a course for hospice work – creating a **spiral** path from string on the floor and walking into the spiral all the way to the center while thinking of a case of extreme grief – I had made multiple times the motion of a tree seed „**spiraling down to the ground**“ or a „**vortex**“, both ending in one spot at the very end of it all. I also related the idea of a labyrinth, the simplest of it a spiral pattern, actually ... but it was hard to explain to someone who did not have the foggiest idea of these *things* ... So I was actually wondering why I was in the situation having to try to make sense of the *spiral-walking-and-finding-oneself-in-the-center-exercise* ... which I had dealt with already so many years ago in my book „We Creators of the World“ ...

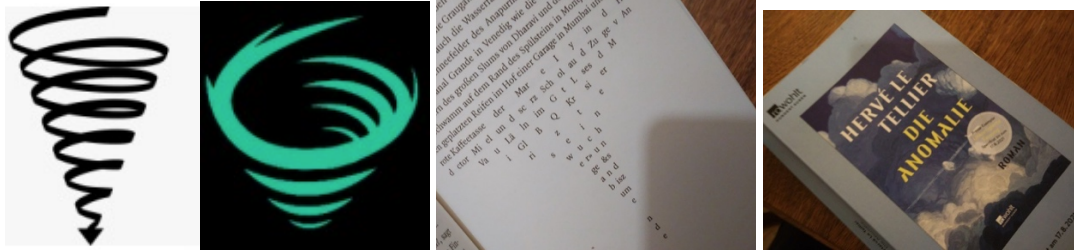


And today, I read to the very end a book that I happened to find in one of the telephone-booth free-book dispensers close to where my mother lives, just the day before yesterday.

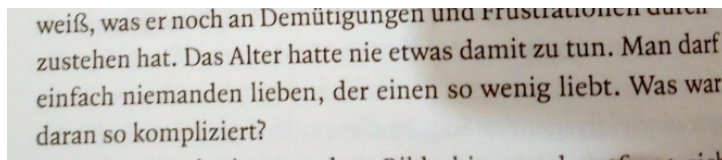


It's title: „Die Anomalie“, originally in French „*L'Anomalie*“ ... about a plane and its 200+ passengers who all went through a huge cloud and a storm, and it turned out the very same plane

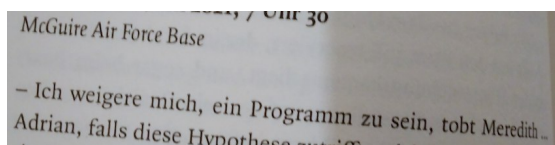
with all identical passengers and crew had already landed three months ago. So ... I first thought it was a thriller, because it started with the story of a killer ... anyway, long story short: It was not the most satisfying book, and it had a lot of weak points to my mind, but I had to read it, not every line, and some pages I only scanned, but I went all the way to the end – only to **find the „spiral“ vortex form again**, that I had drawn in the air yesterday so many times!



Not only that ... there was a song by a rapper that speaks to me like a message from Bob, along with a line that says something along the lines „*One simply shouldn't love someone who loves you that little.*“



... and: On page 202 (German version), one of the character says that **she „refuses to be a program“**, and this let me flash back so hard to Bob saying – after his TIA, of which I had no clue back then – when he experienced the running of numbers in front of his inner eye, that he **„refuses to be an operating system“**. Wow ... it all comes back.



(„I refuse to be a program, ...“)

I know I should „imua“, move forward with this contact diary. I had big time heart palpitations, just today ... and in the night ... sometimes I think what the fuck if I die ... I must at least finalize this chapter. And I will. This book "The Abnormality" has a lot of interesting aspects in terms of what life really is and what reality really is ... wow, I had no idea what I was picking up there at the telephone booth ... It's really a hint. It is also not really delivering a conclusion, something meaningful ... of course not, it is a scenario that cannot be concluded, but by a mortal human mind ... **but the „spiral“ in the end ... that was the message.**

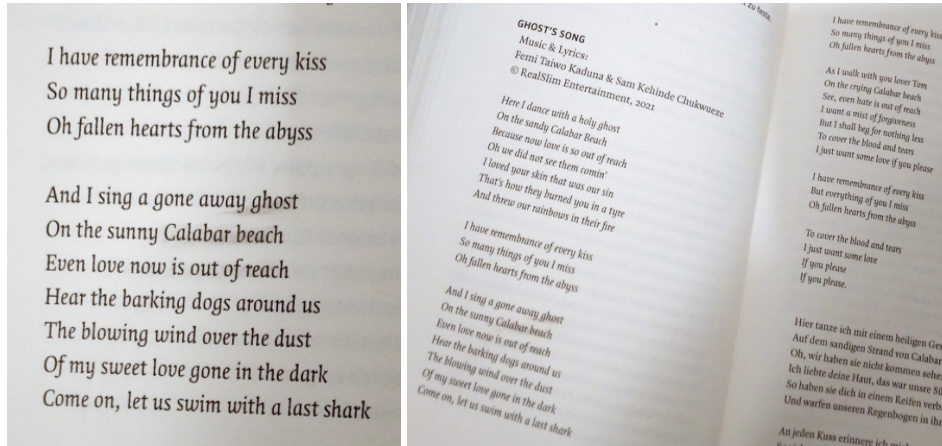


And the interesting aspect that points at my current main occupation of **editing texts**, and I just **had edited the foreword of a book** the day before yesterday. **And on the cover of „The Abnormality“ is a stamp saying that it is „the unedited version“!**

Also ... **one of the last jobs Bob had had was editing a book** of his old friend Cindy!

Full circle, again?

Oh, the „**Ghost's song**“ in the end of „**Anomalie**“ ...



Leads me right to **my laptop behaving abnormally, activating itself** ... oh it all fits so well.

(Note: This will have another meaning on January 21! Wow AMAZING Time Synchronicity!)

In another book, there was a „**Bob**“ as the **editor of the writer** ... I had no idea, I would encounter a Bob there ... and Bob's very last job was editing a friend's book (and it drove him nuts).

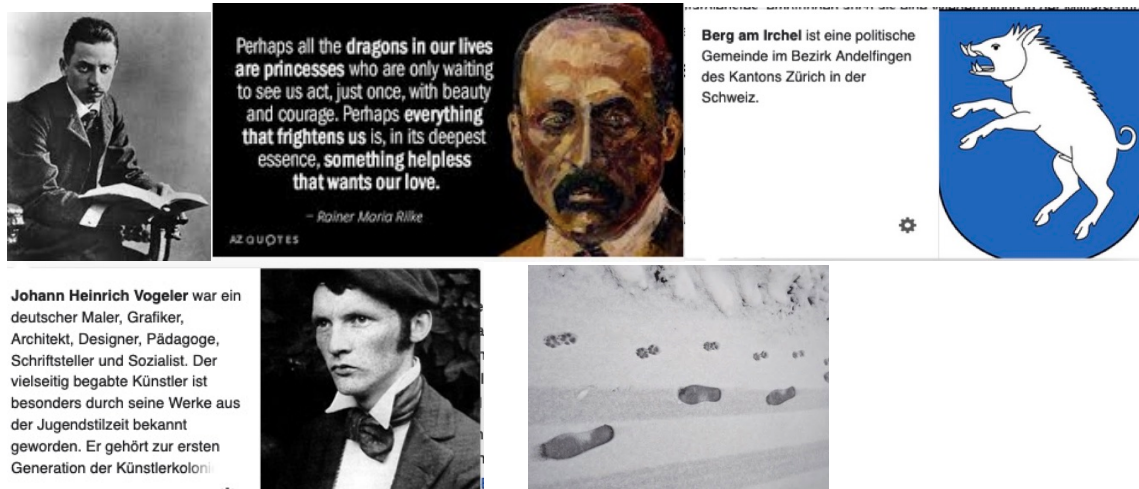
Oh well. I really want this contact diary to be a work for learning for a million people at least ... and I will have to send it off soon.

I sent a card to my father ... I am aware there is probably no point. Yet. Xmas again. Soon.

And some stuff ...

The other day I somehow ended up reading the story of *Rainer Maria Rilke* an Austrian poet ... I don't remember how I got to that, but I also clicked on some other poet related to him ... and that one really resembled young Bob ... and as I clicked on someone else, I encountered a similar word like the one Walter (the guy who I met who was in love with me when I was 15 and who doesn't dare to meet me now for fear of a revival of his infatuation ... sigh, I'm an old woman now ...) used to say when he was a teenager – to everyone's deep annoyance. The word was „**Urchel**“, and it meant „**dick**“. And the word was „**Irchel**“, seems to be a mountain, with a *pig being it's symbol* ... right after the horrific experience a few weeks ago when I heard the **pig** of the fuck-ass farmer neighbor K. up the street being slaughtered ... the poor animal screamed in horror for so long ... so long, I will never forget that voice.

Plus, Rilke wrote of „**Dragons**“, so my kind:

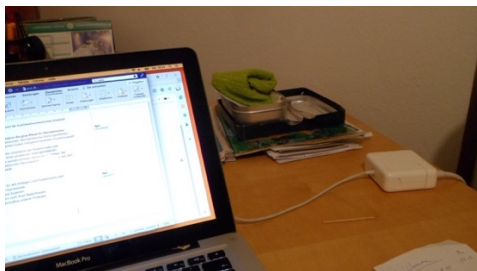


And of course Jacqui's and my tracks in the snow ... (*Note: I am putting this picture in on January 20, and right now this image feels painful because Jacqui and I don't do walks together alone anymore ... and it is hard for him with the puppy wanting to be ahead all the time ... and for me it is hard, too. The puppy is the sweetest guy, but I am not sure J and I can handle. As much as I love the little guy, I miss the times when J and I were just the two of us.*)

December 18, 2022 – **The Lemon in the Hands!**

Oh the ultimate answer! I had asked Bob last night, when I thought about the laptop that takes himself out of the „sleeping“ mode all the time, if he was involved, and I got that „golden-brown kind of square image with still a lemon in the middle“.

First and foremost: In the evening, as I was working on the images for this contact diary, I sat with this (my other laptop, a MacBook Pro) next to my old MacBook, the one that Bob had given me and that keeps waking itself up in the middle of the nights. **And I looked to the right at the black screen of the MacBook – AND IN THAT MOMENT IT TURNED BRIGHT! IT WOKE UP!** I had not even touched it, it wasn't even in my reach! **It woke up while I looked at it! Geezaz!**



And then, in the middle of the night I woke up because it was light in the room – the shine from the screen in the other room, and this time I got up and said to Bob „Enough already, I'm done with this!“ and I switched the laptop off for real. The laptop wasn't even on the internet during the night so that I could have suspected automatic updates waking it up!

So just an hour earlier (it's now 6.38 p.m, Sunday) I was at **my mom's**, – where I suddenly realized the „spiral“ theme in her furniture!



... and we played „Memory“ after eating some cabbage with potatoes and apple compote. And I took one of the magazines, „Die Ganze Woche“, „The Whole/Entire Week“, that she buys for herself and that has a great riddle section and that she is supposed to keep but keeps throwing away. So I stole that one, pretty much, took it without asking her. I wasn't even sure why I did that. And back home, I felt the urge to first *share wonderful Schnaps-filled nut-candy pieces* with Bob and with Edith and also Peter and somehow wishing to share it with all of the disca who want it ... and then I just had to open the magazine at the „good tipps“ section that love and have started to gather ... And there it was:

The lemon „cake“, the lemon, surrounded by something square and golden-brown!



I had actually really received the image. It works every time. I must trust. I thought, no, not again the lemon, but **it REALLY WAS A LEMON that Bob showed me.**

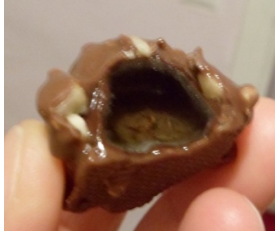
We are on again. Big fucking time.

(Later)

Oh shit, I just went to photograph those *alcohol-filled nut candy* ... and I suddenly realized what it had reminded me off: **Bob's tumor** or rather the little pieces of it that he could break off ever again in the morning ...



He had once given me a piece of tumor, an open one, with a scruffy surface, and a „sugar coating“ inside that was holding liquid. I had thought it looked like a little filled dumpling, a tiny one, smaller than the nail of my pinkie, but it was a piece of Bob's tumor. I did photograph it but like I hell I will get those pics. Never fucking ever. I already can't make myself watch the video that I taped of Bob many years ago.



(That's a piece of „Bobo“ alright ...)

No „dumpling“, no **this stuff that I was eating and sharing looks like Bob's fucking tumor had looked! As a whole and in parts!** Wow!

I miss him so fucking much. What an evening!

December 19, 2022

Feeling sick. Like down with the flu. The first time in ... well, a long time. Horrible night, vivid dreams, I fought the sickness, keep fighting it during the day. Still went shopping with mom, who was strangely aloof about me not feeling well, like she was pissed at me. Tomorrow, CH will bring her to the hairdresser's, not me. I'll pick her up when she's done. If I'm well enough. I'm in actual pain. I must have coughed in my sleep and kind of stressed the net that once was surgically put into the area of the right side hernia I had in the early 1990s, and today there is fucking pain. The whole day, doesn't go away. I did some redlight-radiation and massaging with Arnica-tincture ... well, I hope for the best.

I wrote a tiny bit on my book „Melitta“, a fictionalized version of my experiences with my mom's dementia ... and I just thought that I really should turn „Contact Diary“ into a novel too. Wow, what a job. Well, not even that hard, now that I think about it. Just to take the time ... no way. But then, it's already written in a narrative form ... so ... well, maybe. I thought Bob might want to help me with a lottery win. But nope. No such luck. How in the fucking world is he going to help me and fulfil his promise of „working on our projects together“, motherfucking fucker!?

Plus ... „480“ always and everywhere ... it means „audio“ and „video production“ and – talk!



December 21, 2022

Took a walk at Rosegg with mom and Jacqui, saw lovely cloud formations ... back to Maui, sitting with Bob, looking into the valley, saying „**Clouds are thoughts.**“ And Bob: „**t's right.**“



December 22, 2022 – IM 250 HV & StoneTime

A car parks a few meters from mine where I live, with the license plate number „**IM 250 HV**“. Geez! Bob, yes you are („I’m“) „250“ for me, seeing the phone number when you called ... wow ... that was such a big part of my life, and it still is. I met those license plate numbers on the streets – but now, it ended up in the parking lot where I live. So ... now?

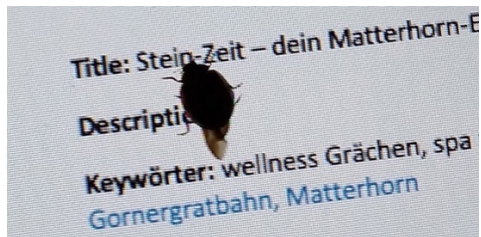


*(**Note:** Just now, February 6, as I was re-reading this part, the other laptop sleeping on the table close to me, **it woke up** just when I read the 250 HV part! For no reason. Simply made a little sound, and there it is.)*

I sent a Xmas card to Walter today with a topic that only he and I know what it means. Just „Alles Gute, D.“ I hope he will react, I do hope. I realized that his story is really what I want to know what I need to know. Meeting him in summer – so long ago already suddenly gave my life a sort of new meaning. That’s what I felt today, when, on a whim, I sent the card, driven by a huge urge. *(**Note:** No reaction to that card ever.)*

CH is fucking up her life again, as soon as M got out of prison, and I now realize how broken she is an in need of therapy. Mom is really nice, she likes to be with me, at my place, me cooking ... and I, well, I got rid of the horrible pain in my right abdomen, all back to normal, thanks to Boswellia Serrata treatment which works against all inflammations in the belly area.

And just now, after dropping off mom and vacuum cleaning my place, I saw that I have a new text for this evening to edit, and it’s about „**SteinZeit**“, „the time of the stone“, StoneAge or **StoneTime**. And just as I was working on that text, a **bug** flew onto my screen! That has never happened before! NEVER!



And that along with „**IM 250 HV**“. Wow. Bob wants me to give him more „Stone time“? Oh I gladly will. Or it means something entirely different. Thinking of the HPV that killed him, the Human Papilloma Virus. Whatever ... But this is no coincidence, both on the same evening. And I haven't even read the text yet ... will do then google the places or stuff.

(Later) Done: SteinZeit is about the possibility to see the famous Matterhorn mountain in Switzerland ...

December 23, 2022 – **The White Owl, The Chairs & The Coca Cola Bottle**

Wow, how interesting! This afternoon I took a walk with J, and I saw a *cutout of a white owl* in a window (I only hope I'll find it again to photograph it). It was so strange that I thought right away, I should photograph it, it means something ... but it was cold and wet, and we were on a street, and I didn't do it.

So this evening, I went to visit my mom at an unusual time, because I had washed my whites in her washing machine and came later to pick it up and at the same time have dinner with my mother. And there was an *antiques-show* (Bares für Rares, Cash for Collectables) on – where the first item that was presented, was – **a white owl! Wow!**



And then: folding chairs! And just a few hours before mom and I had met a woman named Gerda **who had gifted me four folding chairs**, after I had wanted to get folding chairs in spring!



The white owl also reminds me of the little boy dog I have seen online and who really touches my heart, „Frankie“.

Wow. It was even more interesting, because this afternoon, my mom and I went shopping, and we talked about drinking *Coca Cola*, and how sometimes it's nice with lemon ... and as we drove into the parking lot, a couple just loaded their car, and right as I was driving into that curve, ***a big full bottle of Coca Cola*** rolled right in front of my car!

Wow. Even mom found that stunning. But she is no stranger to this kind of thing, she keeps saying how sometimes in her life it happened that she hadn't yet stopped thinking something, it already appeared in reality in her life.

It's a Xmas present for me that she is so well right now and so clear and sharp, still forgetfull, but just that. I hate to see her watch TV too much and be alone a lot, but she wants it that way. She does enjoy walks and doing riddles and playing Memory and eating normal stuff, right now, so that is great.

My „friend“ S who didn't find the time to ask me for the promised coffee since April, asked me if I had time last week, never called, and this morning she called at 8.30 am (!), and I did not pick up. She just now, in the evening, texted me that she wanted to invite me for coffee today ... oh no, not with me anymore. That is no friend, no friendship, nothing interesting to me at all. I don't want to be a therapist or a spare-friend. Same with Elisabeth. She was going to come visit in fall, she called once and let it ring like three times a few days ago and again this evening. I don't even want to talk anymore. Why? About what? If she can't and won't communicate or visit when she says – I am not anyone's playball anymore in the coming year.

I want to adopt another little dog. It's in me, I don't know why. It could be so good for Jacqui who is so bored all the time as I have to do so much edit work now and spend so much time at my mom's and with her ... So Jacqui could have a companion, someone to watch out for, observe, play with?

Oh – something else! On the walk where I saw the white owl, I saw something bright blue in the snow. And I picked it – ***three balloons*** with one reading ***„It's a Boy!“*** And there is in fact a little „baby boy“ dog that caught my eye ... he is in Slovakia, and it is crazy to even think about it ... but ... I think of my dog Kimba so much and what he had to endure in Norway back in the day because of me. I owe him. I do.



Yes ... and I had an intense dream of *Jason Momoa* ... and as I picked a random riddle to distract myself and train my brain, there he was again!

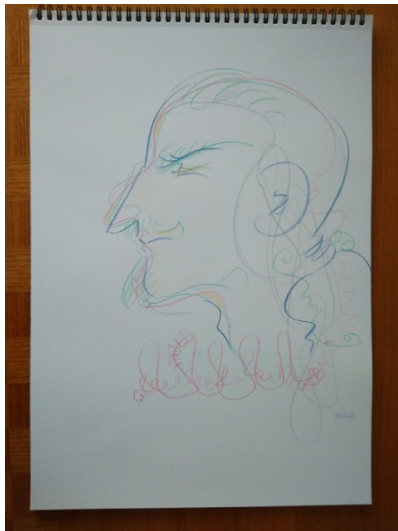
Also my insurance guy from Uniqa sent out a lovely Xmas-Quote: „**Moons and Years go by and remain gone, but a beautiful moment shines through a lifetime.**“ Well, that has so many meanings ...

(Later) **Automatic drawing?**

Something strange ...

I felt the overwhelming urge to draw something with just a few specific pencils that I chose ... and I drew *a strange man's face*.

Later, I googled **Martin Luther**, as I had found a book about Christian history and had begun to read a little in it, and Luther's story was the first I found. So somehow I thought, well, wasn't there another one, that guy ... oh yes, I thought, **Johannes Calvin**. And when I put in his name in Google images – **out came drawings that totally remind me of the drawing that I made just earlier with no idea what I was drawing.** I never draw! The last time was with CH, months ago. But today I just grabbed the paper and a few crayons and drew „something“!



Was that my first experience of „**automatic writing**“ where your hand is lead by a disca? I can't explain it **why** I just had to draw something. And: Around midnight I suddenly feeling compelled to google those two guys ...

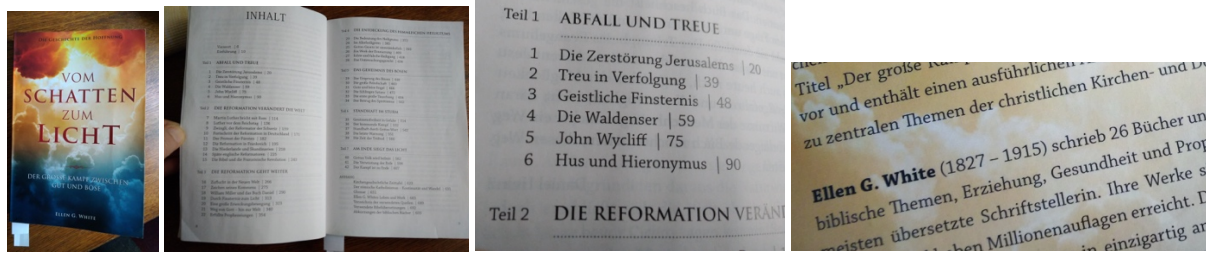
It sure feels odd. I entirely followed what came out of me ... when drawing. It is not my style, not anyone I know ... Wow? I swear I had no idea I was going to google Luther or Calvin, and I had no idea what neither Luther nor Calvin looked like. But my drawing is definitely *depicts Calvin! The lines! The nose! The details ...* Okay, I guess I have to accept: I'm on again.

December 23, 2022, Xmas – **The Book, the Lamb, the Dragon & Barbara Thiering & Ellen G. White**

Oh my, it is happening. My call or my calling is catching up with me. It's **Dr. Barbara Thiering's work I must continue.** I prepared the work on a major documentary project already in 2013, and all kinds of things happened or did not happen, so that it was stalled. I collected a huge amount of information, I wrote an entire script ... and then I gave it up. In 2016, Dr. Thiering died. I never met her. But I am proud to be her contemporary, at least a bit.

So I „happened“ to grab that book in the telephone booth at Lind, where my mother lives, three days ago in the dark. There was barely any light, the light of the street lantern barely reached the

So now I must google **Ellen G. White ... another „White“! Oh – the WHITE OWL!** The symbol of wisdom from yesterday and last night! Now I see it. Geezus! It started with the drawing last night, also, without glasses, without looking much ...



Alright, I get it. It's a bit overwhelming right now ...

Just googled Ellen G. White ... wow, quoting here: (<https://m.egwwritings.org/en/about>)

„Ellen White was a woman of remarkable spiritual gifts who lived most of her life during the nineteenth century (1827–1915), yet through her writings she is still making a revolutionary impact on millions of people around the world. During her lifetime she wrote more than 5,000 periodical articles and 40 books; but today, including compilations from her 50,000 pages of manuscript, more than 100 titles are available in English. She is the most translated woman writer in the entire history of literature, and the most translated American author of either gender. Her life-changing masterpiece on successful Christian living, *Steps to Christ*, has been published in more than 140 languages. Her writings cover a broad range of subjects, including religion, education, social relationships, evangelism, prophecy, publishing, nutrition, and management.

Seventh-day Adventists believe that Mrs. White was more than a gifted writer; they believe she was appointed by God as a special messenger to draw the world's attention to the Holy Scriptures and help prepare people for Christ's second advent. From the time she was 17 years old until she died 70 years later, God gave her approximately 2,000 visions and dreams. The visions varied in length from less than a minute to nearly four hours. (...) Yet, as Ellen White herself noted, “The fact that God has revealed His will to men through His Word, has not rendered needless the continued presence and guiding of the Holy Spirit. On the contrary, the Spirit was promised by our Saviour to open the Word to His servants, to illuminate and apply its teachings” (*The Great Controversy*, p. vii).“



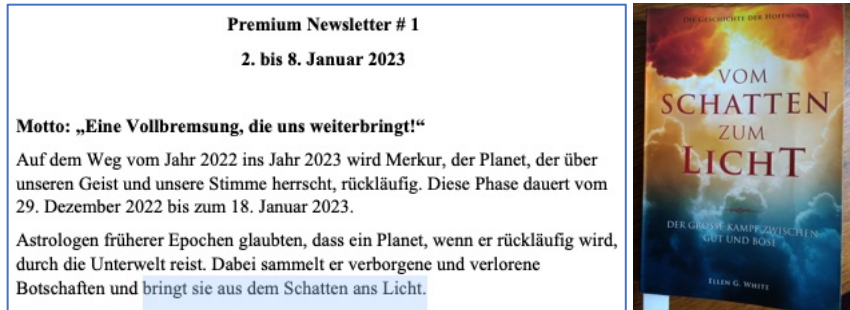
(John Wycliffe)

Well, I never heard of that person Ellen White before. Her example makes me realize, though, **that I have a big work at hand** with this contact diary – and with „Regents of Clouds“. And I must continue pursuing it. My mortal go-around here will end, soon. Until then I must make stuff known.

And oh, John Wycliffe reminds me so much of Bob! What a big job ahead of me!

(Note: After reading a lot of what Ms. White wrote – wow, she sure was on a good track, but she was so narrow-minded and even fanatical at the same time. What could she have accomplished had she lived in modern times!)

And one more thing: I received *the Astrology newsletter* to edit, one of my regular jobs, and the astrologer had chosen one sentence right at the beginning, describing the constellation of right now, explaining that the astrologers of the old days believed that a planet, when it was retrograde, was visiting the underworld to bring secrets and messages to the light, literally „*From the Shadow into the Light*“.

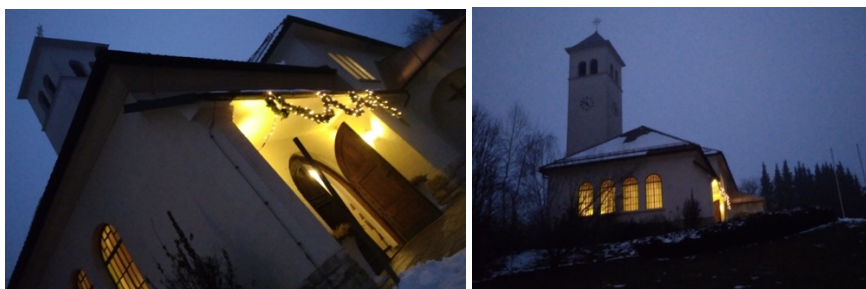


That is no coincidence. That is a message, given that I am right now reading Ellen White's book, in the German translation „*Vom Schatten zum Licht*“, which means: „*From the Shadow into the Light*“!

December 24, 2022, Xmas, again

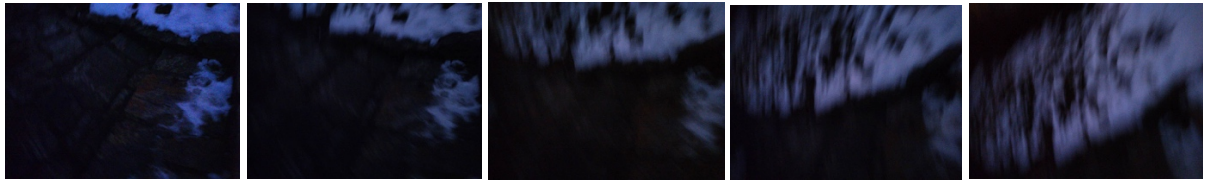
Visited my brother Peter's and Edith's, and my grandparents' graves ... put **candles** there, aware, *that they are watching and that the light of the candles is only meant to be ... a gift*, maybe. Energy the disca like? Or just a means of focus for us, the inca, to think of them better and provide them with energy that way? Wow, that's it actually, I just have such a deep flash of „Yes!“ flooding through me. (*Note: I am writing this candle-part on January 13, as I put the pictures in ...*)

I even stepped into the *church* at Velden, where I used to go to mass as a child ... what a strange feeling, thinking that my father may have been there, on X-mas Eve among all the people ... he, who once was so hateful against people going to church, who is an evil person ... when I think back of what he said about a year ago about God and him being „such a good person“ ... condemning people who supposedly did *him* wrong ... oh I know exactly the contrary ... geez, God must have rolled his eyes. I can't help but think about what a hateful cruel maniac my father has been all my life ...

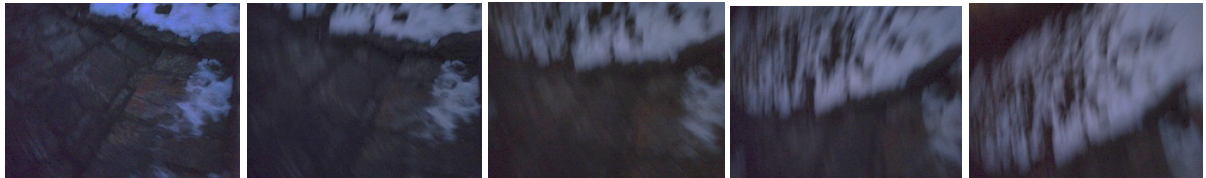


At the cemetery where my brother's remains are, *some strange photographs* happened by themselves ... It was weird that the mass was projected via loudspeakers all over the place, with the priest not even speaking proper German, maybe he is some Croatian guy like the previous one.





So after putting in these „spooky“ images, I realized something when I tried to „up“ their brightness: Something may appear dark and spooky, *but seen in the light – it is just natural and normal and entirely understandable!*



My phone simply made the pics by itself because of the way I held it ...

So I stood at Edith’s grave and asked her to put something into my hand if she was there ... and immediately I „saw“ some very bright blue thing, like **a bright blue cardboard cutout**, could also only be *oval*, but very *pointed*. So that’s what I saw. Well.

Also, during a late-evening walk with Jacqui I talked to Bob and complained about the lack of signs, and „Wroooosh!“ – a **snow avalanche** slid from a roof right to my right (where „Bob was walking“). Does this count?

Received a lovely **Sacher Cake** by Daniela, the astrologer, like last year. Just so sweet. And yummie, of course shared with mom!



December 25, 2022

Rabbits at Christmas? Wow! A strange *glass container* stood at the beginning of the stairs in the house where I live – with *ceramic rabbits* in it! Underneath – Christmas silver globes. Remember the rabbit challenge between Bob and me? He seems to be starting some „communicate more“-initiative!



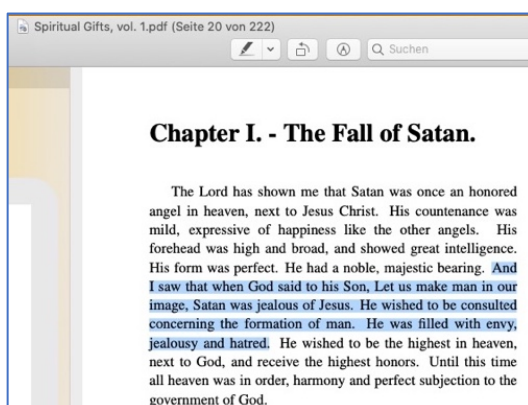
Took a walk with Jacqui at **Rosegg** ... an eerie atmosphere ... The fruits of the Platane trees (Ahorn) reminded me of tiny cells or viruses ... this material world is truly an amazing playground.



December 26, 2022 – The Whites & the **Bright Blue Angel House**, The Dacia & Snow White, The Dream of Bob & the Food & The „HA 250“ greeting! & Time Synchronicity!

Oh my, the synchronicities!

It's amazing ... how it all floods into my awareness right now. I kept reading **Ellen G. White's** work ... and I am really stunned: This very smart woman had such great insights, but she interprets the Bible from that ridiculous *childlike view of „God“ as a literal „father“ and „Satan“ as a literal person, too*. Her historical accounts and spiritual thoughts are great, but all in all, it's hard to bear how far away she was from real understanding of it all. Maybe that's why I am in contact with her right now? Because she is in contact with Barbara Thiering, and I am supposed to make sense of both of their work?



So this morning I took Jacqui on a holiday-early-walk into the forest. And then I took a turn to a path that I normally don't take. Walking down there, I even walked back a few meters to take yet another path than the one I had intended to take ... and I was baffled shitless, as I found, on a mail box, the name „**Elena Bianchi**“. And „Elena“ is clearly „**Ellen**“ and „**Bianchi**“ is the plureal of – „**White**“! And I had talked and thought about the „Whites“ in my awareness, Betty and Stewart White and now Ellen White, and now „Bianchi“! I have met that Elena through CH, but I had no idea that her name was Bianchi let alone where her mail box was, she is the owner of several rescue Chihuahuas, and CH's former work colleague at the old-aged-home!



Wow, that along with the **white owl** for „wisdom“!

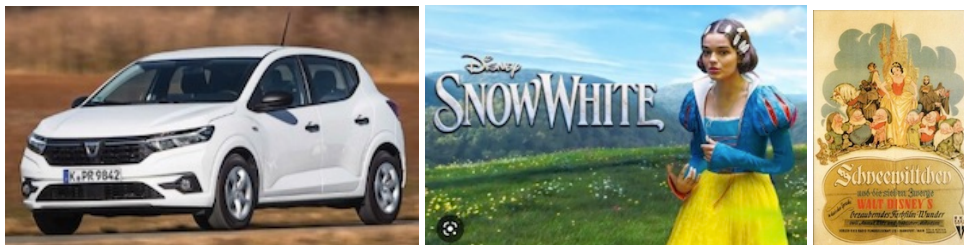
So I walked with J along that small path along a forest where we normally don't go ... and there was the **conical bright blue thing** that Edith had given into my on X-mas day, the „cut-out“: **It was the bright blue background of golden angels resting in a Christian memorial thing on that path!** And the whole little thing is conical, and it has the bright blue element, THAT **bright blue** that Edith gave me in the darkness on the cemetery! Wow!



Back home ... trying to get stuff done, as my mom had told me that she would be fine alone for a day, and I really appreciate that ... having some time for myself ... So on a whim, I sent a text message to an old friend, **Traudi J.**, who lives in Germany and with who I spent a lot of time in my later teens, a wild one, with a lot of tragedy and disappointment in her life ... and promptly, *she called me back!* We chatted for an hour! ... and it was nice.

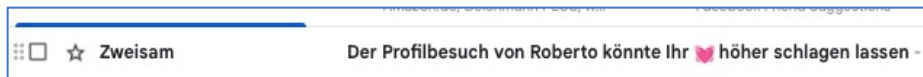
Now just before sending her the message, I had thumbed through a magazine of my automobile club, and my attention had been caught by a car named „*Dacia Sandero*“. I must say, I am not interested in cars at all ... but somehow that one got my attention.

So I chatted with Traudi – and she told me that for the first time in her life she just bought a brandnew car, of course a white „**Dacia Sandero**“! And she already named it: „**Snow White**“! Geezaz! I get it, I do, Stoneman and folks! Can't be clearer! All the „Whites“!



Plus ...

Some online dating platform where I had registered long ago and who won't accept that I deleted my profile also long ago, sent me the message, that a certain „*Roberto*“ had visited my profil which would „make my heart beat faster“. Oh well.



Oh, just after putting in this snippet, I realized that I had an intense and **so direct dream of Bob!** Wow! We were working to put on a dance **event** in some **big hall like in a castle or some other big building** ... and it was like I or we expected that everything would work out without even practicing. And there were many dancers and crew to film that event that all looked at me to tell them what to do! And I was a celebrity of sorts, and there were many other folks ... it was so much, I feel overwhelmed trying to recap the details right now ...

*(Note: **Fun time synchronicity**: I am rereading this on February 8, 2023, and just yesterday I had an intense **job** of several **texts** about **an event center**, and about the big halls and small adjacent rooms there used for – dance events!*



*Like in my **dream** „We were working to put on a dance **event** in some **big hall like in a castle or some other big building**“ !)*

So in my dream: **And Bob was there**, walking around so clearly and directly and normally, location scouting, trying to figure out how to film it best ... like we had done together so many times. *And in my dream I thought „Wow, this looks so real, as if Bob was here, but he is dead!“* And for some reason there was a big **buffet**, and a lot of food was already being cooked and prepared, even though that event was not even going on! And I decided, and I think Bob had input too, even though we did never directly talk with each other in my dream, that *we had to do at least one rehearsal that day, and do the event the next day!* There was going to be a huge big crowd of audience, and we couldn't fuck this up, it was so important.



It was a huge theater-like stage with a reddish-orange lighting on it ... with a wooden floor. *(Note: Check out the time synchronicity images!)* And I said to the buffet people who wanted to give me food to try, that it was too early, it would spoil all, and there would maybe not be enough when it was needed? But somehow that *buffet woman wearing a cook's cap* wouldn't listen to me. She looked at me as a celebrity and was so proud that I the famous one was talking to her. But to me all that mattered was that Bob was there somewhere behind me... I felt him, I knew he was there, and it was so normal and good and nice.

In my dream I thought why in the world did I believe that we could pull off that dance choreography without practicing? I was expecting people would just work together perfectly, I had no reason to think that this would work!

But before we even went onto that huge stage, I woke up ... and I was so full of Bob's presence, that I was so sad, again ... and just now, right now, it is lingering in my, that feeling that Bob was alive and that I could just turn around and see and touch and hear him.

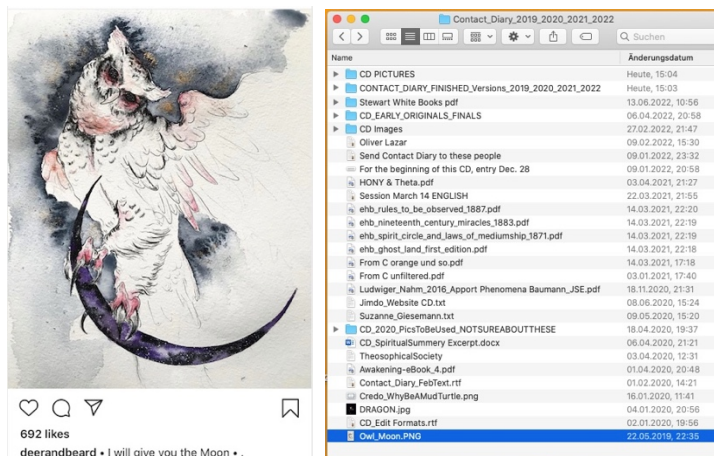
Not so. As of the images ... the stage had that feeling, and the dance event I had in mind had that mood of that pic that I found ... also the buffet scenario ... any my Bob, tall and quiet and alert and working ... oh what a dream. Funnily, **Traudi gave me a recipe when we chatted earlier, of a spinach-salmon strudel! So the food theme came true, too, today!** It was really really unlikely that Traudi and I would even touch the matter food, there was no reason whatsoever.



(Later)

Oh geez! Just as I was making safety-copies of this CD on a harddrive, guess what I came across, an image, that was free floating on the HD?

A WHITE OWL and THE MOON! Gabi aka „C“ had sent me that on May 22, 2019!



(Later) The „HA“-greeting!

Afternoon walk with Jacqui just before driving to mom ... who had forgotten that she had told me she wanted to be alone today ... **another car with „250“ right where I live!** Next to the spot where the other car with „250“ had been! And this time, **with the Hawaiian word for life-force or power: „HA!“** I'm getting a huge hot flash just writing this ... like burning up right now.



December 27, 2022 – Ohukai Beach!

Wow, what a horoscope by my client Daniela!

Pluto, planet of transformation wanders from Capricorn, where he was for twenty years (**so the time since I met Bob!**) into Aquarius! And this means big fat changes for the entire world ... starting for a few weeks in March and June 2023, and then for twenty years from 2024 on!

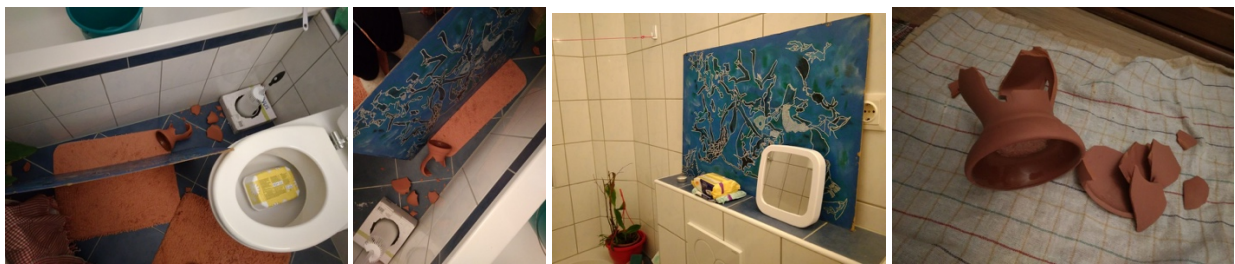
Wow! I just now remember that I found **24 silver hearts just before I traveled to Bob in 2018, with Jacqui on a meadow high above Vienna**. It's horrible to think that in that time my mother was already living her lonely alcohol and dementia guided life in her little apartment ... and it would take so long still for me to come around and help her.

And I couldn't help but saying numbers in my head, „58 23, „58 23“, until I realized that **this was my phone number in Hawaii: „572 58 23“!** And: I am now 58 years old and in the year 23, until I turn 59 in February.

Maybe it meant nothing. Still, the number suddenly started to circulate in my head.

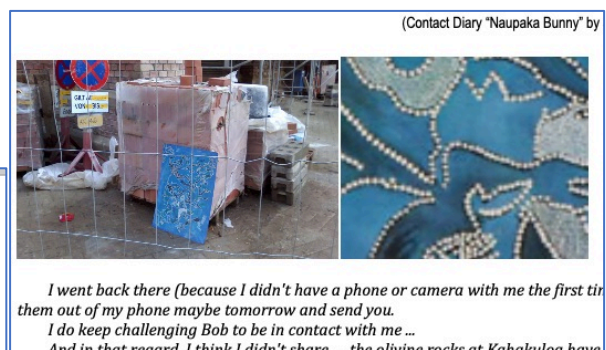
(Later)

Oh wow, something big happened! I sat in the kitchen with J, he with his bone, me with my work, when suddenly there was a *horrible rumbling noise* in the bathroom. And I went to check: The **blue painting that I found on December 17, 2018 after dreaming „Three silver pearls rise from the ocean“** in German („Drei Silberperlen steigen aus dem Meer“) had tipped over and pushed the nice *scent lamp* that I had received from CH as a gift from the sims, and it shattered! Damn! Weird, too. I texted her to find out if everything is ok, no response so far.



(*Note: Looking at that event later, now it's January 16, 2023, as I am putting in these images, it was exactly what I had taken it for, so symbolic ... the relationship with this broken little person had to end, it was broken from the beginning, and CH needs a real rock bottom experience to change for the better ... she is an addict in so many ways, it is just impossible to help her. Yes, I did fix the lamp, but not all parts were big enough, some was just shards dust.*)

December 17, 2018 – Silver Pearls in Reality, Dolphin, Rabbit & a Diamond & The Date
 So after the pearls-rising-from-the-ocean-song dream, I wrote to JR again ...
 Datum: 18.12.2018, 17:29
 Betreff: Pearls! (E-mail to JR)
 Told you about the dream and the "pearls"-song ... last night ("Three silver pearls are diving out of the ocean" ...) Guess what happened today?
 I walk by a building site of a church that's renovated, and in all the dirt stands a painting of blue and turquoise ocean and its creatures ... and the outlines of the figures are made from small silver pearls. What are the odds?



On December this year ... there were nights when **the laptop I got from Bob came on on its own all the time** ... last night, again, too, by the way! I had to switch it off. And the lemon in the hand, after asking Bob if he had something to do with it. Maybe I should ask about the dropped painting and the gift by CH? Okay, doing it ... Received a *traditional dumpling*, round and with something in it, maybe bacon. Yeah, right.

And last, but not least:

I looked through a magazine that my mom always buys, and there is a guy with a painting of exactly that Maui view where Bob and I were on the beach in Kihei, at **Ohukai** beach, and *where he put his toes into the sand for the last time, with his sister Joyce, in November 2018. Exactly that spot, that view!*



December 28, 2022

The most amazing **dream** of – **Sigi! We met and we hugged**, so much, so intensely, and I *knew* that he was dead and that I was dreaming. It was a feeling like we did make peace now, no grudges, finally united again ... it was uncanny, that's how intense and real it felt. He was so handsome, and I thought that this was no wonder because in the beyond we can all be the way we feel best about ourselves. It was so satisfying to meet Sigi, even though I didn't see his face. There was no sign of Bob, and in my dream I thought, wow, it must really mean something to connect with Sigi like this.

Sigi ... yes, and something about the *ocean* and some flood or something over an entire city, and I was somehow floating and trying to get into a ship, or I was in a ship, and I was looking for my dog Kimba, but he had drowned, I thought ... but somehow he was a dolphin! And it was all garbled and strange and confusing ... (*Note: Weirdly, this is one of the dreams that later I would not have any recollection of, like now, February 8 2023.*)

Last night's **dream** was about my mother and me, something about traveling and my mother taking off and leaving me behind, but not in a good way ...

So I was a bit worried today, we drove to Villach for some shopping, but she was so strange „dark“ in her mood ... and she wouldn't close her coat properly even though it was so cold ...

Received video of little **Chihuahua** mix „Frankie“ who I would call „Thilo“ which is short for „Dietrich“. And as I returned from a walk with Jacqui thinking about the possibility of adopting „Thilo“, I found a truck parking in front of the house where I live, with „**Dietrich**“ written on it! What are the odds?!”



So Pluto is entering Aquarius in March 2023 and then again in June 2023, and then for the next 20 years from 2024 ... great. So ... how about some good tidings for me?

Not even sure anymore what I want.

So I drove to Villach with mom and J ... took a walk along river Drau shore ... and there was an amazing sticker, saying „Dani and Bob“ ... no, just „d – b“. But it touched me deeply.



December 29, 2022 – **Time-Synchronicity! The Puka Lani!**

Oh wow, haven't had that for a while – **a time synchronicity!** Last night, I told CH about the „*bright blue pointed shape*“ that Edith had „given into my hand“ at the cemetery at Xmas. And how it had manifested in that little Christian memorial structure at the little village of Aich.

And just now, as I am struggling to work on putting the many still missing images into this contact diary from the folders, I opened a folder I did not want to work with today – and I opened „*Homo signorum*“, had all but forgotten about that, *from October 15*, and there is that ***bright blue pointed shape*** again!



(Later)

Weird. It is so late, way past midnight, but I still felt the urge to go online again. And I read that not only had **Pele died today**, the soccer star, but also **Vivienne Westwood**, the fashion icon! And as I googled her, I found a direct connection: Many of my jobs of the past weeks were about the valley of „**Alpbachtal**“ in Tirol. And the brother of **her husband Andreas Kronthaler** is from there! Wow, how must this relationship have been ... she was wild, I read up on her life, so interesting. I can imagine that there was an erotic spark in spite of the 25 years age difference.

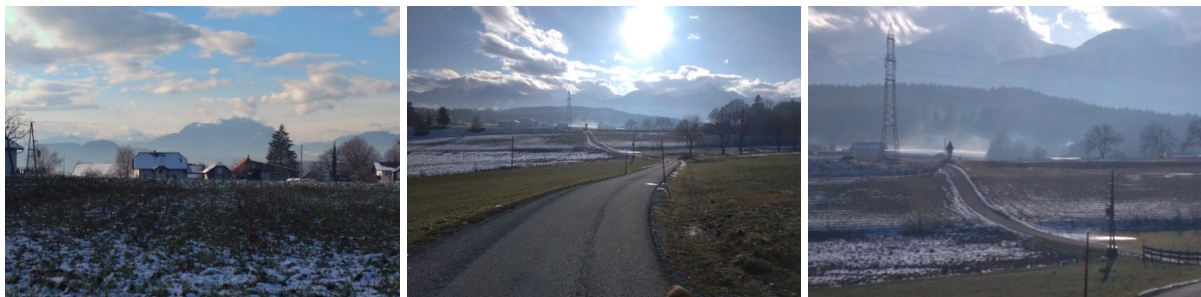
Bye bye, Vivienne, see you later, maybe – and have fun where you are now! Same to you, Pele, and all who have passed on today.

(Later)

I took a walk with CH and Pauli and Jacqui, and my Beloved did his usual thing, which he does more and more the older he gets, staying behind and watching our backs! And as I looked through the images and saw this scenario – **I noticed the „puka lani“ above Jacqui!** A hole in the sky! It looks ... strange. I choose to see that he is protected and watched from above. What a strange view.



I also took a walk with mom and Jacqui at Aich near Hotel Fantur where there is a great view of the mountains. Amazing scenarios today, too. Mom likes it there. I am just happy when I get her to take a walk at all.

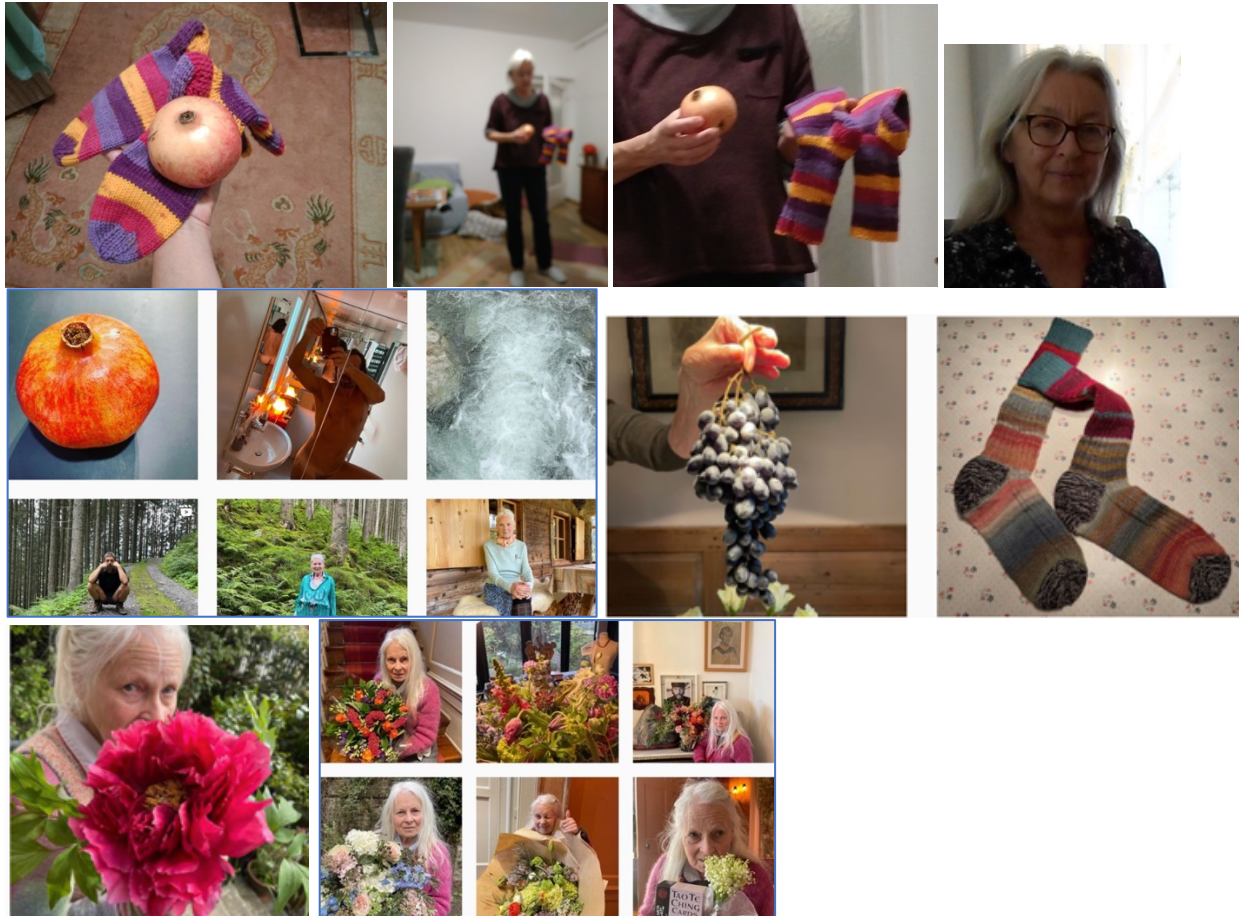


December 30, 2022 – Pomme Granate & Socks

Oh wow!

I felt the urge to just google the partner of **Vivienne Westwood**, Andreas, and I clicked on the first thing that came up, his instagram account. And what I saw ... just made me look right back at – ME!

This woman with her long white hair ... I looked like that just months ago before I cut off my thin white strands ... and I bought an unusual **pomme granate** today, on a whim, and exactly that pomme granate is in one of the pictures – along with the **colorful socks** that I received as a gift today! From my neighbor Gabi! Seriously!

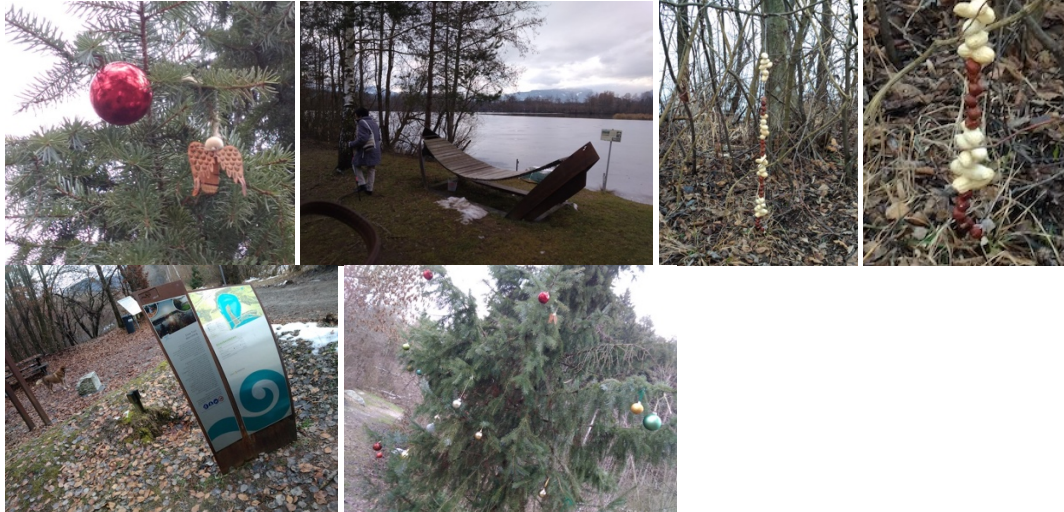


On other pictures, right together, is my favorite flower of all flowers, the **Peony**, and along with an image of „**grapes**“ ... it goes way back to my Hawaii-days even before I met Bob that I dealt with the ancient Hawaiian spiritual imagery, and grapes represent „**thoughts**“ ... just all these things together ... **as if the pictures were reflecting my life!**

Even the image of Vivienne in her *house on the country side, my dream life* ... and her hubby taking pictures of his nude body in front of the mirror ... I did that on Maui, in my bathroom, just to honor my body that was so not wanted by Bob and that was so beautiful ... then that guy squatting on a forest path ...

Wow! So intense.

Took a walk to Drau river bend at **Gottestal** with mom ... found a strange **string of nuts** and an **angel on a tree**.



December 31, 2022 – The Palmtree, the Skyshark & the Firewall & **The Stars Are Still There**

So the last day of „222“ year ...

Oh what a reminder of my Maui days ... the „Ma’alaea“ view ... Already in the morning, taking the last morning walk in the „old year“ 2(0)22 with Jacqui, with all the fog and the dramatic scenario ...



... I had to forbid myself to think about Maui and Bob too much, actually, there was such profound sadness emerging. But ... just as I had decided to stop thinking and just return, as the sun was coming out of the fog and began to dissolve it ... I spotted a ***broken off small branch hanging into the pathway*** ... and I flashed right back to **Maui** ... to the **palmtree** in front of house ...



It would shed a branch every once in a while, and I don't remember the frequency, but it took a while for the frond to get mature and then start drying off and drooping and then dropping. It was one of my odd pleasures to watch that frond and then grab it and pull it down just when it was ready to be dropped by the palm tree. ***The feeling of catching that branch and putting it on the ground had something profoundly satisfying to me.***

So that's what I got to do with that branch of that tree along that path where I live now ... It does feel like a definite greeting. (*Note: I did find Maui pics the other day, and I can't help but cry today, putting the palm tree pics in, February 11, 2023. I have pics of Bob and me actually holding a dropped palm frond, but it would probably kill me to just look at the images today, my heart is acting up anyway.*)



(Housie and my beloved palm tree, 2018)

I took a walk with mom at **Rosegg**, and there was **the most amazing display of clouds**, and the most amazing **cloud-airplane** I have ever seen ... we walked and gazes ... the clouds playing „ocean flooding over the cliffs“ ...

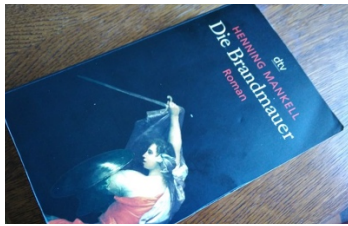




And a bunch of people came walking at us with dogs that did not look friendly. And as I returned to the parking lot, I saw two big vans with **license plate numbers with Bob's initials, „R. S.“**, Robert Stone. Wow. So odd. (*Note: This relates to the entry of September 14.*)



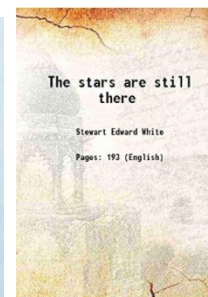
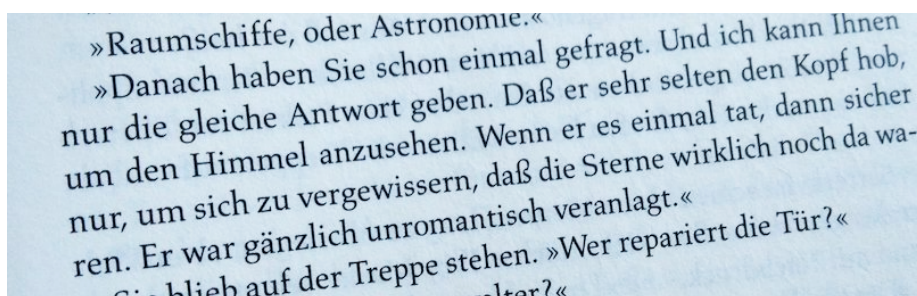
Started to read the book „**Die Brandmauer**“, a criminal story by Mankell about the famous policeman Kurt Wallander ... and it took me a while to realize that it's a translation of „**The Firewall**“ – a term from computer language that I got to know through Bob long time ago, and it took me a while to understand what it means.



Sure enough – exactly in that book I found two sections that entirely and totally relate to me:

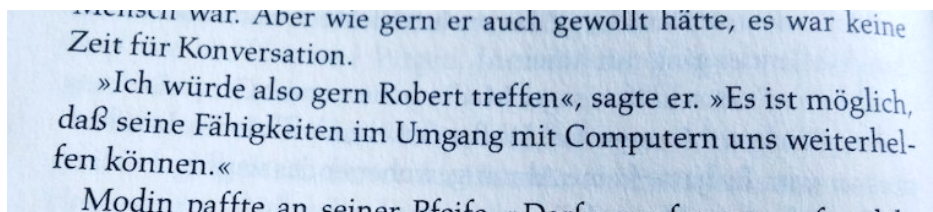
„**The Stars are Still There**“ – the book by Stewart and Betty White is hinted at in a paragraph where someone describes that someone else would only look to the sky to see if „the stars were still up there“! Wow, I never ever read anything like there anywhere before. It reads:

*„... And I can only give you the same answer again. That he rarely ever lifted his head to look at the sky. And if he did at times, then certainly only to make sure **that the stars are still there.**“*



But in the last days, with such intense Bob feelings and thoughts, I realized that one of my jobs for 2023 is to continue working on the interrealm communication and thus „imua“ with the contact diary. First – finalize this chapter and start anew in 2023, tomorrow.

And about a „firewall“ and Bob the computer wiz: Of course I discovered a sentence exactly about this, about a hacker named „Robert“, and the story plays at a time where computers were new things ... wow. It reads: *„I also would **like to meet Robert**, he said. **It's possible that his skills in handling computers could help us further.**“*



No shit.

January 1, 2023 – Visit in Housie & The Skyshark yesterday

Happy New Year, worlds and folks in them!

I feel overwhelmed having to write all that went on inside of my consciousness and around me in the last days and weeks ...

I did write down a list of things I will do in 2023, and I was talking out loud about what I was and am grateful for ... but it all felt very heavy.

So I made small hors d'oeuvres (gez, didn't even photograph them!) for mom and CH, and we ate together (didn't even photograph that either, shucks!) ... then I brought mom home and spent the rest of the evening – reading „The Firewall“. Got through half the book, fell so tired around 11.15 p.m., so I went to bed. When the fireworks around midnight started, Jacqui got scared, so I patted him and spoke to him, so grateful that he was there and has been for such a long time, and I only peeked out of the window briefly, saw no fireworks, only heard the noise, went back to bed, and as soon as it was quiet, fell asleep, along with Jacqui.

I was wondering if the disca also celebrate or watch us ... because obviously, there is no „year“ „over there“.

Waking up, I was pretty much on Maui in my bed there, wide awake, and I found myself talking to Bob in my mind asking „Why, Stoneman, why?“ as it felt so painful. But I simply couldn't help it (like sitting here right now at 12.22 pm writing like a maniac to get it down into this c. d.), ***I strangely ended up in Bob's edit room***, it was so clear, so real, and there was the microphone stand of all things, and Bob standing there talking into the microphone, standing up, and I heard his beautiful voice speaking all those commercial texts, but he wouldn't say anything concrete, ...

... it was morning already, and I was ***aware and awake***, lying in bed, with my dog coming to my bedside and „asking me“ to get up as he had to get out, that I shouldn't make up something that Bob would say. But the „audio“ theme of my dream was apparent, there is a reason why I saw the microphone stand and Bob with it. Yes. I have a photo of this ... it's somewhere in a previous chapter. Bob wants to „talk to me“ more? He wants me to listen? I should watch the video I have of him speaking to me directly? I can't make myself.

So then, I immediately thought of Walter, because when I googled him I saw *his picture at an audio workshop*, years ago. Just my own subconscious doing this? Or is it some hint or message? It plays entirely into my whole being to revive all the filmmaking knowledge and aspirations I had when Bob suddenly had to die.

I allowed myself to walk through housie on Maui, half conscious, half dozing, and there was some other place I went aside from the kitchen area and looking at the blinds ... remembering that I had to pull a string to make them open and close ... and it all was so clear and real ... I felt myself touching the furniture, the blinds ... but Bob was not around, only when I imagined him consciously, he appeared. I thought of the „tunnel visions“ I used to have when driving back and forth Griffen ... and there was an urge to have that again.

Just realizing that the *strange mentioning of very deep and intense internal experiences by that author Mankell in that book „The Firewall“* made me realize that other people feel intensely and detailed too ... and how precious that is when someone expresses this. Just now, right now, writing this down, I realize that this is exactly what touched me so much about Walter, that on the phone he told me about his feelings and fears that in him the old feelings from so long ago would emerge, and he'd be hurt.

I was wondering if I should insist on meeting him and learning about his story, and right now I want to. (*Note: I tried, but by today, February 11, he hasn't communicated back in a way that would make a meeting possible.*)

Lots of thoughts these days. Wow, must sigh, feels overwhelming to write everything down.

I gave my mom and CH children's surprise chocolat eggs as lucky charms for New Year's Eve, with toy animals inside, so my mom got a lucky rhinoceros, and CH got a lucky ice bear. And that ice bear of course reminded me of my grandmother „Omi Veit“, first name Maria, who in the last years of her life, but when she still lived in her old house, „Kolonistenheim“ where I grew up in part, the old house in the ditch with the wide forests and the many creeks around, *wished for an ice bear*, and I brought her a toy plush one, and she loved it ...

So now I remember what the other aspect was about my reminiscing of Maui and „moving about housie“ this morning: *I realized that I do not remember where I had my clothes? My underwear!! Was my underwear in my suitcase all those years? Or did I have the right part of Bob's closet? I think I did for a while, but I have a hard time recalling that, I somehow can't see myself getting my underwear from somewhere! So strange, because I can recall so many things so closely, but the theme „Where were my clothes?“ is a different one. And why did it come up this morning? „Why, Stoneman, why?“ I not only had on my mind, I said it out loud, and I meant „Why that intense Maui-recollection when it's just so painful?“*

I miss being with Bob so much. But I know I must „imua“, I must accomplish a lot of stuff.

Something that bothers me: My upstairs neighbor who had adopted a tiny kitten – Nala – a few months ago, is so upset with the animal every day, he screams at her like a maniac, I hear it running around the apartment, and it never gets out, poor animal must be so frustrated and sad. Just now ... I thought it was all peaceful ... when big rumbling upstairs again ... and then a real scream of the F. at the cat chasing it away. Horrible. (*Note: It developed in as much as F. doesn't leave his apartment anymore, barely ever, I only saw him once late at night, in the dark, walk along the street. So strange.*)

Also ... this morning, as I walked with Jacqui in the forest, I did the „heart“ sign with my hand and sent love to everyone above and in the mortal realm and Jacqui ... and just as I held my fingers in heart-shape along the path, a young man emerged there coming up the hill ... and he walked by me, and I was about to say my „happy new year“ greeting, I realized that he looked in a way angry and dull and strange ... and he walked by me almost touching me without looking at me. I realize I know him from way back, in my youth, and *he is not in his right mind. It's apparent at first glance. So that is the first person I met this year. What is that supposed to mean?*

Oh just now – I realize that the image of **Andreas, the partner of dead Vivienne**, squatting on the forest path ... yes, that's what the guy this morning looked like Andreas K.



But ... not true that the forest guy was the first person. I did meet a nice young man, Rene, from the house where I live, who sat in his car in the morning as J and I walked by, and we did wish each other well first thing on this January 1, 2023.

Then, as I was back from my walk at about 11 am, mom called, *called me „Schatzi“ („little treasure“) and wished me a happy new year.* And this is the greatest and most wonderful gift of them all, that she is so clear and present and healthy. I am just very very grateful.

So now ... picking up mom, walk with mom and my partner Jacqui, then snacks ... and imua with the year 2023. Pain in my right side abdomen ... well, I'll get my body to function further, I'm sure.

(Jesus, so much work to put the images in still! Also ... I did write a to-do-list this morning, I might have to focus more on putting my screenplays into novel-form and have them published or publish them. I started doing this long time ago ...)



The last light of the first day of the new year.

January 4, 2023 – **The Puppy in the Tree & The Greeting on Bob's Birthday**

Oh my! It's a sign, I think. After communicating yesterday about little dog „Frankie“, 4 months, who was found alone on a field in Slovakia and who J and I want to meet, with his caretaker, he will arrive today, I saw this today:

I took a spontaneous walk at Rosegg with mom and J, and there it was! Isn't that a similarity, **this little toy creature**, whatever it is, maybe a **dog**, maybe a rabbit?



Definitely a dog. Now check out „Frankie“!



Okay, am I supposed to adopt that puppy „Frankie“ that so touched my heart when I only saw his image online? Would Jacqui love him too? Would he fit in? Would I be able to handle it? What would my mom say? Oh geez ... why do I even consider ...?

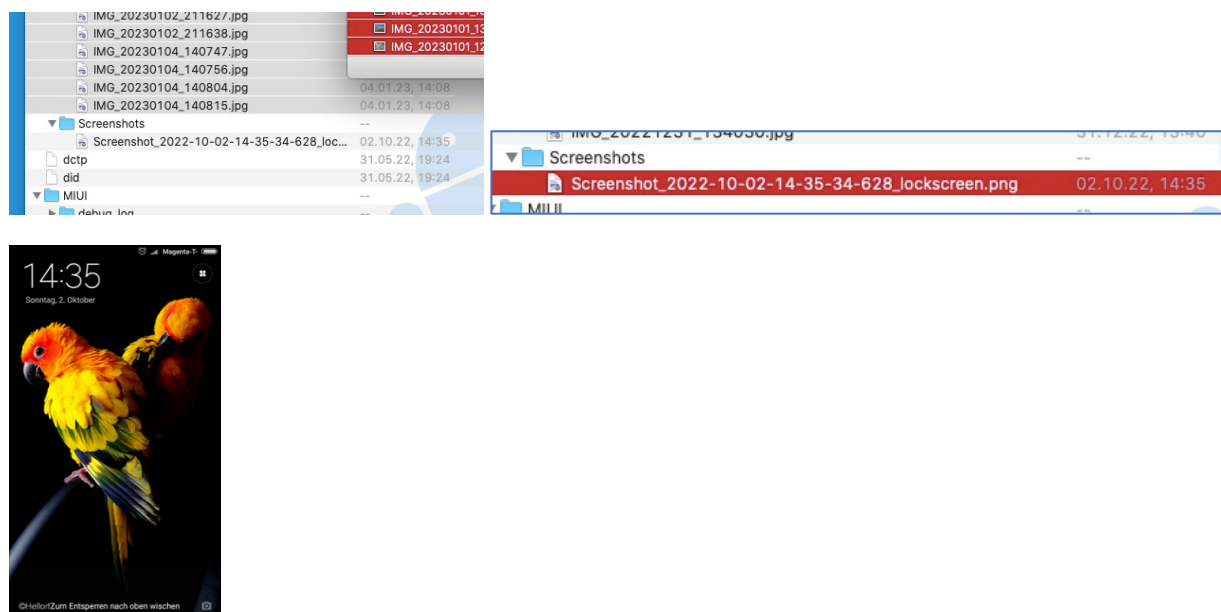
But then, looking at the world and at myself: My film projects ... is there even a point in thinking about them anymore? Who would I make those films for? The world and mankind is so fucked up. Isn't this c. d. the most important project and my real-time present relationships with people and animals? Is that why „Dietrich“ parked in front of the house where I live on the day when I decided I would name a dog „Thilo“, short for „Dietrich“? Is that why I found that puppy in the tree today?

I will go visit that little guy with Jacqui on Friday, even though it is a very far car drive, about 2,5 to 3 hours one way. At least I must see him. I don't have to take him. I got him to Austria, from Slovakia, and I promised to pay 50 bucks for that.

(Later)

Oh geez. As I took the photographs from my cell phone with the help of an app that I only have on the old MacBook that Bob gave me ... I noticed that there is one single Screenshot of my cell phone on my cell phone – but I do not know how to make **screenshots**. It happened by accident – but it did **on October 2, 2022, and that was Bob's birthday!** I was so nervous to see what it was – it is just the front image of my cell phone, but it's the **two birds** that *I chose in memory of Bob's and my good time at Bud's bird sanctuary in 2014*, where I photographed him with the birds, and after which I used those **birds for the teaser for our TV-series project „Paradise“** ...

We made that teaser with only our voices, and me editing it ... we only met years later when Bob was already dying.



Oh Bob. You did it again. It took me a while to see it. (*Note: I can't make myself pick out those bird images of Bob, can't bear it ...*)

So what does it mean, that greeting? There are no odds ... *on his birthday, a screenshot of that date and the two birds, but I do not know how to even make a screenshot on my phone.*

Something else happened. I brought mom home today, after a lovely walk in Rosegg, where I found that „puppy in the tree“ and a nice hering dinner ... and I brought a book that I had borrowed back to the **phone booth „library“**. I saw another one, even though I had sworn to myself to never read criminal stories again, because the endings are so frustrating that I regret having spent the time every time ... but I found a book with the title „Bevor du stirbst“, meaning **„Before you die“**. Obviously, a criminal story. But the **first pages describe a young woman in a drug haze!** And a few pages later – *a woman describes how after the death of her beloved partner who is suspected to do passive suicide (like Bob!)* she moved forward, got another partner, but when she goes through her dead love's things, she breaks down again crying, even after ten (!) years ...

Oh wow. I so feel like that, too.

I have the feeling that Jacqui, my beloved partner of now, has a feeling that something is off about me. He has been strange in the last days ... and I get upset about him when he hits his snout

on the doorframe when turning thoughtlessly! I don't want him to get hurt! It upsets me, seeing him run into that doorframe, and I yell. But not as bad as my fucking upstairs neighbor yells with the poor kitten every day. He is crazy, and I worry for the animal.

I want Jacqui to be happy, and I thought he might enjoy having something like a „son“ or a „little brother“. I would consider getting Jacqui a friend. That would be worth every effort for me IF Jacqui would like it. I see him lie around so much while I am working. He would be able to observe and play and cuddle with the little one ... be more active? At least that is my imagination and intention. But of course that privacy between J and me would be gone, in a way. *But there must be a reason why I suddenly feel so drawn to getting a puppy into our lives.* It reminds me how it was when I adopted Jacqui. I did not mean to get a dog at all, but suddenly I started to check online dog rescue sites ... and I only wanted to donate and help out, **and there was Jacqui one day, and I couldn't resist.** Maybe it is time for Jacqui and me to share our lives with another creature in need? Will it be that one guy „Frankie“? (*Note: Yup.*) I am very afraid of excessive barking in terms of being a nuisance to neighbors ... and stressing me out. Not sure what to think.

Except ... when did you last find a puppy in a tree? A white puppy?



And even the puppy in the tree that I found in summer 2019 after talking to Bob about him having been a „poor puppy“ and remembering to tell him that in person, that one looks like the little „Frankie“ guy too! Besides ... who would have thought that one day a white puppy would glimpse out of my car for real? Also – check out the similarity between the plush puppy of 2019 and the one of a few weeks ago?! (*Note: It is now April, and the little dog's white colour has developed big beige patches, especially his ears are brown-beige!*)

So ... in that book ... I didn't see that coming. It so reminds me of CH, ... She has initiated a stay at a psychiatric clinic in January, for several weeks. I hope she will pull through with this. I am not willing to invest any more time in a personality that is that fucked up. Sorry, CH, but no other way than to express it this way.

Oh my, so many pictures to name and size and then put in with all the many many others. I must do it. I must. So hard to take the time right now. I feel very close with my mom. And very desolate about my father. I wrote him greetings, he never responded. I still don't know what came out of the intervention from summer – *SUMMER!* Still no response from the court.

January 5, 2023

Took a walk with mom and Jacqui along lake **Saissersee** ... mom always appears so pissed off about walking, but then she seems to enjoy it. Lovely steaming lake scenery ...





Plus very interesting trees with entangled roots or branches or even trunks ... *it was my mom who pointed out to them!*



Jacqui likes to walk with her and stays with her, mostly. And then ... a beautiful sunset red.



January 6, 2023 - **The Dot, The Icebear, Frankie & More**

Drove 3 hours towards Vienna to a small village near Pinggau and picked up Frankie the puppy at a caretaker named Gerda ... after some timing preparation ... I don't feel like explaining the details ... except: I was only intending to take a look at that little guy, I didn't think I was going to take him! But when I saw him there, so tiny, his ears all dirty, so thin, among all the big dogs, and the caretaker so strange and the place so dirty, I just signed the fucking papers and took him with me. So I found myself and Jacqui with a tiny white-and-cream-colored puppy in the car on the way back to Carinthia.

We took a stop at Loipersdorf (where I used to always stop, on the way to Carinthia from Vienna and back, even in my days with Sigi and Kimba!) just about half an hour from where I picket the dog up in the area of Gschaidt, and the little guy was already in a way attentive and obedient, I was

baffled. He and Jacqui ran around in the green grass, pooped, drank water, took snacks, it was kind of strange for me. It was like being in a movie. And then we were home, and I immediately bathed the little sucker and cleaned his ears ... and he was all happy.



I don't know how that was for Jacqui. He seemed surprised, but he was nice enough to the little guy, allowed him to cuddle with him, Frankie sought closeness to him right away.

On the way, as I went to get gas, there was a basket with **bracelets** at the gas station, and I grabbed the first one, and it featured **a double wolf's head and the word „believe“**. So ...?



The *puppy, Frankie*, totally adapted to being with us right away ... he lay down by Jacqui on the back seat, no problem, no pissing, no whining, no barking ... what a sweet guy.

The light in my car was on, so CH rang the doorbell to tell me, and I invited her over to introduce Frankie to her (even though I hadn't intended to talk to her ever again, she just gives me the junkie shit via email) ... she looked and smelled horrible, but she said that after our big break up and my screaming at her she realized that she had to pull through ... and she is organizing things for her therapy as soon as possible ... well, I hope it for her, but I only believe it when I see it.

On the way, I did not think I was able to communicate with Bob via Tunnel vision ... I tried once and got something very **bright yellow**, some toy or something, and a **rooster** and something else, like Bob standing and doing some strange motion in housie's corridor where I used to „go“ while driving when I was driving to Velden and back from Griffen, two years back ... (*Note: Entering the info today, Sunday, January 8*).

Later, as I was talking out loud to myself, I looked through myfelt compelled to ask him to put something into my hand, and right away, I saw **a big dot on some kind of cloth**. „**A dot, really?**“ I asked. (The image I googled shows several dots, but it was only one.)

And right after that I was stunned shitless: **A Fiat Punto** (with „Punto“ meaning „Dot“) passed by me right that moment! It was an older model, and I even said out loud „Fiat Punto!“ when it passed by me, it was just so poignant, as I had just seen a big „dot“ in front of my inner eye. I was baffled.



And on the way back, as I entered back into the province where I live now, I realized that the logo for a very modern advertisement and greeting of people when entering Carinthia – **is a huge DOT!**

Geezaz: And the best: On the way back, too, I suddenly realized what the „*yellow thing*“ could also be: **A tiny dog that I had found years ago, and that has been my lucky charm ever since, every day right in front of me!**



Wow!

But also: As I got gas at the petrol station where I also got the bracelet I realized the yellow and black „*Rumwolf*“ logo right behind little puppy Frankie!



Also, on the way there, right after taking off from Velden, a car passed by me with the writing „*Don't dream your life, live your dream!*“ on it passed by me. I found that very inspiring. And right afterwards, a big truck with an *ice bear* on it drove in the opposite direction! And another one with an ice bear shortly after! And I had gifted my mother and CH for New Year with a surprise chocolate egg each, and my mom received a *rhinoceros*, but CH – and *ice bear*. And it was the favorite animal of my late grandmother. She wanted to have a toy ice bear, and I brought her one.



I remember as if it was yesterday, when she stood there in her kitchen at the „Kolonistenheim“, the big old house in the ditch where she lived, yes, before she lived in a care facility, the kitchen where I practically grew up part time, and I asked her what I could do for her, and ***she said I should get her an ice bear.*** I remember the surprise I felt. She was past her eighties, had never been to a foreign country, but wished for *an ice bear*. She said she didn't know why, she just felt she liked ice bears ... It just was something she would have loved to have. I remember that the plush toy then had a place of honor on the old radio in the kitchen. When she was brought to the care facility ... I don't even remember how that went and what happened with the ice bear. It was all very dramatic in my family, because she had said to my mother that „it was no wonder that my brother Peter had died of cancer, because he never went to church“. That shocked my mother. And me. It was a horrible, horrible time ... I was living with a heroin addict, my mom was with a drunk and was a drunk herself, and my father hadn't wanted anything to do with my brother and me since he threw us out in our later teenager years ... wtf.

Oh looking back ... how fucked up are young humans due to all the wrong education! And I always thought I was a good and caring person, but now I realize how much I failed in so many ways so many times ... and yet, I am a good person. I have never ever felt anything else in my life than good intentions. And even I failed. Now what the fuck are the bad people doing on this planet.

It is all so sad. I see my mom aging, I see her mind failing, her body wrinkling, and I am so afraid of losing her. I cannot imagine ... and then, my father. I must find some kind of conclusion there, too. I must. I am getting sick of all of this.

Driving to pick up that puppy dog, which was the craziest thing to do, but I felt like doing it I had to stop several times, I felt I couldn't breathe, panic-attack style, and my heart really hurt. On the way back, no more panic attacks.

January 7, 2023 – First Day With Frankie

Oh he is the sweetest guy, trying so hard to do everything right ... he learned how to go on a leash in a day and that me must do his business on the balcony. I showed him once (!), and he already got it that he had to step to that door to be let out and pee and poop there. It is only up to me to see him go to the door, wanting out. (**Note:** *In the first days, I would not always see when he waited in front of the door, so there were a few accidents, ... but at night, he even accepted the mat I had put there for him to pee! The door to the hallway from the bedroom is always open, and he is free to go potty when he needs to. I have no idea how that was for Jacqui ... who of course never went in the apartment or on the balcony. How do dogs see a situation like this?*)

And for all I have seen so far ... he is immensely smart and so tender and so, so, so humble. (**Note:** *And he is a wild ass and a hunter and a psychotic foodie ... but loveable so much.*)

Jacqui is maybe not happy ... for sure he is irritated. I think he believes that Frankie will one day be gone again. Frankie tries to play with him, but Jacqui is not ready. He looks at me all the time, unsure what to make of that intruder. And Frankie is between exhausted and sleeping– and doing the kamikaze. He runs around like crazy and fetches and shakes everything. Jacqui seems at a loss. (**Note:** *It would take a few days until Jacqui would not go away all the time when Frankie approached him but stay and play with the little one – who is very wild and has needle-sharp teeth.*)

Frankie always seeks physical contact with Jacqui, who permits it, but goes away, and F follows.



January 8, 2023

With Jacqui and Frankie (*Note: Later his name became Tino.*) out and about ... he is fearless, he eats shit and wants to wallow in dead stuff ... oh my. Not happy about this ... but it's only the third day. My neighbors will take him for a day on Tuesday, so that I can be with Jacqui alone for several hours, so that the poor guy won't be so frustrated. (*Note: A day later the neighbors cancelled with a real dumb excuse ... wtf ... and they'd never ask again.*) I see that Jacqui is not happy, but he lets Frankie do what he wants, and Frankie needs the closeness so badly, and goes for Jacqui all the time. But Jacqui also lies down all alone too, just watching, because he is just so sensitive. Breaks my heart seeing the puppy lie there all alone ... Right now Frankie is on my lap, all warm and heavy, sleeping, which Jacqui is in the bedroom having his peace for a while.

I don't know what the future will bring. But Frankie touches my heart in a good way. (*Note: He would cause me to freak out on him several times, though ... I am expecting too much from him too soon, and I discovered how short-tempered I really am. I am writing this three months later to the day, and Tino has grown so much and learned to never ever cross me.*)



What a trust ... allowing to be touched and picked up by the giants that I am, ... well, he has no choice, and maybe he knows it ... if I wanted to hurt or kill him, I could do it so fast he wouldn't have a chance to even think about some self-rescue ... and that after he was just dropped on a field in winter ... that's all that is known about him. How interesting, that little soul. Those tiny dogs and also bigger dogs are at our mercy ... and so many humans are abusing them. This is the hardest thought to think ... that I am surrounded by beasts. And I don't mean the animals.

It makes me very frustrated a lot of the time. Not sure what I shall go for in my life anymore. I have to go with the flow for a while and trust that I will figure out stuff in time.

Strange, though, to not be alone with Jacqui anymore. I think I over-interpret Jacqui's expressions ... of course it is all new to him, and he reacts to my own confusion, I guess. I must keep in mind that he looked bored and pissed off a lot before F was here ... and one of the reasons, actually the main reason, why I thought I should get a puppy, was, *so that Jacqui would have something to do, to watch, and would have another one of his species around.* I couldn't risk an older dog ... so ... well, we'll see.

January 12, 2023

A tough time ...

So disappointed about my mother who wouldn't talk anything with me during a two hours walk ... just her bitter displeasure when looking at me ... brr. I should know better than taking it personal ... still, it hurts. Because there is so much of this in my life. So many hours. All the time, with her, taking care of her, making sure her brain gets trained and her body exercised ... and I get no interest for myself back. Nothing. Walking now with two dogs. Not sure if this will last ... but the little guy Frankie who I now call **Tino** is nothing but sweet and smart and trying so hard to please. He is a little macho, too, and a hunter and a watchdog, with a lot of voice. But he has learned that he need not bark the shit out of „intruders“ he hears in the hallway, when I look at him and say calmly „Thank you, I have heard it already.“ He is very smart.

Mom ignores both dogs. And me. So ... Yes. Mars stopped being retrograde today, so things can move forward now. Yey.

January 13, 2023, Friday

I didn't get to write down the many occurrences of „480“ in the last days, together with other amazingly poignant license plate numbers in strange situations, with „910“ and my and Bob's initials being spookily literally everywhere. I understand – I MUST focus on this c. d. more from now on. It is my kuleana. I miss Bob so much, I can't even describe it.

The little dog Tino, formerly Frankie, is such a little sunshine, – and a total nuisance if I let my dark side out, but then I look at him, how helpless he is, how trusting and how sweet and just trying to be good. But he must be „himself“ too, he is a wild hunting dog mix and an omnivore, as it seems, always picking up everything that looks or smells remotely edible, he can't help himself. I should find a sitter for him, and this will solve all problems, because then I will be able to be out with Jacqui at times alone. I will ask my neighbor first, though.

Short walk with mom yesterday. I did not connect with her for one day. She called once, I missed the call, it didn't occur to her to try again. We had a big blowup again, as I am at my very limit trying to motivate her to do memory exercises and walk more. So I did call her yesterday, she claims she has eaten her food, and she agreed to go for a short walk. She will need further help, but I won't be able to „make“ her recover anymore. My powers don't suffice.

A spooky row of younger VIP who died recently, Lisa Marie Presely, Tatjana Patitz and others ... in their 50s. Wow I'm turning 59 in a month. What a life.

January 14, 2023 – The Saying, the Rooster and the White Owl

Oh wow ... things of significance and that were given to me on the trip to pick up puppy Tino appeared today. I left Tino with my lovely elderly neighbor Ms. Hasse, and took Jacqui for a walk – after dropping off my very confused mom.

As Jacqui and I walked I realized that my tension slowly disappeared, and of course I regretted having been snappy to my poor mom, who must realize how confused she is at times, and who may be embarrassed ... given the looks on her face at times. I dread the reaction she has to me that I don't know about. Is she embarrassed? I guess. What a fucker am I to be snappy at her and give her the stink-eye at times ... but it is just so hard to be patient and loving and understanding all the time, she really is like my „child“. And oftentimes she can't even manage to hide her glances of hatred at me. I have nothing to expect from my mother in terms of being a mother. I am the caretaker of an old woman of who I know that she had a tough life and don't want her to suffer. O shit. But this is not new, has been like it for decades.

I woke up with the thought that I must write a letter to the judge who is dealing with my father's case, and I will, it will be at court Monday morning, expressing my view and worries in detail.

I really could not read Jacqui in terms of is he relaxed when we are alone – without Tino – or not ... I do remember that he was kind of aloof and bored looking before Tino was here.

Then: The **rooster!** I had „received“ the image of a colorful rooster (from Bob, as I had asked him for on image) on the **drive to pick up „Frankie“! A weirdly surreal colorful rooster – now I know, it was not a live one! It was this one!** That is exactly what I thought. So there it was! On a path that I didn't want to walk, but instead of turning right where the actual path went I decided to just move a few more meters, and there, the rooster! Yup, Bob „gave“ that one to me in a tunnel.

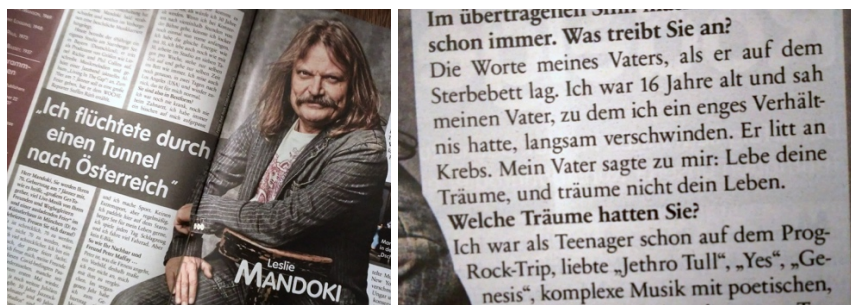


Then ... at home, as I picked up Tino from the neighbor, he was entirely quiet, didn't even bark when I rang the doorbell, and Ms. Hasse said he mainly sat on her lap, smooching with her ... and I returned with Tino to Jacqui into my apartment, he greeted me frantically: I had left the stove on and a pot on the hot plate which was glowing red already, and the zucchini were turning into charcoal. My god. I left Jacqui alone with the stove on. I still can't believe it.

And then ... I opened a **random magazine**, one of the ones I took from my mother today, as she wanted to throw them away instead of saving them for me, and there was – **the white owl** again!



And a few pages further, the saying that I saw on the car on the way to get Frankie: **„Don't dream your life, live your dream“!** The father of an artist had said that to him on his deathbed as he was dying of cancer. On top of everything – right next to it is the headline, about how that guy, a musician, **had to flee through a tunnel** back in the day! **A tunnel!** It so relates to my conversations with Bob in the tunnels ...



Wow. What are the odds? I don't even read many of the articles, just that one, where a musician quoted his father saying this.

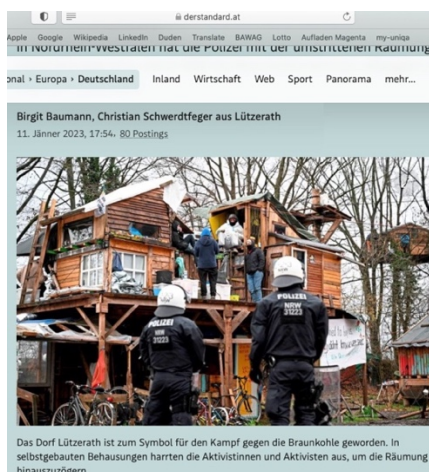
My father ... I met a young woman who was friends with my brother Peter back in their teenage days who told me that she had seen my father at times, looking very worn down and having a hard time walking.

Even more I am inspired to write that letter to the judge. (**Note:** *I did, and I put all in that I have to say, even mentioning my childhood and my father's cruelty and my attempts to connect with him after Edith died and Picej's behaviour. He will not just get away with having abandoned his children. The effect was, that the judge told me via my lawyer that my father had forbidden that I should get informed about the results of my submission! How is this even possible? I asked my lawyer, no answer. I am beyond frustrated, now, early April.*)

Of course, another week is already over ... this morning I had a **panic attack** onslaught that kind of transported me to a different time and place, as I was sitting on the sofa, I knew that I was about to pass out, I felt a pull, such a strong pull, into a physical and emotional situation that was familiar to me ... likely on Maui, it was like I was inside a time and space window ... and I felt so weak and nauseous and kind of even *smelling* the other environment ... of the past ... that I felt even worried that this would be the end of my mortal existence, that's how strong and strange it was. But I held on to my being conscious ... and I got up to get some drops for the heart ... A little later, as I put my head back to drink something, I think, or I don't remember what I did, I felt so dizzy, that I had to hold on to everything around, as my world was tilting and shifting ...

More drops. Cold air. Felt better.

Oh geez, forgot to mention: Went to a newspaper website last night, just on a whim, as I was needlessly surfing to read up on Prince Harry and his horrible wife and his incredibly dumb book „Spare“ ... I ended up with an article – featuring a **treehouse commune**! Oh wow.



Bob is right here, wanting me to continue working on this contact diary! I know it! I met a car with the license plate number "480 BO" just earlier! Yes. I got it. Yet, the pain of loss and of grief ... sometimes unbearable. Oh my Maui life. Oh Bob. I miss you so so so fucking much.

Saw CH today, in the store and later in her car ... she looked horrible *horrible*. Like a very old bitter drunk. Sad to say. She is back with her boyfriend and his family, not sure if she will make it to her rehab.

I really want to close this chapter. It's already 2023.

The dreams ... oh my **dreams**. I can't even begin to describe them, it would take so much time. Tonight's dream ... I was on an island, and there was Ines, my „friend“ from Maui who was at the

same time my mother ... with her partner, who was Ines real life husband but also someone like Bob or Sigi ... **and I had come from so far, along wide, endless roads, highways and even across water, with a mofa**, a small scooter, it had been so so hard.

And I was there visiting Ines and those people who resided in some kind of *village* on the ocean-overlooking cliffs, looking South, sort of high up, like in caves with wooden structures outside some rocky mountain side ... and I thought they would welcome me and help me, but somehow, I was so unimportant, and I needed to get back to where I had come from ... and I dreaded that long road back, and I needed more preparation ... and I would have stayed if they had only asked. I have no idea how I even got up there to the rock settlement with the mofa, high up on the cliffs ...

Somehow there was some village feast going on, and as I was kind of perching in some rock cave trying to get my stuff together and my scooter to *drive back those long roads – that I actually **know from other dreams!** And in my dream I thought that once upon a time I had taken such a long trip with a scooter for real*, to seem comfort from my maternal grandmother Maria, „Omi Veit“, who had brushed me off like a fly crushing my spirit so badly, I was barely 20 years old ... anyway.

I was there, so lost and trying to find my strength to get back ... even though I wished for Ines and the others to ask me to stay. They did not, barely said good bye if at all and all ran towards the beach for the party Sort like out of a cave setting under some structure on a pathway steep down to the ocean ... the feeling and setting was really like in that image I found online ...



So somehow I put together my courage and also took a start towards the party – but just then Ines came back to pick something up, and it was alcohol, a bottle of wine, I think, and she was also drinking from it ... and when I looked at her closely, *she was also my mother! And at the same time – CH!* And I was so shocked and said „**So ... you are drinking again.**“ Meaning that all my efforts, all that struggle, for nothing ... and I felt like such a horrible idiot. And she kind of shrugged me off saying „**Of course I am, it is fun**“ or something like it. I was so shocked and disappointed, that I did not go down to the party, I just took my vehicle ... but maybe **it wasn't even a scooter, it was something odd, could be some flying machine**, too ... and I felt so alien there and so alone so I thought I might even better get back. And then I woke up. Oh that island feeling ... it was a Maui feeling. I find it hard to handle that Ines is still on Maui, probably happy, even though she was such an asshole to me ...

Yes, I do notice that I attract people who are assholes to me. I do. Why is that? I don't want that. I must break this for the remainder of my mortal go-around. I want nice, supportive people. But how to get (to) them?

I also had a **dream**, last night, about Hadas, the woman who brought me to Maui and who started to behave so badly to me ... and I was kind of in love with her. In my dream! In reality, she had a crush on me, but I could not reciprocate at all, I even felt repulsed from her. I don't know why. Her mannerisms, I'm just not sure ... (**Note:** *I have kept following her life ... quite amazing, actually, can't share, though, due to privacy laws.*)

Wow ... so weird. Also something about cats, I dreamed, and something about other animals ... can't recall, but it was all so intense and so much.

About the puppy Tino and Jacqui ... when I am dealing with the dogs, I am entirely in the here and now. When I walk in nature with both of them, Tino does not slow us down, right on the contrary. He is so eager to see and learn and sniff and run, I must hold him back, he is only tiny and young, his joints and bones are not ready for big adventures ... he is so smart. I do think Jacqui likes him. He only plays with him and actually really „roughs him up“ wrestling doggy-style when Tino is doing the Vanilla-Piranha that he is ... Today, big Jacqui even sat on my lap on the floor while he was wrestling with Tino!

So being held in the present moment ... that's what I get from the dogs. That's refreshing to my spirit I am finding. Tino knows that he has to go outside on the balcony for pooping, and he poops a lot. A lot. I don't really know what to feed him, he just shits it all out as soon as it is in, as it seems. I am still not sure whether to keep him or not. He is just so young, and could be very wild. And J and I are old. Maybe that is not even fair to Tino that we are so much older than him ...

January 15, 2023, Sunday – The Dots & The Sunrise Shell

Oh wow. The dots appeared today, Sunday, as I decided to work a little on putting the images into this contact diary ... on **September 22 I had noticed big dots on a car** and photographed it. Time synchronicity, again. Oh I miss Bob so much.

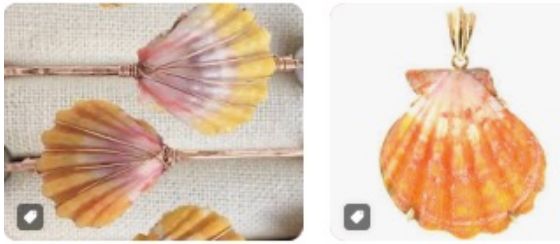


Of course I am thinking „Connect the dots, Dani!“ right now, hearing Bob's voice in my ears.

(Later)

A „**sunrise shell**“ I found. Yes. Here. Close to where my mother lives. It lay in front of a newspaper dispenser of the kind that is only out on Sundays. (Of course not a real one, but as soon as I saw it, I said „Sunrise shell!“ and obviously it's a stand-in for one.) My mom didn't do her Sunday routine to get her paper, even though she is supposed to, but she just can't make herself do things sometimes. So I picked her up for a walk, and we drove around the block to look for newspaper dispensers. I stopped at the first one – and there was the **sunrise shell** right in front of my feet. Of course not a real one, and it wasn't even one – but my first thought was „sunrise shell“!





So in Hawaii, where it is from – not this one, it's a bleached out plastic version, of course – it is the sign of royalty. And as soon as I had it in my hand, a sentence spoken by Bob came to my mind: „*You rule, Dani!*“

Yes. I rule. And what I did is the following: I put together a long letter to the local court that deals with matters of elderly care and inheritance. I did submit a request regarding my father and his „heir“ on August 1, 2022. No response, no outcome yet. I keep hearing that my father is in such bad shape. I cannot visit him, he made that clear with his attorney letter from last year. So I put together a secondary submission to court, asking them to ask certain questions on my behalf. My intention is, quite outspokenly, that my father never had „normal“ behavior, not towards me, not towards anyone else, and therefore I refuse to accept that he is of sound enough mind to give our family estate to a stranger who owns hotels, as he plans.

I wasn't sure whether to do it or not. But after finding the sunrise shell, I know, I must.

January 16, 2023 – **The Sunrise Shell Time Synchronicity! The Almonds!**

I had my submission to the court regarding my father printed out at a copy shop, my letter and several documents including my attempts to communicate with my father that proves that his „heir“ never got back to me and how much I tried ... and I sent it via mail to court. I did it. ***Sent it.*** Because, „**I rule**“. I want what I want. My father has never had a right or reason to treat me the way he did. He will not get away with it. I have no reason to wait or hold back. My father is a sick-minded very old very fragile and sick man. Hurting and lonely and in great danger to be taken advantage of. All that I wrote to the judge himself, as there is a particular one for those matters.

Also, CH is supposed to be in therapy from today on. Not so. I met her „ex“, M., and he said that she had everything prepared but decided in the last minute to not go and postpone until tomorrow. She had again turned back to her ex after all we went through in the last months, the panic and fear of him, she even talked to violence prevention services and distress services about him ... and I just don't care anymore what she does. I am exhausted, I feel taken advantage of, and I realize she is so much more damaged than I could have ever assumed.

This nuisance must go, too. Out of my life. Gone. So I hope she does her therapy. I hope she makes it. When she is entirely drug and pills free, I might talk to her again to see who she is. But as far as I have experienced in the last year, this person has a very very sick mind. And a look into her „ex“ face, who does use her car and has her dog ... I know what's happening. Nothing I can do for her anymore.

Time synchronicity!

Oh how amazing! I just opened a random folder with images that I still have to put into this c. d., it is late again, but I decided I just had to work a bit on this ... so there I ***saw images of boots with a Hawaii motive, the Bird of Paradise flower, and the word „Keala“*** on them – ***from October 20, 2022!***

That was the day when I had that amazing dream of finding Bob's camera bag on the beach!

And „Keala“ means „the street“ – where I found the shell, but also „the rising“, like in „**the sunrise**“! There is a very famous chant, „E ala e“, meaning „Rise“ and is sung to the sun in the morning! Wow – and I found a sunrise shell and had just before written about the find above!

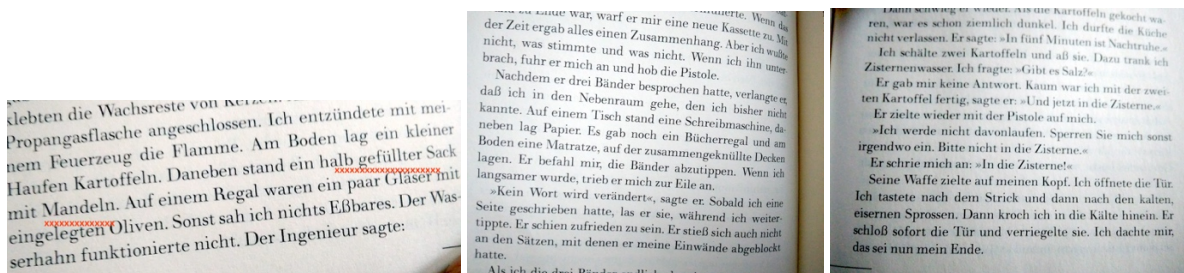


Oh, and something else! I went to the pharmacy today, and there is that stand with free books, so I took one by an Austrian author, „**Opernball**“, which I remember as a very famous book back in the day which I never read. So over dinner I opened it – **and the first thing I read: „Der Kameramann“. The camera man.** That is what Bob was. That cameraman had died. It said so in the book – and it happened in real life.



That is what the **dream** was about on October 20, 2022, when I encountered the **Hawaii** Stiefel named „Da **Keala**“ ... relating to the **sunrise shell** of yesterday, a shell found on Hawaiian beaches, a very rare one.

I have always wished to find one. Never have.
Until yesterday.



In that book, there were several other things right out of my life, on the first pages and the last. Because I could not stand reading that book, it was repugnant to me. But there was **the sack full of almonds I had found one day on the beach on Maui, in Kihei, right after having dreamed of a sack of almonds!** In the book, there was a sack of almonds that a prisoner to a killer was allowed to eat from. And there was the description of how that prisoner had to **sit and write whatever the guy dictated ...**

I experienced that dictating situation with „**Viktor Baer**“ in real life, a young visionary in Vienna who developed his own religion and killed himself consequently ... that was in my Sigi-days ... and the description in the book how that guy sat there typing ... on I remember so well sitting in that strange apartment in Vienna, district 7, Neustiftgasse, I think, **typing on my actual typewriter** Viktor's book about Akon and Cela ... what he dictated ... wow, that is so long ago. And yet, I was just reminded of it ...

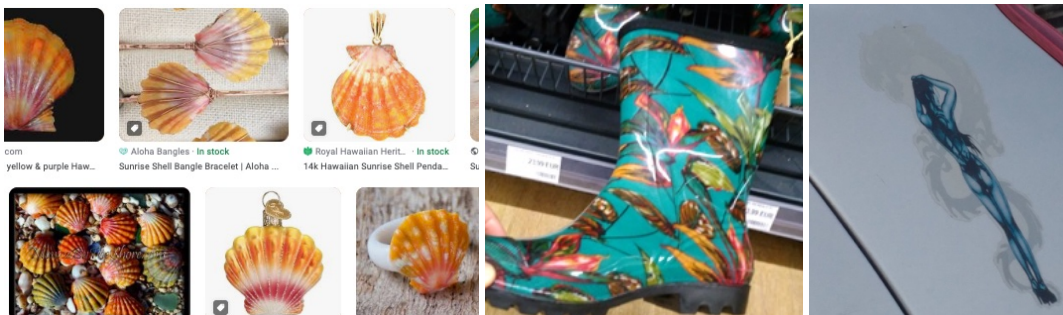
„**Vickerl**“ **appeared to me in a dream after his death** – and it was the sweetest comforting real encounter with the disca he was ... in an attic, and he held me, and I was so happy to see him, I knew that he was dead and that I was meeting with him in another realm ... and the experience is still crystal clear in my mind, how I felt and thought while sleeping that „this is not just a dream, this is real, but in some kind of dream state where I really am with Vickerl“. I remember waking up and feeling – different than before in my life. There was no doubt to my mind that Vickerl was alive and that I had actually met him.

I should have reacted on that experience, I guess? How old was I – maybe 25? Wow. I remember him well, he was very tall, very muscular, the typical image of a viking with long curly, reddish-blond hair and blue eyes ... some beard, like a moustache and a small chin beard ...

Well that is a story of its own. I did write a book about him or based on him and Sigi back then, called „Die Seidenraupe“, „The Silkworm“ ... about a religious leader and a remote commune and a prisoner there ...

So in that **book** ... There is the eating of *potatoes with salt* ... like I do all the time.

Yes, I am still „playing“. Bob is nudging me. Inspiring me? Telling me to make use of my remaining mortal phase. Yes, I am in the middle of the project „The Bridge“. It is still happening. I must get over my frustrations, my anger, my pain. I must „imua“. Once again.



I must share this work.

Something random ... I went shopping with mom today and told her about my backpain from sloppy sitting while working ... and just as I talked, I stepped out of my car and looked at the car right next to mine, and there was a **dragon woman turning her naked back** at me. It's like reflecting my story of my backache right at me, as I am a dragon in Chinese astrology.

January 19, 2023

On December 7 I read a book and did not know why I felt attracted to it ... „**Wolves and Lambs**“, about a woman who raises wolves to release them into the wilderness of Germany. I remembered today as I am working on the imagery for this c. d. In the story, *she must keep one wolf, Merlin, because he is too light to survive in the wilderness*. And I have such a „**miniature**“ **wolf** right here now, **Tino, a light one of a truly unusual color**. Wow. Talk about „they“ know everything ahead of me ...



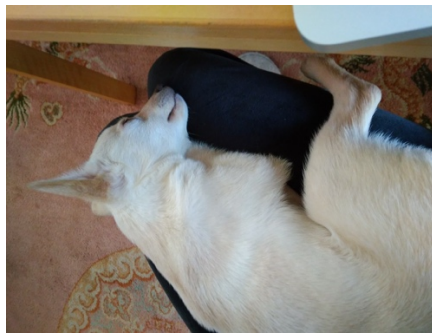
In the novel the woman must suffer that „Merlin“ gets in great danger and almost dies but turns out to defend humans ... and last night I lashed out on Tino so badly, that I had the feeling he was hurt, and I spent some time praying that he is alright. He was so heartbroken along with Jacqui about my anger outburst where I pretty much flung him into the snow, pulling so strongly on his leash that I might have easily hurt him ... oh Jesus, I don't know why. It was in the dark, and I was so stressed by his pulling right into the bushes ... and then I regretted it. Before that I had yelled at both of them ... but it was entirely my fault to take them on a walk along a street at night. I know by now that Jacqui has a hard time walking with a striving and pulling puppy on the same side of the street and that he will cross ... but I would not have it. I am such a monster. (*Note: From then on I only took the night walk with Jacqui, and Tino is quite content being home alone; He actually always is; He does not complain, just waits and sleeps, on my bed, of course, but so what?*)

This morning, both dogs were cautious, but so happy when they found me friendly and loving. And I swear that I have learned my lesson. (*Note: Not so, I lashed out a few more times.*) Last night, Tino literally was limp and weak in my arms, barely looking at me ... I was so so so worried. But today he is back to his strong self. He has learned stuff „over night“, strangely, not doing the wild begging and food snatching anymore, but sitting quietly with Jacqui waiting ... well.

He is my Merlin, and Jacqui seems to accept him, too. I still would always choose Jacqui if it shouldn't work out with Tino, but surely I have to give him a chance and allow him to teach me to be a better person ... or rather to find back to myself.

Also ... I wrote the screenplay „**Woodle**“ about a poodle among wolves ... *it just flashed into my mind*. It won best animation script. *Bob loved this story*. He even took a workshop about finding an agent ... I think it was in 2017. I was so thrilled about his initiative. Maybe that's the whole „wolf“ theme that is around me right now? I must choose „Woodle“ to get a foot into the film industry door?

I will listen to this impression. Mahalo, Stoneman.



(on my lap, trusting)

January 20, 2023, Friday

Incredible that it is Friday again. Time goes by so fast, it's ridiculous.

I am struggling to keep my calm, having two dogs clearly overwhelms me. But I don't know what to do. It is not their fault, that I am in stress. Neither is it my mom's fault. It is my father's, to a great extend. And no, I won't excuse his horrible fucked up and cruel and outright crazy behaviour towards me ... I woke up today thinking that what he did to me and my brother, his broken mind from teenagehood on, probably childhood one, resulting in my being so mistreated and ignored by my own father, was one of the dramatic pieces of my story that actually got me to get away and end up in Norway and then in Hawaii. Where I met Bob. Had my father not done what he did and my mom detto, I would have never met Bob, and I would have never written this contact diary. I would have never aspired to move the project „The Bridge“ along.

But for fuck's sake, can't my life get easier finally? Can't I catch a break? I should be able to live there, on the big property with two houses, where my father lives alone! He is such a fucking asshole. I am afraid of more tragedy all the time, I lash out on my dogs, I feel and look so old that I have started to lose touch with my youthful, hopeful and talented and so creative self. I am such a wreck. I lie in bed some nights wondering if I really will see the light of the next day again.

I would like to do so much. And I have a father who could enable me so much, but who rejects and hates me and wants to gift a stranger with what is rightfully mine, the property where I grew up, the houses, all. It is sometimes so hard, and I get so angry and frustrated ... it frustrates me when Jacqui looks at me with an expression as if I had beaten him when I was nothing but nice and did my very best. And when the puppy is so wild ... but the dogs just do what dogs do. I want them to do stuff they simply can't do. It is me and only me who must change and get things to be better. What are they thinking of me? Do they consider me a threat already because of my mood swings? Shit I don't want to damage the puppy or give my beloved Jacqui a hard time.

But some days I just don't know which direction to take anymore.

My mom was home by herself for two days now, because of the snow. She sounds so very normal on the phone, how nice. But then ... I have never had the help or comfort or even interest of my parents when I was younger and when it would have meant so much to me. Now ... I have such mixed feelings. I look back, and there is my Maui life. I could never be truly myself there, as I had to be low key all the time, and because Bob did not stand up for me ever. Or for himself. Bob rejected me too, for a lot of the time, truth be told. My mother gazes at me with resentment, often. Always has. And sometimes, when I look at her, and see her expressions and mannerisms, I get so frustrated, I can't stand being around her. I have notice that I already wake up with a pounding heart, and that there is often that painful pulling feeling in my heart area.

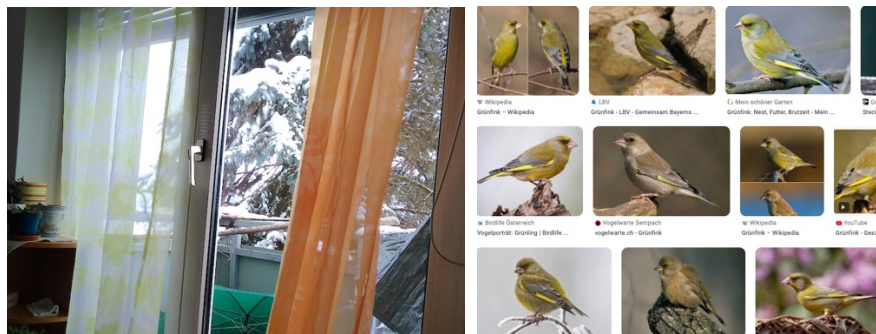
Peter Rosen messaged me today, after I wrote to him via Facebook some details of what I am doing and how I struggle with the loss of my Maui life and all the outlook still, that he finds it amazing that I still „*haven't been able to put Bob and Maui into perspective.*“

I got to ask him what the hell he means by that. Or not. Really I don't care what he thinks.

January 22, 2023 – The Finches & the Tree

Oh wow.

Yesterday, as I was sitting on the sofa working, because of the weird humming sound from the apartment above I couldn't sit at my regular spot, suddenly, a **whole swarm of greenish Finches** came flying onto my balcony and to the bird feeder! There must have been at least 30 birds! A big flock. I wanted to photograph them, but as I moved, they took off.



I told my mom about it on the phone and even this afternoon, when we did some shopping and then went for a short walk. There was a **real flock of small birds** just taking off from a tree ahead of us, and I said that maybe those were Finches, too.

So today, before picking up my mom for shopping, I had to put back a **book** I had taken from one of the phone booth book dispensers, and I drove to the primary school at Lind, just a few hundred meters from where my mom lives. After dropping off the book, I saw a fine path through the snow and let the dogs run a bit. I did get angry about Jacqui running way ahead and Tino pulling like crazy, but I discovered a second phone booth! So I couldn't really take a look because of the dogs and pretty much grabbed the first best book. Still, I thought, reading those horrible murder stories somehow weirdly calms me down. And because there was a pigeon on the cover of the book and its title is „**The Bird Garden**“, I took it, thinking of the bird swarm of yesterday. (*Note: This continues on January 26!*)

So (well, mom was weirdly sharp in the moment, but I found out that she had lied to me again several times about what she had supposedly done several times, cleaned the snow off the young Thuja, but she didn't touch them, and she had a hard time walking along a snow path, pretty much doesn't want to walk at all, and I had to struggle to discipline myself) ... much later, after washing at my mom's and eating her food with her, because I am sure she lied about eating too ... I settled down in my kitchen, aware that it was kind of cozy, indeed.



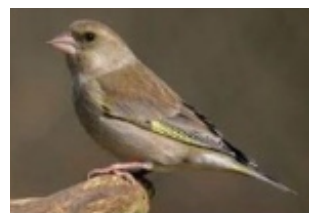
The dogs obviously lie on my bed when I am not here, or at least the little one does, I don't know, and he just pulls stuff from everywhere, it's kind of hard to bear ... but anyway ... Tino does not poop in the apartment anymore, and Jacqui seems to start to make his peace with Tino and learns to understand when I direct my words to him, Jacqui, and when the little guy. So again, I settled down at the kitchen table for some tea and my remaining sardine-caper-mush with bread, and I started reading the new book I had taken – **it tells about a swarm of Finches**, right at the beginning!



Roly Barnes kennenlernt. Roly besitzt in einem heruntergekommenen Viertel von Manchester einen Garten, in dem er Hunderte von exotischen Finken hält. Doch Roly wird von der Polizei beobachtet. Inspektor Parker hält ihn für den Hauptverdächtigen.

„... where he keeps hundreds of exotic Finches.“

Isende Kälte hatten sie ... war unbewohnt, einzige Ausnahme war dieses Haus ... seiner selbstgebastelten Voliere. Als er sich ihm näherte, schossen Finken wie Schwärme tropischer Fische in die Bäume. Einige flatterten ins Haus; andere fanden Löcher im Maschendraht und flogen hinaus, aber nur, um gleich zurückzukehren. Die Voliere mochte zwar jec ... entbehre



„As he approached, Finches shot like swarms of tropical fish towards the trees.“

A swarm of Finches. Like the ones that visited my balcony yesterday. What are the odds?

There are no such odds.

Something else happened: I went for a morning walk with Jacqui and Tino into the forest. It was quiet, nobody there, so I let them run along the snowy path, with Tino pulling his leash after him and always following Jacqui. I call Jacqui back, and Tino is always right with him. And we took a turn that I had not intended at first, but because I didn't see any other people, I took the right turn which ends in a narrow passage between new trees, and I only go there if there is nobody else, because of the dense thicket of new trees there.

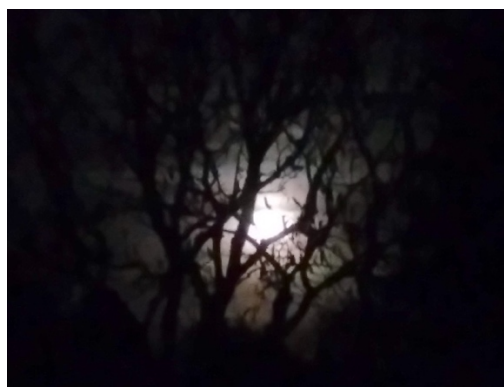
And just as we walked there, an enormously *loud and dangerous noise* sounded behind us, and ***a tree top broke off just where we had just passed through and fell, breaking its path between other trees and smashed to the ground right next to the path!*** It was a huge piece of tree that had broken under the weight of the snow and cracked off and fallen down. So we all three stood breathless in the quiet forest looking at the mist of snow at the spot where the tree top was now lying still.

Yes, we all will fall over and lie still one day, when our body-machine will stop working and our spirit will be freed.

It's New Moon in Aquarius today. Supposedly a great chance for renewal. I will take that opportunity. I had a lovely sweet ***dream*** of Walter tonight, I broke into his huge property and apartment in Norway with some old (real life) friends of mine from back in the day when I was in my later teens ... and he caught us, but we hugged and snuggled and even kissed.

There was another part to that dream, about a family where I visited, I think, somehow there was the ocean on the wrong side of ***Norway***, and I was about to take a long *bicycle ride* with a married man whose wife didn't like him, and I think her sister neither, and there were traveling somewhere and not home, there, where I was visiting. But he talked to her on the phone and told her that he was going for a swim in the cold water with me because that would be so healthy. It was some kind of gloomy place, in Norway, I knew in my dream, and I don't remember what I actually did there.

There was another aspect of the dream that just flashed back into my mind while I was writing down the above, but it's gone already. It was something really important and had to do with some daring action but also with ambition and success ... as horribly abstract as that sounds. I was in a very intense relationship with someone and was moving forward in a risky but successful way ...



This image is from November 9, I can't remember where I took it. But it's kind of nice, right?

I have been thinking how much I actually despise of my father, yes, my compassion is gone, for keeping me away from that place where I grew up and where he lives alone. He wants to gift this to a stranger only to be more cruel than ever to me. But I wrote everything down and sent it to the judge who is dealing with his case. At least, whatever happens, it is official. I did it on my own

account, not via lawyer. As I realized today and also yesterday, that this emotional cruelty that my father has always displayed towards me, cannot remain unanswered. He will be called on this. I don't let him get away with what he did to my brother and mother and Edith and me. He is a very sick person, and I hope that the court will decide accordingly. I will not allow him to give away what is rightfully mine. He should give me a place to live. He lives alone in two houses on a big property! Never will his „caretaker“ move his fat ass into that property, I swear. There is an obligation in me, in my spirit, to not be a washout in that regard. My father is crazy and sick, and it is not right if he would be able to make decisions that affect me negatively. He has all reasons to be totally nice to me and even gift me with everything he could possibly think of. Instead, he is the bitter egotistical maniac he always was except even more bitter because of aging. He sees himself as the victim of his late wife's suffering, like he said on several occasion that „she did that to him“. No mentioning of he suffering she had to endure for so long. I don't see him as „my father“ at all anymore. He may deserve compassion, because surely he has a very low self-esteem, and that is not his fault. But still ... he has no right to ruin other people's lives. Or hurt people badly just out of his own sick mind. This must stop.

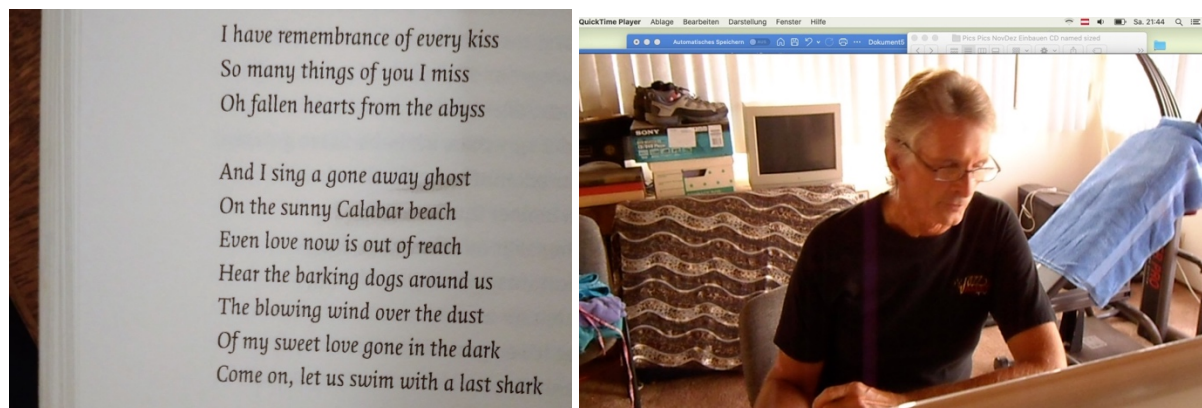
I want to own the place where I grew up. That is due to me.

(Later)

And I thought this was a suiting ending to this chapter, but no: Just now, as I am putting images into this c. d. chapter, *Jacqui and little Tino resting quietly*, digesting the meat sticks they devoured instead of chewing them carefully ... the next image in the folder was another of the „***Ghost Song***“ from the book I read in December, „*Anomalie*“. I knew that I had used that image already, so I wondered why it was not in the used-folder.

So I opened it – and just then, ***little Chihuahua-warrior Tino broke out in a full bark***, in his high and loud puppy voice, as someone was walking down the stairs in the house. He is really fierce ... got Jacqui to jump up and look, too. And just then, I had opened that song text image, and as I had calmed down Tino and looked at the images, I read:

„Hear the barking dogs around us“ ...



Oh swimming with the sharks ... it happened to me several times on Maui ... oh Maui oh my life with Bob ... I am actually breaking out in tears right now.

(Later)

Dealing with the images I again came across the ***video of Bob speaking from 2012*** (see the screenshot of the first frame above!) ... actually two files. Short ones. Scares the crap out of me to even thing of opening it. I made a screenshot, dreading it would start playing.

So often I think about how many people right at this moment don't even know how to handle the grief they are experiencing about the sudden death of their loved ones ... accidents, murder, cancer ... mortal human life is actually coined by the pain of loss, of the loss of fellow mortals to death, to passing over, to transitioning ...

„I might transition tonight“, Bob said one day to Joyce, she told me. So I really would like to know how aware he actually was that he was in his dying process. How much of his wonderful brain was still intact enough to feed his mortal consciousness all those insights. And when Joyce said to him that the must get much better fast or I would come and kick his ass, and he smiled ... why did he smile? Had he been „over there“ in those days where he was so desperately sick and in and out of consciousness and „seen“ what it all was about ... and what I was about to experience after his passing? It is very strange how the pain of it all has not subsided in me. In spite of all the work on this contact diary and all the insights. I still miss Bob the mortal, and his loss is killing me. Like everyone in such moments I seem to forget that I will join him for sure one day. It's not like the dead left us behind for good. What happened to him ... how I saw him in his dying phase but suddenly recovering, which would have continued had I stayed or come back right away ... what he did to himself, actually, likely due to an already „broken“ brain ... and I truly want to believe that all of this was necessary so that you – yes, you, the reader – will one day be at this point of reading this contact diary and realize that you are part of the project „The Bridge“ too, and that it's also up to you to continue this inter-realm communications as Bob and I helped you understand.

*I may be long dead by the time you are reading this, too. And maybe, if you connect with me the way I described it in previous chapters, I will answer you. **You know what you have to do.***

Oh what a thought: I may be dead. And with Bob and my brother and who knows who else ...

I don't know what this would do to me, listening to those recordings of Bob. I see housie in the background, all the familiar stuff ... it feels like suffocating me. I had just cut Bob's hair. He has a typical Dani-haircut. Oh he loved for me to cut his hair. Wow, my life on Maui was so „me“, I feel it right now, in the pit of my stomach, what I lost. I see Bob, I know it all ... it's like right here. I am still there. But I am not. Horrible things happened to this man. Heaven knows what he is doing right now. I found many other images I didn't even know I had of housie and Bob in it, of me, on Maui ... oh my.

I hope there is really more to this life ... actually just quoting a song I heard the other day at the store when I was shopping with mom. I really fucking hope it is all true ... you know, all the disca stuff and such.

(Geez, I can almost hear a choir of eye-rolling disca sighing and breaking out in sounds of frustration over my previous sentence. Well, suck it up, folks, I am still a mortal.)

January 23, 2023 – **The Time Synchronicity**

So this chapter starts with something that dates back to September last year. I had just started today to re-read the chapter 9 to finalize it after I had finally put in most of the imagery. And so ... it happened. I enter here the screenshots of the entry I did today ...

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17

September 5, 2022 - TIME SYNCHRONICITY!

Took a walk with Jacqui in the Aich forest ... and had an intense talk with several disca ... This sounds strange to me even when I see it written out. It works this way: I find myself „seeing“ someone in front of my inner eye, and somehow certain thoughts and ideas appear too, and I react to it. Ask questions ... say stuff, complain, curse ...

I saw a bear claw mushroom ... used to eat those, but my stomach is a bit flimsy these days ... I came by that bench with the two-part stone in the background, and there were the **two pillows** still, so inviting, as if Bob and I were sitting there like we did during our last walk on Pukalani grounds and sat down to look towards Kahului and talked about how we would one day go to an event at the Major Hannibal Tavares Community Center behind us ... We never did, not in all those years. Lots of things we never did. Not getting over this. Not getting over the loss of Bob and Maui. There is no „getting over“. There is only a „making sense of the mortal time left until this pain is over“.



So today I entered such an intense state of feeling „surrounded“ that I sat down on the bench close to the stone and imagined or – I don't know – „saw“ **several people** on the bench in front of me: My brother Peter, Sigi, Bob and my uncle Karli and Edith. It was so intense, that I asked them to put something into my hand: Bob „gave“ me a **blue dolphin** or something similar, Sigi „gave“ me a **long white thing, like a white cable or a string** (without a plug), Peter „gave“ me a „**lemon**“, and Edith „gave“ me a **strawberry** and my uncle Karli something like a **key**.



Later, at my mom's place ... a strange display of a cloud above the mountain Gerlitzten.

Time Synchronicity!
Oh wow!

*(Note: I am right now reading through this chapter, started this morning, after having put most of the remaining images in. Last night, January 22, 2023, I googled celebrity stuff, just because I want to know what will be next from Prince Harry of England, who has just published his book „Spare“, and the world is at the same time disgusted by him and worried about him and his nuts behavior ... and for some reason I also ended up with some headline about the **Kardashians** ... and I clicked on it, because it said that the first images of **Kylie's** little son **Aire** had been published. **And the first image I saw was little „Aire“ with an outfit full with blue little dolphins**. I thought that they looked like a mix of whales and sharks ... but my first impressions were dolphins ...*

*I was startled yesterday, literally, as I saw the dolphins, and I literally asked myself, „Am I supposed to recognize them? Should I take a screenshot?“ I did not. But today I know why the **blue dolphins** startled me: I was about to meet them in my own writing, when Bob gave them to me on that bench back in September!)*

Other than that:

I have today done some amazing business-step: I contacted a company regarding my project CineDip. It happened on a whim. I was not afraid. I am in the mood of “WTF”, because I am getting older fast. So there. I want to sell the idea, maybe, and move forward with the money.
(Note: More than a month later, no response, at all.)

January 24, 2023 – The Pearl, the Dragon & the Moon

Snow. A lot. Felt good to not drive anywhere. I feel guilty, haven't seen my mom in two days, but she said she feels fine, has food and all. She doesn't want to go out anyway. And I am close to not trying to motivate her anymore. I feel so worn out. I don't know what to do with myself. Made myself open then chapter 9 of this c. d. to continue the final read, and **I ended up on September 15 – which actually was the day of the biggest clues. The pearl. The dragon. The moon.** All making sense ... so I just quote this here in part ... as I think it is supposed to cheer me up. I can almost hear Bob today, so clearly, as if he was right here, or if I was right back on Maui ... but I am not. And Bob is gone.

September 15, 2022 – The Crying Dream, 250 BS and HUI 1 and the Pearls & the Moon

The last warm day of the year, they said, with over 20 degrees Celsius. Went for a swim in lake Wörthersee in the rain, with mom and Jacqui watching. I flashed back to Maui so hard again ...

*Right after a **dream of crying and crying and more crying over losing Bob**: A woman by the name of „Brienne“ or „Brionne“ had written me a text message „Oh I am so so sorry“ as a condolence of Bob's passing, like she had only now learned about it. And there was a **photograph of Bob** in some kind of elevated commune, **like in a tree house**, like one of the treehouses of the fucking project „Taylor Camp“ that killed him ... He was somehow on the righthand edge of the scenario, like hovering on an actual long branch ... it*

was very colorful, looked like a poster or a puzzle, and **Bob was in it filming something or someone**, looking very stern and serious. Just an image of him. I saw it and gazed at him and cried and cried ... the poster was an almost kitsch-type bright colored photograph with many many details, like one of the paintings of those famous Hawaiian painters Robert Wyland and John Clark here:



And I was wondering who had taken the picture and where it actually was that I was looking at it. It was like on a wall, but I could not reach that wall, I was separated from it by some invisible barrier or a gulch or something. And I stared at Bob in the picture and knew that this depicted a time in his life when he worked without me, **where I was far**, where he had excluded me from his life and doings ... like he had really done. We were at times so far away from each other even though living together. He would not share. He was just so ... weird.

So when that „Brionne“ woman text-massaged her condolences – I really don't know what I had to do with her, never really saw her, only kind of knew her name and that she was a **pudgy blonde in her early fifties** – I had no idea what to do with it. It just broke down something inside of me and I cried and cried.

I saw a car with the license plate number „**HUI 1**“ – like also yesterday – right after I was seriously stunned by what I saw on the Eurospar store parking lot. We only ended up there because I had thought that my mom had forgotten to get mineral water, and the path to a newspaper store where we wanted to go was blocked, so I took an entirely unintended route. And after leaving the store, I saw the license plate number of the car parked right behind me: „**250 BS**“.



250 BS.

And that's „**Bob Stone**“ and the first numbers of his phone number, **250-8030**, that follows me around daily. And then, a little later, as I drove mom home, „**HUI 1**“ again. Like „we can get together by phone“ ... no, that's what we did exactly four years ago, textmessaging all the time, not phoning, I don't know why ... only when he was actively dying we talked, when he had aphasia and could barely express himself.

It's raining. I want to cry. But I cannot. I feel such pain over not being with Bob. Literal pain. And nobody to share this with.

(Later) **THE PEARL! And THE DRAGON! And THE MOON!**

Sitting down with a chocolate pudding, I just surfed the web and came across a **headline**, saying that it is **no coincidence that the Royals in England are wearing – pearls**. It took me a while, until I saw the image of Camilla with the pearls around her neck, that I realized that Bob had „given“ me a „**pearl**“ on just a few days ago.



Königin Camilla trägt Perlen als Zeichen der Trauer. (Bild: AP/Photo by HENRY NICHOLLS/AMF)



Adrienne Bresnahan / Getty Images

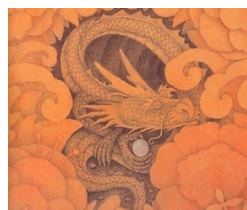
Pearls are unique among gemstones in that they are formed inside mollusks, rather than deep within the earth like most crystals. Pearls are connected to the energy of the moon, as well as innocence and integrity. There are many lessons we can learn from pearls, and, in many ways, their teachings and energies can be applied in tandem with feng shui.

(„Pearls are connected to the energy of the moon ...“ no less.)

Of times in their lives. They can also help to create a clear, receptive channel for spiritual insights. In Europe, pearls were thought to encourage modesty and chastity. In feng shui, there is also the connection between the dragon holding a pearl, which is also called a wish-fulfilling jewel.

The creation of pearls offers a beautiful metaphor. Each pearl started out as an irritant that became something beautiful and precious over time. We can apply this teaching by considering how things that may be bothering us could be turned into something meaningful.

(...) A dragon (me) holding a pearl has to do with wish-fulfilling ... oh great.



(...)

„In China it is believed that pearls are droplets that fall like rain from the moon into the sea, where they are often swallowed by oysters.

So it follows that the pearl which dragons long for most of all is the moon itself.“



they see as thieves. In China it is believed that pearls are droplets that fall like rain from the moon into the sea, where they are often swallowed by oysters. So it follows that the pearl which dragons long for most of all is the moon itself. Many have been known to go mad with infatuation and try

And it says in the dragon story: „... the pearl which the dragons long for most of all is the moon itself.“

„This love has been fixed in the stars with the constellation of the dragon forever chasing the moon across the sky.“

(Remember:)

***You're the sun, and I'm the moon,
You're the words and I'm the tune – Play Me!***



There is this close connection between us and always was ... no matter where or who we are. **I the dragon long for Bob the Moon** ... and he is aware of it and is with me proven through the pearl image. Which signifies the moon.

(...)

(**Note:** Putting images into this c. d. today, October 6, I realized that on September 8, the death of Queen E, I found the strange interwoven **pearls** thingie ...)



Interesting also the **logo** I created for my film production company to be ... **Lunawai Films**. And „Luna“ means „moon“ and „wai“ – „water“.

(Later) And just now I realized something else!

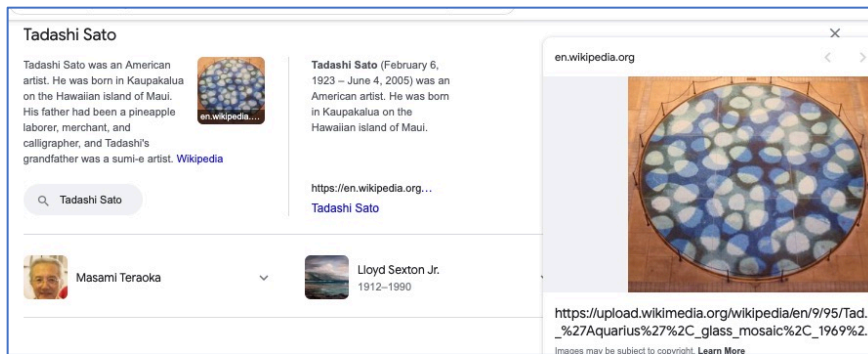
I have seen the „pearl“ equals the „moon“ just recently – in connection with me being „**Bob's writer**“, like he always said ... right after getting back my typewriter and having bought new tapes for it: **The Google-logo of September 12!** The girl with the typewriter and the moon! And on the open book, that she has written, is – **a pearl!**



(End quote)

And – oh what a reminder of my Maui days.

I don't know for the life of me how this appeared online in my awareness – but suddenly I faced the name "**Tadashi Sato**", and yes, that was the Japanese artist whose wife gifted me with a wonderful necklace back on Maui on the day when we were filming an interview with Willie K about Pundy Yokouchi, that's when I met Willie K for the first time, and it was Emme Tomimbang who did a piece on Yokouchi who had just died. I must have been around 2005, but that is when Sato also died. So strange! All are dead, including Bob now. Except for Emme and me. I remember that painting of the reflecting ocean waves by Sato ... I don't remember, though, where I saw it, maybe at the MACC. Oh only writing this ... I can't believe Bob is gone.



January 25, 2023

I am so disappointed, that little Tino really viciously attacked Jacqui's underbelly when they were „playing“. Jacqui was so innocent and really screamed out, and I jumped up, and Tino tried to flee, but I caught him and pinned him to the ground. I'm not sure anymore what I would be able to do if he'd ever really hurt Jacqui. But I could feel from Jacqui's reaction that he was so shocked, because it was so mean by the little one. I believe it just came out of him, he couldn't help him, he is a hunter, but certainly more terrier than Chihuahua. (*Note: Turned out, he seems to be a Pinscher dog mix with Chi.*) I'm pretty much sure that I won't be able to give him the occupation and training that he'd need to be a balanced little dog. I must talk with the vet tomorrow, who said she'd know people who would take him.

So I ignored Tino and took Jacqui out for a short evening walk ...

I don't see a way right now that this could work out. What was I thinking? Jacqui has entirely different needs than the puppy who will reach adolescence soon ... I can't and won't do more stress to Jacqui. He has begun to jump on my sofa to sit with me to escape the pup.

There was an electricity blackout earlier, short, just maybe half an hour, but still it was strange. It is sometimes disheartening to me that my mom just wouldn't react – in terms of thinking of ME, when something happens. It would not occur to her to call me and ask if everything was alright. And no – it is not „the dementia“. My mom was always like this. If there was nothing to say about herself, she would not contact me.

I saw within just maybe an hour the car license plates „**250 BW**“ and „**250 AT**“ today, which is really rare, as there are not many „250“ ones at all, and the sightings did strike me as some kind of hint. „Phone number“ it said, so I must call someone.

It is strange how witnessing that attack on my sweet Jacqui changed my entire feeling for Tino. It is not his fault. He is so quiet now, I have barely looked at him since the incident, I just can't make myself ... but he does not insist, he does not even beg or run around. He did not go into his bed, Jacqui is alone in his room, and Tino is on the pillow on the floor next to the sofa, not moving, barely breathing.

I am curious how it will be tomorrow.

January 26, 2023

So I read more criminal stories ... or at least, I have been getting books, reading a bit and bringing some of them back unread ... but one of them, I did read, the „bird garden“, as mentioned on January 22, about the swarm of Finches.

Strangely, today, after finishing that book, I took an unusual path with Jacqui and Tino – and there was a tree beside the path, cut up in parts, overgrown with „**efeu**“, „Ivy“ vine.



So the weird part: The murderer in „**The bird garden**“ **cut his victims up into peaces and put them on structures in the trees where they got overgrown with – Ivy vines!** I thought about that right away when I came by that place! Uncanny! I have not ever seen cut up tree trunks overgrown with ivy vines, have you? But I chose a path that I very rarely go exactly at the time when I read about cut up bodyparts overgrown with ivy vines.

January 29, 2023

Amazing car license plate number when I drove back from dropping off mom yesterday, dammit, I can't remember, „**MU MAD 4**“ I think. It was strange. I used to call my mother „Mu“ short for „Mutti“, and of course I read what I sometimes think about her, that the way she behaves she might as well be mad in terms of „crazy“ ... See, and then a license plate like that comes at me, as if the folks in the beyond were saying to me „We know Dani, but it is good for (4) something!“ Far fetched? Not after four years of dealing with inter-realm communication!

This morning I sent an email to the vet who had said she probably would know people who would want a dog like Tino. And this evening I received a response that she did forward my info on to people and will do some more ... and there was a definite sting in my heart when I read that. Like I could never give him away anymore. But I was thinking that it was so difficult with him and that he wouldn't have the optimal life with us ... oh shit, I am very confused. I do want the best for him and Jacqui, but not sure what that is.

Especially since this morning, **Google chose of all things an image of a brown little wolf-type animal that is from its expression just like Tino ...**



January 31, 2023 – Golden butter?

Wow, January over already. I don't remember when, but I received some „**squishi square golden package**“ on my hand the other day when communicating with Bob ... and today, my butter came to my awareness ... Bob used to make fun of my love of butter and would say „Hey, Dani, would you like some bread with your butter?“



February 2, 2023 – Carinthian Zombie

Out of the blue an idea for a screenplay befell me, a film, that I could do as an artist project in Carinthia, with the title „Carinthian Zombie!“ And it play right into all that this contact diary stands for! And it's a comedy! And it goes like this (quick-translated from the German brief first synopsis:

„A young man, Ronnie, meets his old love, Tina - who has to hide from him under a full veil because she is a zombie and doesn't want to be seen in her catastrophic state. Tina needs Ronnie's help to help her soul untie the ties to her body so she can finally get rid of that broken body. She already has a new one in prospect and is to be reborn in a very rich family in Germany.

In order to finally be able to really go "into the afterlife", the silver thread that connects the soul with the body has to be severed. The problem for Tina is that once, during a very intense spiritual phase, she mistakenly created such a strong idea of an indestructible thread (because she hadn't properly listened to the meditation teacher because of her carnal lust for him) that Tina's very own imaginary „silver thread“ is now truly indestructible. So she can't detach from the mortal realm! She describes her experiences including her death, which she then had to fake once she realized what was going on.

Ronnie must now trump that notion with an even stronger image using telepathy. And to do that, he needs a real silver thread, and tied to it, Tina's zombie body has to fly through the air, and Ronnie has to cut it off in flight!

So: Where do you get such a silver thread from, how do you manage to fly, including the ultimate cut? Will it succeed – especially when it has to be kept secret that zombies really exist!?

Ronnie recruits his grandmother and her girlfriend as well as his husband Gert as helpers. And chaos breaks out in everyone's life.

And Tina? She feels like E.T.“

Geez, I have no idea where this came from!?! It really feels so much like „me“ as the filmmaker I am, and **it ties intensely into the topics I was dealing in my never-published book „We Creators of the World“** ... but ... how to manifest this? It's so hard to even ponder ...

Sometimes my mom's refusal to take walks or play the memory-enhancing games enrages me, seriously ... so today I went for a walk with J and T alone ...

I found this image of an old movie somewhere online, of the „parted seas“, and it somehow fascinates me. It's a depiction of something impossible. Maby that's why it attracts me?



February 4, 2023 – Dante!

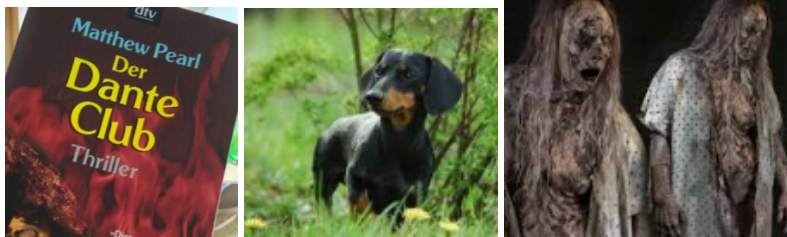
Oh wow.

Took Jacqui and Tino on a spontaneous walk to Rosegg, after dropping off mom who has a sore foot because of her untreated Hallux (she kept refusing to acknowledge the problem vehemently for a year now) ... and of course I lost it over Tino eating horseshit and running right into the deepest mud puddle ...

And then a couple with a *brown Dackel dog* came towards us as we approached the car in very heavy wind ... and I was a bit pissed off because the people just stopped walking and waited for us to come ... but then we had actually a nice chat. Except that little shit Tino behaved towards the dog like a total maniac! And that on top of everything! He behaves like an entirely fucked up aggressiv fuck! I can't stand this! I get so pissed off at him! I hate him when he does th crazy snarling and barking! I don't want him! I read up on this, maybe he does have a behavioral problem. But if this won't change, it will be the end of our relationship. I will not raise a crazy dog who endangers other dogs. No. Not me. I intend to find a dog school for him where it can be seen whether or not his brain is fucked up or if his behavior is somethint that could be healed.

So when I heard that *Wiener dog's name*, I was stunned: It was „**Dante**“. And that's special because I have asked Bob for a definite sign yesterday, in **my** deep longing phase, and I had picked up a few more criminal stories at a phone booth library, and one of them has the title „**The Dante Club**“.

What are the odds? None.



Also, I did work a bit on „*Carinthian Zombie*“, and whilst it is so much easier for me to write it in screenplay form, I should probably write a novel instead of a script first.

Will see.

I have had such a horrible bout of longing for Maui and being with Bob ... that it even prompts me to continue working on finalizing the chapter 9 of this contact diary. Editing for typos and adjusting the imagery. And filling in the remaining pics. And then I'll write a good accompanying letter and send the USB-drives off to certain people and institutions for them to study my experience of after-death-communications. There should be people really interested.

Just earlier an old school mate of mine, Silvia S., rang the house bell of my apartment to tell me about a beginner's course of *line dancing* that starts next week. Oh wow. I really should do that.

Okay, *full moon in Leo tomorrow*, and already for today is a warning out there to not get into relationship discussions, and also to work on one's self-discipline and not „lose it“. Will take it to heart. I feel like overboiling easily today.

February 5, 2023 – Lampions!

Oh my ... took a walk along an absolutely unusual path with mom, after – which I regret – I held a speech on the phone how I can't trust anything she says and how she doesn't follow up with what she says and invents things. (*Note: That said, everytime I am entirely open and outspoken to her, talking to her as if she was a mentally healthy person, her demented behavior seems to lessen! And I have decided to be honest and nothing but honest anymore. I must be able to be my real and true self, too, and not having to behave to pacify other people all the fucking time. Oh shit – it was like that with Bob so so so often! No wrong word, or he'd get angry or insulted or feel underappreciated. I ignored the fact that he was like that when I met him. It was not me who „made“ him like that.*)

So I drove to mom, only with Jacqui (I had to take a break from Tino who I thought I'll kill earlier after seeing him munch a whole big piece of horse dung while running away from me and looking at me!), helped her adjust her Hallux-foot-tool, then took her on a walk in her area. There was an amazing shape-display in the sky ... like **facial profiles in „Yin Yang“ mode.**



And not only did I see a very old seemingly abandoned interesting house, I also saw a garden full with lampions! I almost pulled my phone out, but I thought „why bother“ to take a picture. And now, as I opened the internet to edit the astrology newsletter, Google has as today's image – **LAMPIONS!**



Oh wow! What are the odds? I must go take a walk and photograph the lampions in that garden asap!

February 7, 2023

I am glad there is some snow still, hard on the surface because of the cold nights, so that Jacqui and Tino can have some nice time running around. This relaxes me, too.



Fun to watch the two guys play ... of course, it's just reaction from Jacqui's part, and Tino is still a puppy, but for him it's testing all kinds of stuff ... he is fast and fierce. Once an adult ... not sure how and if this could work with Jacqui.



February 8, 2023

Google has a weird logo today, some paradise theme ... odd.



February 10, 2023

So I had a full breakdown, luckily in my car, screaming and pounding the steering wheel and crying, after my mom had again refused to play Memory and berating me for trying to get her to play ... and when I said that it was for her sake, she got ever nastier. I don't think I can do this longer. I am at my limits. As soon as mom is better, she refuses everything that helps her keep her independence, like ... oh I don't even want to explain anymore.

So I cried and screamed, also with Bob about his fucking sick behavior for so many years ... how he never has appreciated me, how he was such a coward ... I was driving in the dark after a quite nice fish dinner mom had shared with me, meals on wheels, of course, which she wouldn't eat otherwise but stuff herself with chocolate ... but she immediately gets glued to the TV again ... and I suddenly couldn't help but thinking how many many many fucking many hours I have already spent doing things with her FOR HER not taking the time for my needs ... and I was so frustrated, I couldn't swallow it. Luckily I made a pretty quiet exit, and only freaked out when I was alone.

So I got home ... thinking that puppy Tino would probably have wreaked havoc in my home and Jacqui would be desperate ... but as I entered, both dogs were very quiet and nice and gentle, and nothing absolutely nothing was out of place. Nothing chewed on ... nothing.

It was as *if they had felt my agony from far away*. They sat down close to me, so quiet and gentle ... I am so in love with Jacqui and Tino, and the nicest thing is that they were nice to each other too!

I will talk to my mother tomorrow, will tell her my frustrations, and then we'll see.

My uncle is not well, ehe is past his mid-eighties, and he has a problem with his heart and his lungs ... so well. I don't want even to think about what would happen if he ... with my mom ... oh geez. Fuck. I almost feel like screaming and crying again.

February 11, 2023

And quickly everything is better. Mom called this morning, sounding entirely normal (I did give her a new Bachflower mix, 1, 7, 13, 37) and asked that she have a day alone as she enjoys

being by herself. Fine with me. Jacqui I met up with *Martina and her dog Benny and took a nice long walk at Rosegg and along river Drau*. I left Tino at home, he must learn to be alone for a little while ... and I think he did not mind. Only a cardboard box and a basket were chewed on a bit, other than that, all fine, I think he simply slept. Maybe he even enjoys being alone at times. I have noticed that he also goes into his little bed on his own account to withdraw from it all. I took a short walk with him alone on the leash along the street, as he is very intent on chasing cars, and I was surprised how nice and calm and attentive he was!



It was nice with Martina, she looks just like when we were 15 years old with her new hairdo, similar like she had back then ... and her dog Benny found a huge bone in the forest, maybe calf or pig ... a big spooky.

Martina also gave me a sweet gift of a **door mat** with Jacqui's name on it, saying „Welcome to Jacqui's! And Dani lives here too.“ So nice! And she has even talked to people about apartments for me! Wow! I appreciate the girls, really!



(Tino in the car)

February 12, 2023, Sunday

Strange **dream** of Bob. So realistic. I woke up because the dogs were moving and needed out (before 8 a.m. on a Sunday, grr!), and I was so disappointed and wanted to dream on!

It was in *village* like Klein St. Veit where my mother is from and where I spent a lot of time in my childhood, close to the real-life church grounds, but it didn't look like I remember it. There was a big meadow, right below the hill covered with fields on which top my real life uncle Karli had built his home. And there were preparations for a **sports competition**, a mix of Golf – and something else, but right now I can't remember what it was, maybe something athletic like running or playing ball. *I walked there, like a passer-by* but also I met up with a young woman, very young barely twenty, who was busy *building the site for the competition*. It was sunny, and the colors were a *bright turquoise and orange or light brown* ... somehow, those colors were in the walls and banners and structures, the grass was green and short, but there were also sandy stretches like on a beach, and there was a large and kind of flat pit of sorts, like for „Weitspringen“, „long jumping“, that had to do with the competition. (**Note:** Look what pic I found spontaneousl, today, April 11, that I am editing this part.)



(Strange, that I found a pic on Google – of a long jumping pit, with the Teal color ...)

I knew in my dream that Bob lived there were my uncle had built his real-life house ... and I said to myself, and maybe also to Bob in my dream, **„So that's were you are around!“** And I was disappointed that he seemed to have a good life and fun and was all busy and happy while I was in agony over his loss and in a misery in my life. *And he didn't care! He was strangely aloof. And I felt strange because I seemed to expect a different attitude, but why?*

In my dream there was a dilemma between being so happy to be with him and being sad because he didn't even ask me how I was.

Later, after another bitter exchange with my mom over her wish to stay indoors and just be her indifferent, borderline nasty and ignorant self ... I realized that it was like this in real life. *Bob always found himself something he got involved or enjoyed, and I was excluded.* He never cared about me really. I tried hard to get him to do something together, even going to the beach was a big deal in the first months. I got to say that when I met Bob I lived a few metres from the beach on the other side of the island ... with Bob I lived upcountry. For the most part, it was me trying to be close to him and help and support him. None of this was ever enough for him. He was a person who did not trust or appreciate himself, so he could not see love in others.

Fuck it all.

So. In my dream I looked at everything from close, and the word **„Golf“** I could read somewhere, and *I was jealous that the young woman, who was so cheerful like Bob, got to be and work and play with him ... and I was just a visitor.* But my feeling of joy that I got to meet him was overpowering anything negative ... *(Note: Recently I had to think over and over about Bob's habit to say „I'm fine either way“ when given a choice, also in terms of „Should I come back from Austria to live with him on Maui“, or he would say „Whatever you choose, Dani.“)*

So in my dream: I was hoping to parttake in the competition or be able to help ... but then I woke up.

I went out with the dogs, then got back in and back to bed for two hours! The dogs were so nice, also slept, so patiently.

Little Tino later drove me nuts with his eating of everything off the ground ... it is really dangerous because of poison And I thought I might kill him out there, upset about the talk with my mom. I am right now about to go visit her to take her for a walk, bring some food, and then we shall talk openly.

I am at the end with my patience and willingness to rescue her. If she is not able to do her part, I will not invest myself anymore like I did for years now. I cannot.

The pain my right abdomen is so strong today, it's like a tumor is growing and reminding me that „there is something“ that could cut my life short. Do I want that? Not really, as my kuleana is not fulfilled.

My dream left me kind of sad and frustrated, also because **Bob never directly addressed me, I was with him but also it was like he did not see me ...** and that's why I think that in a way, I was really „there“. But because I am not dead, obviously I am not „really“ really there ... there will always be the veil, the barrier. But did I get a glimpse into his „life“, and my subconscious interpreted it the way it did so I got those dream images? Likely.

I had another **dream** last night, about the Austrian musician *Rainhard Fendrich*, who lived in an exotic country, and I met him there by accident, as I was a tourist? And he helped me with

something, I think I had no money and was stranded, ... and we were close to a big tourist attraction church (*Note: I am adding details now, two months later, still remember the setting.*) where he was sitting next to the long, tall wall around the church grounds ... like he had been stranded there, like he was living there, outdoors ... and somehow he noticed me, but in another aspect I was sent to him as he would be the one to help me ... and he **brought** me to a place that was between some historic site and a cemetery, with high walls and a view ... So that is weird, right? Because I also met him there, next to that church, the same place ... and somehow, there, **to show him my gratitude (!) I managed to present to him some low-altitude flying** I was able to do, I flew through my own willpower, showing my skills to him and other people there, including children.



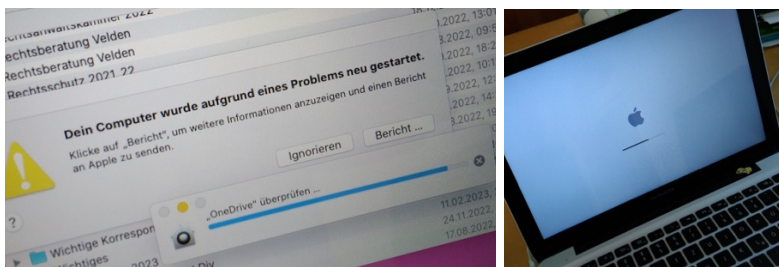
And all were only mildly impressed, and I thought something like, „Wow, here I am flying, and that is all they have as of reaction, just glancing at me ... in disbelief, alright, but still, no comment?“

And I think that's when I woke up. It was sunny and hot and a nice place, and I don't know what I did there. Weird, too.

February 13, 2023 – The Laptop Mystery

Stood next to my sleeping laptop, looking out of the window after a longer break. Wasn't even near my laptop. A window appeared, telling me that my laptop needs to be shut down due to a problem.

WTF? And the laptop did it „on its own“ – my new one! – restarted itself, ... was restarted because of a problem“! Like what? There was no „problem“. I had put it on sleep just minutes earlier after working normally. No crash. No working. Out of the sleeping mode it was restarted. **NOT BY ME.**



February 14, 2023 – Saved by Jacqui

Mom *wanted* to go for a walk at Rosegg today. But I made the mistake and took her along a street – to make sure she could walk okay, with Tino and Jacqui both on the leash. It was a disaster. Tino's pulling needs to be dealt with in quiet and not in the distress I was in today. Won't share details. It was not pretty. I never pulled Jacqui like this, he was and is a different kind of dog. But Tino is intent on eating every shit all the time, Jacqui never was. My mom with her helpless ways next to me ... it was horrible. I was entirely sure I would kill Tino. Like when he runs ahead, eats something quickly and then looks at me, knowing I can't catch him.

Back home, I got a reminder that I am only mortal. I thought it was a heart attack. I won't describe details ... rather forget it.

And Jacqui came from the other room where he had been resting, sensing that something was off, while I was crouching in the big chair, uncertain what to do with **my chest pain, barely able**

to move or breathe. I tried to move, cautiously, tried different positions, the big fat pain in my left side chest would not subside. I have been coughing in the last days, though, so I thought it may be the lungs.

So Jacqui came, and first sat down next to me, but because I was so weird, he lay down in a certain way, looking up to me. So I thought if I die now, I at least want to be with Jacqui on the floor. So I managed to slide down the chair, struggling to not pass out, as I had already to yawn due to a lack of oxygen, and I did get to sit next to him with my legs stretched out, my face at his, and I literally held on to him while he ever again moved a bit when I was grasping him too hard. I crouched down like a potato sack ... staring at Jacqui, yawning for lack of oxygen ... and looking at him from close, I calmed down. And the pain subsided. After a little while I tried to move, and I could. It took me a while to make it to the kitchen, where I took Hawthorne, and it was better.

Whatever the fuck this was ... it was dangerous.

Reminds me of my laptop that crashed right next to me ... actually right there, where my own „crashing“ happened today!

Wow.

What a message.

I know that the constant adrenaline and stress and fear and shit make me sick. I got a lesson today. And now? Jacqui saved me. But – now? (Just took a deep breath – felt a sharp pinch in my left side again.) Tino lost a milk tooth.



February 15, 2023

Went to Villach for shopping, brought newspapers and food to my mom, told her about my breakdown. She seemed worried for a moment. I felt really weak today and sick. (**Note:** *It wouldn't occur to my mother to call me, later, like in the evening, to ask me how I was doing. Nope. She forgets.*)

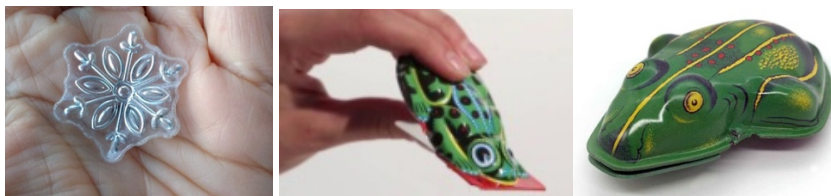
February 16, 2023 – The Frog & the Fog

Oh my brother Peter!

I had an intense moment of feeling my brother Peter close, two days ago. I put my hand out for a message, but I was a bit fuzzy, not feeling well. So I received a „**click frog**“, a green-golden one, of the kind we had as kids, the ones that you press down on, and they jump due to some mechanism.

So I said „Wirklich, ein Hüpfrosch?“ It was strange.

Yesterday, I found a nice **snow-flake „star“** on the street right where I live. I touched it, and it „behaved“ like a click-frog, somehow the feeling was like it as the material is kind of stiff and clicked out of form when I pressed on it. Immediately I thought of the click-frog. And I asked my brother „Is this a note to be patient, that it will come? Is this the click thing? Was it about the feeling, not a frog itself?“





This morning – very disappointed that my mother did not have it in her to call my yesterday in the afternoon or last night to see how I was and after taking a lot of Hawthorne and Ribwort platan, which begins to clear up mucus in my lungs – I decided to *check quickly an online newspaper* before vacuum cleaning. And I kid you not: ***The first thing I saw was – a frog! A FROG!***

There are no articles about frogs ever at all – but today, about people eating frog's thighs – and ***my brother Peter had „given“ me a frog as an evidential message!*** I need not say more, I think. It does give me a strangely numb feeling, because the communication is so obvious. I must prioritize sending this c. d. off on the USB, in case ... yes, that is an urge right now.

I do feel strangely weak, and I get dizzy at times. In bed I kind of know that I must not lie down on my right side in a certain way, as I might get vertigo again ... and my heart feels strangely fragile.

Hi there, Peter, my brother! Mahalo for getting in touch!

I took Jacqui for a walk up the fields ... and there was a „rain stripe“ right next to the „volcano“ over a long stretch of fog. It looked so very mysterious.



I also am reading another criminal story, „*The White Lioness*“ by Henrik Mankell about the weird criminalist Kurt Wallander, and there a story line about an African man, Victor Mabasha, who is from South Africa and ***keeps talking about the spirits of the ancestors and that they are alive an right here all the time. And that they even live „inside of us“.***

A strange kind of storyline in a simple criminal story.

Anyway. Ideal for me.

February 17, 2023 – Star found

My 59th birthday.

First car I saw had „910 DL“ to offer, the next „250 EY“! And then „321 FL“, which was interesting because I have „320 FL“. (***Note: A few hours later, I saw „321 FL“ again – and my first thought was: „Next step, Dani!“***)

Mom took me to a restaurant where she used to work for dinner. Nice of her. No words spoken unless I ask her questions. She is so much nicer to me on the phone than when she sees me.

I found a **big „golden“ star** next to the trash container. Yes, I am Kaleilauhoku, „Chain of many stars“.



„Hoku“ or „star“ in Hawaiian is synonymous for „ancestor“, too. So that old Hawaiian man Papa Kepelino once told me that this name that appeared to me in a vision in one of my first weeks on Maui, can also mean that a whole **„circle of ancestors“** are there to guide me. That kind of „guidance“ or interest in me only makes sense now that I „know of the project „The Bridge“.

An old friend from Vienna, Monika with dog Shiva emailed me for my birthday, Martina texted me, CH called, and Eric sent a brief text, just „nice evening, dear“ with a question mark.

So I know who my friends are. I have decided to be way more social and creative in this coming year. Tino stays with J and me, unless I get gravely sick. My heart gives me some grief at times, I feel pain in it ...

Tino stayed home alone for 2,5 hours – nothing destroyed, no pee, no poop, such a good boy. I think he simply slept. There is a small stool next to the clothes stand, and he likes to lie on it. Alright. It's his guard spot. I took Jacqui with me to the restaurant, mom was not pleased that I chose the rib-eye pepper steak for 22 bucks, but hey, she would never even have the idea to even buy me a chocolate or a bonboniere, not even on my birthday.



I photographed the round bowl with the sunflower, because it reminded me of something I had seen being „given into my hand“ by my brother Peter the other day, but it was some kind of *yellow-golden ball* with some kind of *ornamental decorative stripes* over it ... somewhat like a Christmas tree ball ... Somehow a mix of the images as given here and a decorated Easter egg ...





*(Note: Weirdly, as I was putting images into this chapter on February 19 and was just googling such decorated „balls“ or „sphere“, I heard a dog bark outside, as the window is slightly open. Right then I flashed back to the little dog Marshall in Griffen and how he was forced to be alone outside in the dark in the cold when he was just a puppy ... and my heart really jolted, and I felt the same despair like back then. What cruel people! Why did I not intervene more? I know why I didn't ... I thought I couldn't risk losing my apartment because it would have gone way beyond my powers to find another one and care for my mother who was in horrible shape back then ... and as I googled those spheres as „Christmas decoration“ – of all things, a **cocker spaniel** came up! Just look! Just now I remember that earlier today for some reason an image of the original Marshall appeared ... I don't remember where and what folder I had opened ... very strange.)*

Mom had a hard time to conceal the resentment she feels when looking at me. And when I was home, I suddenly had an idea why that was that she couldn't stand looking at me ... it was like a revelation. She had told me that when she had just given birth to me, at the hospital, and she had passed out after birth with exhaustion, they brought me to her for breast-feeding. But I was covered with dark hair and had Hepatitis, so I was a yellow monkey, and my mom was disgusted.

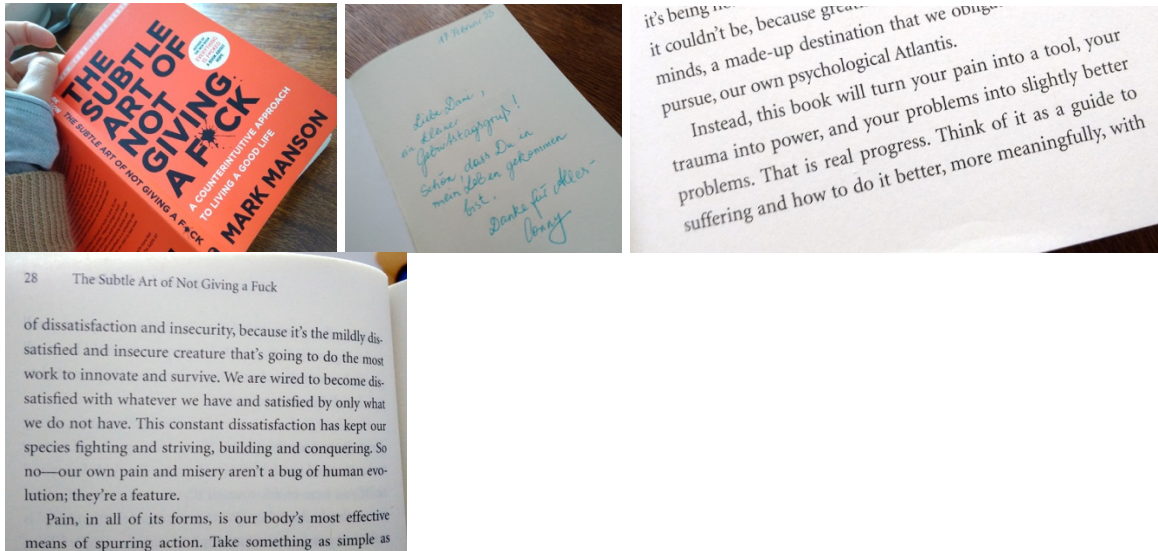
I think she still is.

On a walk with Tino and Jacqui I found a strange looking piece of thin bark ... and when I named the photos and wrote „**bark**“ and saw Tino sitting next to it ... it felt like a greeting from Bob because that's what Tino does, „bark“.



What a fucked up family life I have. Of course nothing from my father. But I will write a letter to him today, a very private one. Later.

I invited CH to share a Raspberry-Tiramisu with me that I had gotten for myself, after my mom decided she did not want desert and didn't even ask me if she should get some for me to take home. CH had texted me that she had a small gift for me, and so I thought I invite her. She gave me a lovely book about „**Not giving a fuck**“. *(Note: It's really a lovely read, amazingly smart ... Bob would have enjoyed it so much. So many truths ... and whilst du introduction seems to be tailor-made for me, the rest is definitely for CH herself.)*



My mom didn't give me a gift, not even a chocolate, but while pointing at my plate where the 22-bucks-steak had been she said that instead of a gift she had paid for this. Geez.

All feels kind of odd and somehow off today.

Martina's greeting was so lovely, and also Monika's letter with all the pictures and all.

So now ... I am going to finalize this c. d. and send it off to the people who I want to have it ... just in case my heart is not as strong as I want it to be.

February 18, 2023

A pretty leaf I found. And a few days ago I had some tiny cookies – and to my surprise there were animal pics imprinted on them: rabbit, butterfly, rooster ... And a „**250 BV**“ in Villach. Gets me every time, Bob's phonenumber, because it comes with his voice in my mind, as I have heard him say it so often, „**Two five oh, eight oh, three oh.**“ Gets me to tear up everytime too.



February 19, 2023 Sunday

I felt so horribly sick yesterday after a walk and talk with CH, that I had to lie down and could not even visit mom. Nausea, fever, coughing, feeling just weak. Tino spent an hour with my lovely neighbor, an elderly woman who asks me questions of the kind that make me think how in the world she can still drive her car ... and I took Jacqui for a walk, just him and me. That was lovely. Felt better. But I had to go to bed at about 8 p.m., I read and just had to rest.

This morning there was a sharp pain on the right side of my chest ... and I still feel fuzzy. Last night I felt inspired by the book that CH gave me to look at my situation openly and honestly, and yes, I got to change attitude and all.

Falling sick right after walking with CH who is just as unbearable as she was in her pills-haze that it made me virtually physically sick only hearing her babbling, told me clearly that I am not to invest my energies anymore in „bettering“ people's lives when they resist and (secretly) hold on to their ways and intentions. Same with my mother: Cognitively impaired (*not demented*, I start to think) or not – she keeps refusing to spend time outside, and I have managed to get her

to walk regularly, pretty much tricking her into spending time outside – with the effect of having to bear her angry, bitter and outright nasty attitude towards me and her hateful glances. I cannot have this anymore, and I won't.

The effect of me pretty much forcing her to walk and spend time in the fresh air is that she is pretty fit, and now, when I tell her that it is crucial she spends time in the fresh air and walks daily, and do memory games (which she has been refusing for a while, too) she is all pissed at me saying that given that she is in such good shape, I am only trying to make her miserable ...

I told her that I was not well, on the phone, but she doesn't have it in her anymore to inquire how I am later that day or even remember the next day that I was unwell. This focus on herself started decades ago, I remember well coming for a visit and she would not listen to a word I'd say – and that was in the Sigi-days! – and start talking about herself mid-sentence or simply stare at the TV. Back then, there was no way to intervene, as she would be brutal and abusive in her choice of words, and I was already exhausted emotionally and hurt a million times back then. THat said, looking back at my own reactions – I should have certainly intervened and called her to her behavior. But I was simply hurt and heartbroken so often. It did not occur to me that she may have had cognitive problems or dementia. She did not always drink alcohol. And she had so much trauma in her life, I know all that. Again, looking back – I regret to not have intervened many many years ago. Same for Bob. Similar situation. Weird, self-absorbed, forgetful, angry, abusive at times, confused, very exhausted all the time, overwhelmed, fearful ... early signs of mental problems for sure.

But like that author „Mark Manson“ says in his book, I am responsible for my own re-actions after experiencing something painful. Nobody can make it right for me, because what once was experienced, can't be made un-experienced.

So thank you CH, for this inspiring book. In her case, I expressed my frustration to her, and she asked what she should do. Now, that has been *the* topic for months on end, and just a few days ago I wrote her a pleading email with suggestions, knowing that she won't remember her own ideas. Yes, it is pretty clear that her mind, in some ways, it not functioning properly. She keeps telling me stuff that I actually told her as if someone else had said that. Or she forgets completely what she has told me. So yesterday, for the last time, I swear, I sent her a text-message with the essence of it all, and that was it. My life-time cannot be dedicated to fights against wind-mills again. Maybe my breakdown the other day, my pains and unwellnesses are meant to remind me that life is short, and that I **MUST** now focus on my own stuff fully.

Last night I had a **dream** of Prince Harry of all people, related to driving a hot motorbike and having to travelling up mountains and down to look for him. I found him, with his right leg in a cast ...

Took J and T for a walk to Wernberg, where I intended to walk down to the swimming lake – but the area was closed off! I was so disappointed, but I thought, well, let's do a nice walk across the snowy fields with the cross-country skiing track that's melting ... and I even let Tino run free, because when I call he comes back to me. Sure enough, as I reached a sunny spot under a hunter's lookout where I intended to rest, Tino came with a *huge bone!* (*Note: Should I consider, the broken leg of Prince Harry is related to this bone find?*) I found also parts of the carcass (maybe of a pig?) in the area, yes, out in the open, in the snow! ... so no relaxing. (*Note: On second thought, we have wolves in Carinthia now, so ...?*) We left ... of course Tino was all excited running around ...



... and looking back, I am such an idiot for getting angry at Tino for running and sniffing and getting bones from everywhere, *he must think I brought him there for that!* Oh fuck, humans are such idiots!

I called my mom thinking we'd do a nice Sunday walk and some memory game, about again, she was so negative about going outside, and the way she talked made me so frustrated ... that later, when the talk went on back home, I broke out in tears with frustration. I just can't handle her attitude of wanting to stay in the dark home all day every day and telling me to pretty much fuck off because she is so well anyway. But the only reason she is well is because I insisted on her walking and practicing her memory for years now. I can't go on like this. It's killing me. I blow up on my poor puppy who is the least to blame. I really have displayed anger at the dogs without them having done anything than being normal dogs – and good dogs at that.

I took J on a walk alone on our usual route, and this time Tino had meanwhile found stuff to tear to pieces ... of course he can feel lonely too, or be afraid, or want to help himself with his milk teeth that he is shedding now.

Jacqui gets distressed when I yell at Tino ... oh geez, I don't want to be like this. I keep thinking what a fucking bad luck having a father like this who lives alone in two houses on this huge property ... I could so use that home down there. It is due to me. But my father is a bitter, hateful, evil fuck, like he always was ... no matter how suffering and poor his soul really is.

I meant to write him a letter on this weekend, but somehow the day was not long enough, and yesterday I just felt so crappy.

I feel weak a lot and dizzy, and also it is way too warm for the season ... I hope that cold weather will come back to give us some more winter feeling.

I have palpitations and some panicky feeling a lot, I know that a burn-out is making itself known, and I can only avert it by changing my priorities.

In that sense ... this is the final sentence before closing this chapter and sending this first finished part of the c. d. off to people who should see it.

February 21, 2023

Took a short walk with mom without the dogs along lake Wörthersee, to the free access where I swim on the North shore ... and there was a guy just coming out of the 5 degrees Celsius water! Wow! It was sunny, and I admired that guy and was a bit envious. But thinking about how my heart has been acting up ... I guess I'll have to be cautious this spring when I go swimming for the first time.

Check out the **seeds** in the snow that I saw yesterday ... somehow magical ... each has its place in the big picture.



February 22, 2023 – *The Hand on my Face*

An **amazing encounter** happened today.

I was on my way to pick up my mother for shopping. She had told me on the phone that she had planned to take a walk on her own with her walking sticks at 1 a.m.! That was amazing, except that it was the day to drive to the bank and pay for her meals on wheels. So I had some time and decided to take a short walk with Jacqui alone, like we had always done before Tino

lived with us. The little fucker was home, as he had pissed me off to the max earlier, when he found a tiny little skull on the field and wouldn't drop it or obey me.

So along the road where J and I usually go is the dementia center and a senior residence for elderly people and old people with mental and other problems. I used to see a **very thin tall guy** – **a resident of the senior residence** – patrol the area, running around in totally soiled and torn clothes, a lot, drooling, babbling, in his slippers, even in winter. I had not seen him in a while. Today, on the way back, he suddenly came walking out of the residence's garden and directly towards me. I thought „Oh shit, I hope he isn't in such bad shape again“, because I have seen him with his snot all over his face and saliva running down his chin heavily. It's impossible to understand his speech, as he is babbling. People normally see him coming and try to evade his approach or simply hurry away. I gave him 50 cents once, which made him totally happy, but it has been a while. Today I saw him and thought again that he must have been kind of handsome back in the day ...

So he waited for Jacqui and me and then walked up to me and babbled. It was not even speaking, it was somehow a mix of sounds and words ... but somehow, this time, it felt like we were really talking. I understood him for some reason! I was totally surprised, myself.

„You have some cash,“ he asked me, of course in German, and when I said no he asked if I at least had *Manner Schnitten*, a certain type of Austrian sweets, which I did not have. I was surprised about myself how easily I understood him. He came very close, drooling babbling, and a car approached from afar, and he said „Be careful with the dog, there is a car coming“ ... and at this point I realized that this guy was maybe talking entirely normally, just his speech didn't function anymore. I was surprised by the clarity of his thoughts, also when he said that he likes sweets but can't get to them, and if I had some candy somewhere. First I said no, but then I turned around to him and told him that I actually have sweets in the car.

„And where is your car parked?“ he asked, and that proved to me that he was totally following what we were talking about, and that his appearance must be the result of a stroke or something. What a life being considered an imbecile by people while you are really simply broken? And then, when I told him where my car was and asked him to come with me, it happened:

He made a step towards me, and he broke out in the most beautiful smile I have ever seen, coming out of this rugged and weird face that looks drooping in every place, like his muscles don't work, but he smiled at me and his dark eyes shimmered, **and he lifted his left hand and gently touched my right cheek with the back of his hand as a caressing**. I did not shy back, I was not disgusted, I smiled back at him, and I meant it. He looked so surprised by my reaction, and his face turned back to his usual expression as we walked to the parking lot.

When he followed me, a car came with two women getting out, and they looked at us with such surprise – and worry. As if they were wondering if the man was bothering me. The man and I chatted a bit, but I don't remember what ...

And I let Jacqui into the car and then grabbed the package with the soft Katjes Yogurt candy and held it at him asking if he liked those. And he was thrilled and nodded and again he spoke entirely normally saying „Oh yes, those are good!“ and he took them gently, put them into his pants' pocket and walked off, saying, that he probably wasn't supposed to be there at the parking lot.

That was such a heart-warming experience.

(Spoiler alert: The next day, I would find this:)



(Yes, a „hand“! With „stars“ on it albeit snowflakes! And my name is Kaleilauhoku, „Chain of many stars“ ... so a hand that touched the many stars ... yes? The hand of the man who touched my face ... Bob, is that you? I actually only realized this today, March 5, 2023; I meant to finish and pdf-save this file many times, but wouldn't, so now I know. I still had to „see“ that hand again ... I remember seeing the glove while walking with my mother and the two dogs, and mom and Tino drove me nuts, poor Jacqui, in the middle, as always recently ... and I thought, „wow, this means something“. But I didn't get it, what it was.)

I will never ever ever forget the feeling when that strange man stood right in front of me and gently let his hand run over my face. It was simply magical. And it was so sweet and almost makes me cry in retrospect. He was spontaneous and really happy about me offering him to join me to get the candy from my car ... and that joy needed to be expressed, and he simply did it. Just once, briefly, he caressed my face and then stepped back again right away.

I am totally going to get Manner Schnitten and sweets and have them in my car at all times.

Also, today I sent a letter to my father that I had written in the morning and didn't read through again, telling him what I had to tell him, brutally honest. There.

(Note: I forgot to mention something ... and I don't remember exactly when it was, writing this after the fact and date on February 26: I was standing in the kitchen one day, talking to Bob intensely while preparing some food. I went into „play-me“ mode and „played“ Bob to allow him to taste the ingredients I was using, I think it was warm potatoes with salt ... and suddenly, the little dog Tino stood behind me and barked at me – as if I was a stranger! He does not bark for the food, he knows much better than that. He looked at me surprised, when I turned around, but while my back was towards him, he suddenly didn't recognize me! That was interesting, I thought.)

And I found a four-leaf clover. And when I saw the license plate number „808 FL“ it was like a hot flash, it's „BOB“ or „808“ for Hawaii with the ending of my license plate number, „FL“. **Forever Love.**



February 23, 2023

My beloved dog Jacqui impressed me immensely today.

I took mom and J and Tino on a walk along the field path at Rosegg. It was very windy, and we didn't walk long. As we encountered a group of three people and three dogs, Tino went berserk when he saw them, and if I hadn't held him tight, he would have run there and attacked all of them. He behaved so crazily, that I now think he has a behavioral issue. I won't have it, though, so ... we'll see. Jacqui just sat there, calmly, his back to me and Tino, watching out for us like he sees his job. Meanwhile, the older dog of the group nicely tried to approach Tino – who behaved like a fucked up maniac towards her. I hated the little fuck for this.

About fifteen minutes later, it was Jacqui (!) who initiated some chase in the snow– and he really really *gave Tino a lesson*. The little guy had no chance against Jacqui who suddenly became all „adult teacher wolf“ and **attacked** Tino playfully, ran him over and rolled him in the snow, until Tino was so out of breath, that he stopped, stepped right in front of Jacqui who was taking a breath and licking his muzzle. I could see how surprised Tino was about that change of character in that big always so quiet and calm dog Jacqui – who would never initiate any brawl. It was always Tino who decides to chase or attach Jacqui. And today, suddenly – the other way around!

And I was surprised too! Jacqui had either told him how it feels to be attacked and bullied, or he gave Tino a lesson about how to deal with an attack!

It was amazing. Jacqui's face was entirely different, vicious and serious, and the way Tino later looked at him, was priceless. He was gazing at Jacqui with real respect. So I'll be curious what the next indoors-scuffle will be like.

Mom was weird. She is always so sharp and nice on the phone. In the car, she can be talked to and answers and sometimes even brings up a topic. But while walking, she is entirely quiet and in a way „old“ and confused, it is truly strange. Many times, I say something, and she says „yes, yes“, and if I stop mid-sentence, she wouldn't even notice. Careless, aloof, I don't know.

Yesterday I had to drive to her to check if what she had told me was true, that she had cleaned the porch and eaten her meals on wheels. She had.

Found an odd **glove** at Rosegg. And: A lot of „Stone“ in the work I got to edit today, in the landscapes ... stone mountains, even a stone sea ...

(Note: Actually, today, March 5, 2023, I just reread the entry of yesterday, about that stranget caressing my face with one hand ... so this glove that kind of fascinated and showed up on the fence of the primary school at Rosegg, seems to make sense suddenly! Is Bob letting me know that he is aware of the incident?)



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ie hoch hinaus möchten.

February 24, 2023 – The Lemon Sculpture

Bob was so close today, right with me, that I felt him the way I felt his presence when we were both still mortals.

It was intense to the point – as I was in my car driving down from a walk with J and T – that I spoke to him directly and said that I feel his presence so intensely that it's almost spooky and surreal ... and of course I put out my hand, asked for something to be put in – and I had not even finished the thought when a „lemon“ appeared. And I laughed, even, saying „Oh you had that all prepared already and couldn't wait for me to ask“. „Glad you asked“ the discarnate Bob would have said upon me putting my open hand towards the passenger's seat.

So a **lemon**. Not the first. I was a bit sceptical, to be honest. I told Bob so. A **violet** appeared in my hand. I found that forced, so I said „Alright, I accept the lemon, but still ... give me something else“. And right away *some kind of collection of shiny „golden“ or also lemon-yellow things like small balls or ornaments appeared*, like a collection, like kind of stuck together, but loosely, like some treasure box filled with that weird golden shiny stuff, but it was in order, forming something round.

So, I thought, well, I should have just stuck with the lemon.

Later I picked up my mom and drove with her to **lake Saissensee** on a whim. I didn't ask her, she would have said no, so I simply decided that we'd take a walk along the lake shore ...

And on the way, on the steep part of the road, where I could not stop – there it was: A kind of **ornamental „flower“ or an artwork consisting of yellow and golden lemon-shaped petals!**



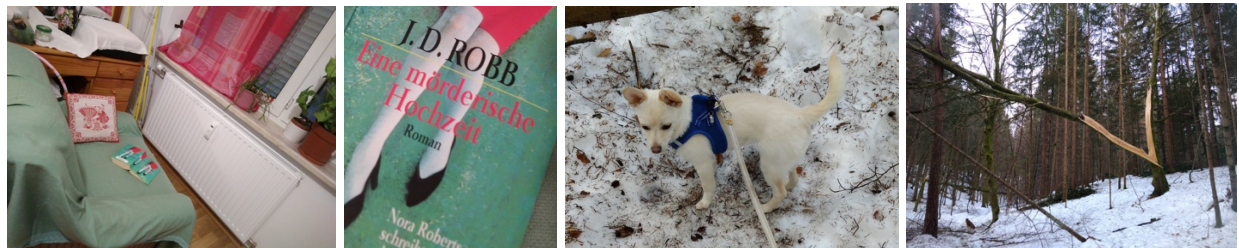
(Note: I took these images several days after seeing them first as I could not photograph them the first time, I only glimpsed the „lemon-shaped petals“ in driving by then.)

Yes. You read that right. Bob had in fact been with me, and he did give me the lemon and the lemon-related artwork. I did pick that up. I did.

So I really wish to get the opportunity to do that kind of „evidential imaging“ for total strangers. I would love to be tested.

It was so magical.

Later, just earlier, actually, I was reading in a book that I had picked up from a phone booth – whilst I had only wanted to return several books I won't read ... I only read „Nora Roberts“, and I kind of liked the name. Not sure, I mistook her for a screenwriter, I think. Anyway. The name attracted me so I picked up that book ... a crime story no less. Then I saw the pseudonym that the author uses: **J. D. Robb!** *Oh wow!* That is so close to Bob's and my name.



Oh shit I forgot to write down the amazing license plate sequence I saw yesterday ... so amazing! And yet, I forget.

I must do something for my memory. The work of editing those horribly bad written texts I get as jobs is kind of numbing my brain.

Something must change in terms of my creative life.

I am kind of withering.

And I think Bob was telling me that today.

But so ... there is a main character in that book by the name of „Mavis **Freestone**“. That I like.

And as I was sitting on the fauteuil reading, both dogs sleeping quietly on the floor next to me, (after a walk where I saw an amazing split tree), I suddenly felt compelled to look out of the window in front of me, and I turned my head right and back to the left without changing the direction of my glances. **And the feeling of „USING“ this body was so strong and imminent and clear.** I really felt like a machine, a spirit, a soul, an energetic creature INSIDE that body. *My moving that head was not „I turn my head“, but „I move that head to the right and then to the left while gazing out through those eye-holes.“*

Wow, that was so meta.

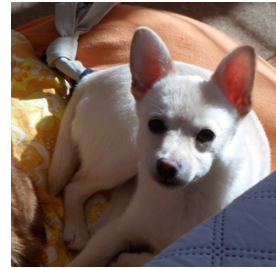
Fits to the lemon-artwork. Totally gonna drive there tomorrow to photograph it.

Mahalo Bob, I get the hint, I think.

Will have to wake up in a way. Must change my life. Can't stay in the trenches. That?

(Later)

Oh interesting. I felt like doing some random online browsing for interesting stories – when I read about Chinese model **Abby Choi** having been found dismembered. In an image at a magazine she is sitting in front of a **pile of – LEMONS!** See! What are the odds?



I lost it on Tino this evening.

I was so nice to him before ... we walked so much today, we trained. I took Jacqui on the evening walk, and we were back after 10 minutes. And Tino had taken one of my boots, pulled out the sock and the two inlays and tore them apart! I got so mad, that I hit him with the inlays and threw the boot after him, I followed him as he fled to his bed and threw the pillow at him. I wrapped the inlay around his fucking nose ... I don't know what I am capable of. Interesting thing – he did not even try to defend himself. Of course all this sounds worse than it was, but I did catch him in the act of doing something he knows is absolutely forbidden. And yes, I went berserk, but his dog mom would have bitten him if he crossed her like that. I scared him, yes, but I don't believe in the „ignore and give something else to chew on“. He has something else to chew on, a lot. He is testing boundaries. I am not having this. Right now he is happily chewing on his cow hide, and after half an hour of me being furious, I sat down on the floor to brush Jacqui, and Tino came right to me and snuggled onto my lap. I could tell he was insecure, but hell he destroyed something that was mine. Do not do that to the alpha wolf! Never. He is now trying to stay very close to Jacqui, and Jacqui seems to know how to play the role of the pacifier.

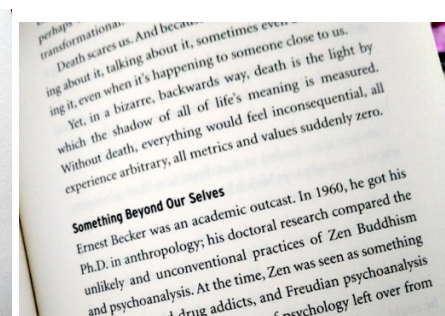
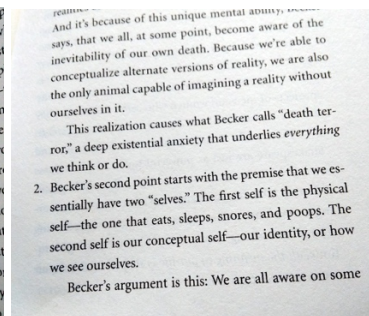
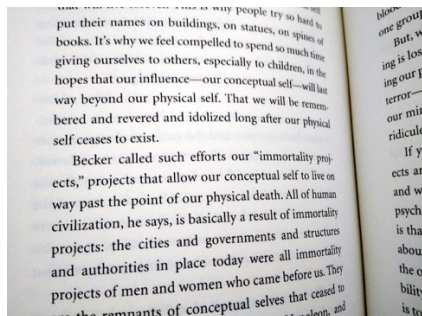
February 25, 2023 – The Man in the Diaper & Major Insight

Oh gee, I wrote a little at my screenplay draft „Carinthian Zombie“! I did! I did it already last night, just a paragraph. But I took the advice from Mark Manson's book „*The Subtle Art of Not Giving a Fuck*“ where he says that in case of a dry spell (in whatever area of one's life) where one feels unable to be creative or active: „**Do something!**“ Just something. A tiny something even. Like putting the letters you got to open out on the desk. Or wipe just one cabinet. Or write just one line. But „Do something“. I did something. I heeded that advice.

And this morning, I wrote a whole chapter! Wow.

Not sure what for. I felt „me“ though, so very me.

In the book are also amazing truths about the **beyond and death** ... and it ends with a description of the author walking very close to a high cliff and **how the body itself tries to keep the brain from making the decision to take the last step** ... it's the spirit, the soul that wants to keep the body from dying before the time is right. Interesting.



Then, coming back from a walk in the snow – yes, it snowed last night! About 8 centimeters! – I opened a random magazine I had brought from my mom's, and there it was: ***A man in a „diaper“***. Oh thanks Bob for reminding me. As if I could have ever forgotten.



It was really like he was chuckling in my ear. It's all about the topic of the „body machine“ right now. I saw an amazing photograph online and screenshot it ... because it made me baffled with the question why the souls of these people held on to those bodies? Is it, that the people who just live a very barely-there-life, are some kind of energy-supplies for the disca, in a way? Because when you look at this image below – you **MUST** wonder what the purpose of their incarnation is.

There got to be a very interesting and subtle method of the disca benefiting from our body while it functions – and it got to be based on the idea of these „people“ in the bodies about the afterlife. If those mangled and half-dead creatures keep thinking about „the gods“ and the ancestors and believe in Nirvana or whatever it is called – these thoughts may really be the energy the disca can „feed“ on or at least used. And if they even think of their ancestors consciously and supply them with energy by „sharing“ their „food“ or the air or hell what with them – that is a direct submission of life force into the realm of the dead. Right? And it doesn't matter the life-circumstances – the most uneducated or oppressed and suffering slave benefits mankind that way in terms of furthering life in the beyond – as long as that person can have a conscious thought or create emotions.

It must be like this. There is only one Universe, and we are all tied together and this is the same in the mortal and the immortal realm – because it's always about us, the invisible energetic creatures that we are, for the mortals invisible, I mean.

So ... yes, that kind of thoughts I'm having.

I just heard Bob's voice in my head „You're on to something here, Danigirl.“ I am, right?

And I made a vegetable stew earlier, and while cutting the veggies I talked to Bob. Then I held a carrot in my hand – and I heard Bob say „**Manly**“. Oh fucking fuck. This was the „name“ he gave that carrot I gave him to help him focus on the healing of his penis.

Oh shit. And I am still here on this mortal plane. It did feel good writing a near-death-experience of the main character in "Carinthian Zombie" today. Weird that I am writing in German. But I plan to submit it for funding.

March is supposed to be one of the most important months in a long time. So there ... I will try to do the right thing and „imua“. With Bob.

I keep talking to him about him about my time with him about the mistakes we made and about what that all is supposed to mean. And I swear and curse and bitch ... it was heaven, and it was fucking hell. And it continues to be.

It's always weekend, and I never got to done anything of my „Dani the filmmaker“ stuff during the week let alone finalize and send off this contact diary. I keep thinking that there is a method to this, it is supposed to be.

Like today, when I sat down to write, I only felt the urge. I didn't know what I was going to write.

I also have started to read that criminal story that is set in 2058. The heroine, Eve Dallas, kind of inspires me. The writing is immensely details and smart and makes sense! MAKES SENSE! That does inspire me, very much. Thank you Nora Roberts.

(Note: Reading about that book two months later – I can't recall any of it, only the name of the protagonist sounds familiar.)

If there is one **wish** I could have in life, it was that I would be given the time and the means to live somewhere happily and write the two sequels of „Regents of Clouds“ using all the contents of this contact diary. That is my dream – and I think, my purpose.

(Later)

WOW – something amazing just happened!

I did look into my email, even though it's Sunday night, and I wanted to keep writing on „**Carinthian Zombie**“, ... so sure enough, I had two astrology newsletters to edit. Did that. But there is the description of Saturn entering Pisces for three years, and that sounded interesting, so I googled it. Saturn leaves Aquarius – where it was since December 2020! Holy cow, that was when Edith had just died and when all the drama with my father began! Saturn will stay in Pisces until February 14, 2026 So weird to read all those dates, there is even a chance that I'll in my body still by then ... so this time, now **with Pluto also entering Aquarius soon ... that is my time.**

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

Aquarius, the next few decades are all about you – no pressure! When Pluto enters your sign at the end of March, you may feel an immediate shift within the sector that rules over your identity and body. The initial ingress might be unnerving since Pluto will bring all of your insecurities and self-doubts to light. You'll have to work through any self-imposed inhibitions during the beginning of Pluto in Aquarius. It might be especially tough when Pluto stations retrograde in your sign, since you may feel too self-critical. But you can use this Plutonic period to overcome whatever is holding you back from self-love and self-acceptance.

Luckily, you'll get a bit of relief when Pluto retrograde leaves your sign for Capricorn in June. Pluto will then remain in Capricorn for the remainder of 2023, so this is a subtle yet powerful cosmic cue to focus on your mental health. Doing so can prepare you for 2024 when Pluto re-enters your sign once again.

It feels so spookily „talking to me“ all the time when I read the astrological stuff ... as if I was to be super successful with everything, „Regents of Clouds“ and all, in the sense that I should be so empowered cosmically that I can indeed manifest all that I intend to!

Really?

So ... **googling Uranus in Pisces**, the first website I opened, had as an image **EXACTLY** what I had felt compelled to write about this morning when I wrote a chapter of „Carinthian Zombie“, the „near death experience“! It is all about **silver threads waving and dancing in turquoise blue water**! There it is! In this image! Wow! I picked that website because of its name in the google list: *Forever conscious.*



Here is the translation of what I wrote in German:

*„Tina wanders through a misty seascape. It's early in the morning, and the sun can be seen as a vague bright spot in the mist above the trees. A round lake glitters silver and in a deep turquoise. Tina walks to the shore and dips her hand in the water and to her surprise the water is actually silver with turquoise streaks. She raises her hand in front of her eyes and the colors cover her entire hand. In the reflection of the silver coating, Tina suddenly sees that a beautiful, **blond** woman is standing behind her.*

*Tina gets up and turns around. The woman is **surrounded by a kind of veil, also in silver and turquoise**, a veil that seems to be made of a **loosely spun** fabric, so that **the individual silver threads seem to intertwine and rub against one another**. Again and again threads come loose and float through the air like the threads of a cobweb in midsummer.*

The blond woman smiles warmly at Tina... and Tina raises her hand and one of the long threads connects to the silver and turquoise weave that covers her hand.

"Hello Tina," says the woman.

Tina looks at her in astonishment. "I know your voice..." Suddenly she stands frozen and gasps for air. She lowers her hands and the silver-turquoise weave slips from her hand and drips onto the floor, where it dissolves."

Seriously, I had no idea where the inspiration to write this came from ... and suddenly, I choose a „random“ webpage – **and there is the image I described ...**

So, well, I am in the right place as it seems, my intuition is guiding me okay. I read up on the impending Pluto entering Aquarius on March 23, staying there for a while then leaving to return in 2024 for twenty years! All about Aquarian energy – mine! Big changes, big chances ...

Pluto was in Capricorn since 2008 ... I think I was mistaken before that it was since 2002, when I met Bob ... well ... *in 2008 I lost Bob* ... at least, I understood, in the depth of my mind, that he would be lost in the Taylor Camp project ... and that my Maui hopes were dying. I hung on to them several more years ... but in 2008 I „knew“, even though I did not accept it. But the pain and the loss was there ... and it would culminate in 2014 and 2018 ... and now, this year, it all changes. That cycle is gone baby gone ... and I am supposed to „imua“ for real.

If I still want to and can.

Well, all those synchronicities only the last days ... kind of nudge me heavily, I got to say.

(Oh shit, I just discovered something strange ... I read the article on the website with that „silver threads“ saturn ... and weirdly – it has the exactly same text like the one I just earlier edited in German! Someone has copied the text directly, word for word and translated it into German! Seriously? Why did I discover this? It is bad. I feel bad now. How come the astrologer is copying texts from the internet? None of my biz, I guess.)

February 26, 2023

So I stopped by my mom's to help her eat her meals on wheels, and she was watching winter sports on TV – and just as I threw a glance there: **Manner Schnitten** as a sponsor, the sweets that *the strange man who had kissed my cheek* had asked me for a few days ago!

March 3, 2023

Sadly, another blow-up with my mother. I had made a nice pear-strudel and brought her to my place (picked her up yesterday from the hairdresser's, she looked great) to warm up the meals on wheels she of course hadn't eaten like she had said she would yesterday, and her constant sniffing and clearing her throat increased to the point that it sounded hysterical. When I said that I couldn't stand this anymore, she used the first best opportunity to attack me right away how nasty I was „all the time“ ... when she is the one who treats me ice-cold or with outright hostility all the time ... she is the one who said that I had better died instead of my brother years ago and who had said outright that she did not like me many times and who has called me „Satan“ and all kinds of nasty shit in her alcohol stupor.

So I lost it ... not too much, but I showed my indignation and told her that I won't have her attitude towards me anymore. The other day she said she'd rather like I'd drive to the salon at Villach for washing than washing at her place ... oh fuck her.

She was visibly distraught when I left and tried to say something to make amends, but I know it was only because she was afraid to be left to be taken care of by someone else. She doesn't give a wet fart about me.

And today I had two or three sudden light flashes on the side of my visual frame, high up to the left first and then to the right while I was working ... they were so strong that I actually looked up with surprise. Whatever the hell that is.

March 4, 2023, Saturday – Time synchronicity

Oh the weirdest **dream** of Walter! I somehow found myself on a South-East facing *grassy hill*, and there was a group of people that turned out to be the family of Walter, including his short blond-curly-haired bespectacled wife, and Walter was flying! Paragliding! On a glider! Wow! I watched him from underneath and saw his serious if not tense pale face, and he saw me, too. He wore no helmet, and I thought that his hair was just as dark and curly as it had been ... For some reason I had a dog with me that was none of my actual dogs but similar to Jacqui, and I kept walking away from that site, to a nearby structure that was like a *medieval castle* or tower or some ruins, facing South, and I wandered about there, always returning to the place where Walter was doing his gliding stuff.

All the while in my dream I thought that I knew that Walter was in a way handicapped, by Parkinson's disease (which I don't know for sure in real life because we have never met to chat yet), and when he had landed I think he kind of greeted or at least acknowledged me as I was wondering around that area. It was a coincidence that I was there, but I was happy. Yet, I did have the feeling as if this was real like with the awkwardness between us, and I thought „Well, he never had the guts to meet me in person, and yet here we are“. He kept watching me, but I also kept watching him.



There was a weird side-plot to that story about me trying to nurse a – **gnat!** Yes! It was a tiny little insect – like a fruit fly – that I had on and in my hand, and somehow I thought I had to keep it alive. I tried to put it into some air-filled plastic bag, but there was no way to grab or touch it, as it was so tiny. The I thought maybe I should let nature have its way and just let it be free, but I knew that without me there was a big likelihood that the gnat would die. And as I was on that hill meeting Walter and his folks, the gnat issue was still on my mind. At some point I realized that the gnat had grown into some for a gnat quite big specimen, and I let it fly free – there, on the hill's medieval castle. It was strange.

Then I returned to the site of the glider-take-off and I witnessed how Walter tried to teach some guy how to fly. And there was the surprise: *Walter had only a head, arms and a torso.* The rest of his body that I had seen flying under the glider – was gone as he was on the ground. One young blond woman was there and I knew it was his daughter. So I stepped up to him and asked how that could be that he had a daughter when he didn't have the lower part of his body? I knew that this had to do with that disease he had (in real life and in the dream). And for some reason I just could ask it openly, and he set out to give me a very good explanation to the extent of science making it possible to just use the connection to the brain for attaching technical parts to a body ... it was interesting, and I wanted to know more.

But suddenly I found myself on the sidelines again, with Walter's mousy weird thin wife next to him, and I was annoyed and disappointed that I was so unimportant that he would not even introduce me to her. But as the set out to leave, actually uphill towards the North, he looked to the right, now with short gray hair, and *gave me a very distinct glance* – and weirdly he now was upright with a full body whilst before he had been crouching about the floor with only a torso dressed in something red – *and nodded at me.* And it meant, that was clear in my dream, **„Yes, we shall meet and have a good and long exchange.“**

And with that I woke up.

I hope this will happen, the meeting and the good exchange.

At noon I picked up mom and took her for a walk at Rosegg. She is used to walk on her own along the street, just straight, while I go with the dogs on the meadow and let them run. So we did this time – with a longer route for her. But only after a few minutes she called me desperately as she had lost her way and was entirely confused *on the straight road.*

So this is kind of a turning point. She can sound quite normal, but her brain is simply not working properly anymore.

Talk about brain ... I had a horrible night. My heart was racing, I was sweating and had such a bad headache that I had to get up and fill myself up with Melissa, Hawthorn and Ribwort Platan. Then I could sleep – all the way through until 8 a.m., awaking with the dream of Walter.

I did think last night that the way I felt my heart might even stop working any time. I thought of getting up and unlocking the door ... but then I didn't. And there was „tumor-smell“ in my urine last night, too. So back to Boswellia Serrata regularly for a few days. Should that shitty condition of mine repeat itself, I will certainly keep the door unlocked from now on.

I also read a book in one day, called „Die Hatz“, literally something like „the hunt“, with the original title being **„A Time to Run“** by J. M. Peace, about a serial killer abducting a police officer and wanting to hunt her in the Australian bush, and there is a wondrous section where the exhausted officer has something like a ***near-death experiences and is contacted and even touched and helped by – discarnates!*** (*Wait, this is gonna get a new tinge in a minute, see below!*)



That's strange. Right at the beginning of the story there is a „Bob“ ... so I was alert. It was an interesting book, but like literally all books I have read in the past months, after the middle the plot becomes implausible and the narration hurried, and also this one did not have a satisfying ending.

(Later)

Oh time synchronicity! The Apparitions!

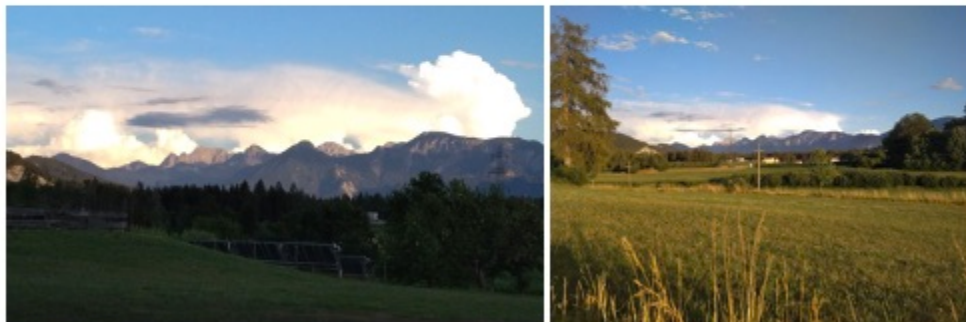
I was working on putting old images into chapter S, as I had realized that there were screenshots I had never put in, like „Dany White of Kihei“ for July 2022 ... and there were two screenshots that were nowhere mentioned in the chapter.

But I put them in anyway. And only when I read the text with the one with the stones I realized why I HAD TO FIND THEM TODAY, because I had read about it today! In that book! As mentioned above. Look here now:

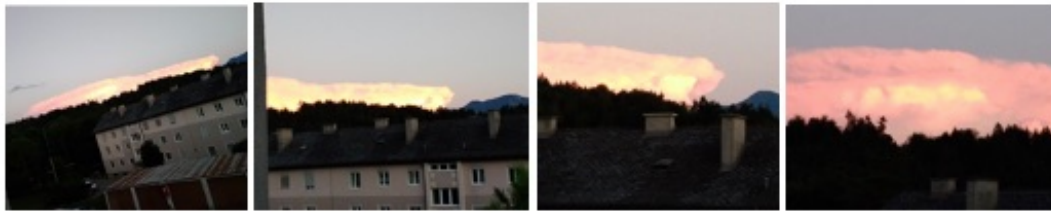
July 5, 2022

Had a truly intense **dream** of being on Maui with my mom, in full mourning, like hovering above the area around the Tropical Plantation looking towards Kahului and me crying and telling mom how it was to see Bob's car and him in it ... and in my dream I thought, "wow, how come I am on Maui with mom, what are we doing here!?"

Walked up to the bench with a view to "Ma'alaea Harbor" ... wow, the clouds did the full mountain-mimicking for me!

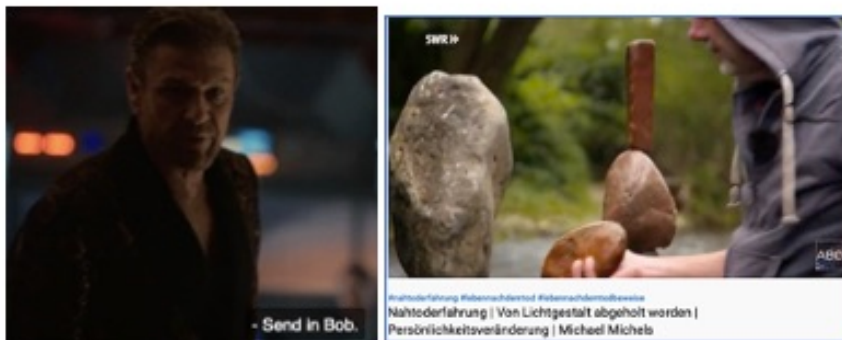


And then ... what a strange long cloud in the South ... a very unusual place for a big long burning cloud ...



(Note: I'm putting in images today, March 4, and somehow in a folder I found the two below with the date July 5. Not sure why. I remember seeing that guy who after a near-death-experience started to dead with stones in a river ... and the scene is from Snowpiercer. Only that I have not been watching videos since I left Griffen.)

Contact Diary by Jo Danieli 2022 _ PART 8 (S)

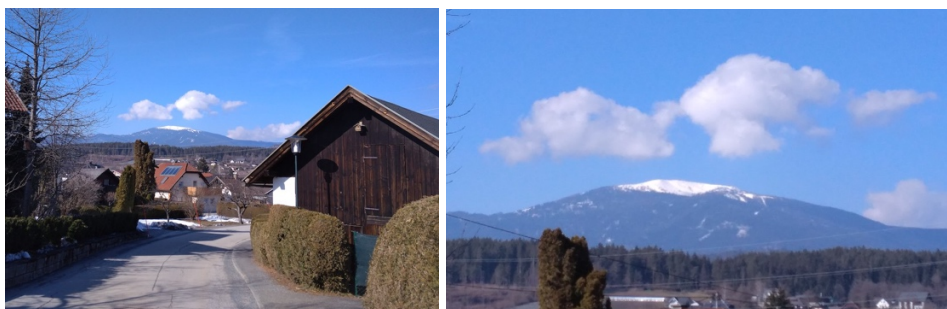


(OH! Now I see it! I have read a book yesterday, March 3, 2023, and today, „Time to Run“, about an Australian serial killer and a police officer trying to survive in the bush – and as she is close to dying, **four „discarnates“ appear to her and guide and support her!** So this is time synchronicity! THAT is why I found that folder today and looked into it, today, March 4, 2023! Because the text with the image with the stones reads „Being picked up by a light-figure“ or „a person consisting of light“, and **that is what the heroine of the book sees! Dead women consisting of light!**

Yeah, „Send in Bob“ no shit. I even mentioned Bob as a character of that book too, remember?

March 5, 2023

Oh the clouds have been doing their thing lately ... just amazing views, like here: Over Gerlitzen mountain, where my brother used to live and fell deadly sick ... seen from Lind, where my mom lives, as she and I took a walk in the neighborhood ...



March 6, 2023 – Bob „showed himself: The Yellow Moon & The Sky Man

First, today, I took J and T to lake Saissensee for a morning walk ...



... as I had to photograph that „lemons artwork“. Turned out it is a wind-wheel, and the „lemons“ are actually „flames“ ... but sure look like lemons from a far.



So on the way, I met cars with the following license plate numbers: „**250 BL**“, „**250 BF**“ and „**808 DJ**“, so „**Bob and Dani Jo**“ ... and I was stunned. They were so close after each other, that I was baffled.

Took mom shopping, she seemed okay. Her birthday is coming up, March 13.

I made it through another walk to the meadow where I nearly killed Tino the day before yesterday, and he seems to have learned his lesson, sniffing at edible stuff – shit – but then glancing at me and walking by. But I did a trick on him at lake Saissensee: He sniffed at a piece of dried poop, again, and right when he was about to take a real good sniff again and maybe bite into it, I sprayed pepper spray on it! Not on him, just on the turd. He shied back and then sneezed and ran a few crazy circles. I have pepper spray on me now all the time for such educational measures.

Today it was a nice day, not harsh words, no anger.

I played with the dog, brushed Jacqui's teeth and gave Tino a taste as he sat by and wanted to bite into the tooth brush anyway. Then I fed them dried meat where they had to take turns biting bits off, good.

I took J outside around 8.30 p.m., as Tino craps on the balcony at night, as trained, good boy. And outside it was – full moon! It looked like it. Fascinating. All so light and quiet, and the moon. I walked with Jacqui a bit and was literally befuddled with longing for Bob, and I had such a strong feeling of his presence. I had shared some nice chocolate milk rice with him and Edith ... and outside, I was so sad, suddenly. So I said to Bob „**Hey, it's time you showed yourself again to me, right?**“

I walked on ... looked up to the moon, got more sad, and something odd happened:

The moon began to glow yellow from one side. It had been bright already, but now it began to glow in that amazing yellow. (I had no phone with me to take pics, which I so fucking regret!) And as I looked up, in awe, it began bobbing. Seriously. Of course it was an optical illusion with the clouds and all, but in whatever way I looked, the glowing moon with some green outline bobbed up and down. „You're shitting me,“ I said, and then it happened.

A black cloud moved in front of the moon, and it covered it so completely, that there was no shine left. And as I gazed at that, stunned, I knew what would come: The moon would „show itself to me“ again. And **Bob is „the moon“** of course, as you know. And since beyond the black cloud there was a clear sky, the moon showed itself again so brightly glowing, that it was amazing. I said „I got it, instant manifestation, mahalo, Stoneman“. And yet, even writing this, I could cry right away. Then I walked further with Jacqui, and as I looked back one more time – a cloud had formed just below the moon **EXACTLY in the shape of a man with both arms up waving, his legs spread, with a head, a torso and all ...** A light gray cloud in front of the dark sky. **That was what Bob had wanted me to see. He was waving to me. He has shown himself to me in the way he can.**

Oh wow.

It has been only half an hour, I am still shaken up inside by this experience.

This was no normal „cloud“ or „moon experience“. It was something that through the ages had been prepared so that I would see it. And I made it outside at the exactly right time.

So my story is in the exactly right place, Bob tells me.

The „808 DJ“ and the other license plate numbers kind of prepped for this experience tonight.

I felt the urge again to try to do something with my screenplays. I had to think of the director and producer the German Tom Tykwer, and as I googled him, I realized that he has a company to make films in Africa. And I have an Africa family adventure trilogy. So I will offer it to him.

I will. Tonight. Via email. Whatever will come out of it. (*Note: Nothing. Again my naive me acting.*)

I also must find a home for „Woodle“, the best script winning animation story.

I felt so bad in the last days that I really thought I'm at the verge of passing over.

Today, a huge cold sore is developing on my lower lip which hasn't happened in a long time. The tumor smell is gone from my pee. Alright then. One more round. I told as much Peter R., who keeps writing via LinkedIn and complaining that I don't write. But I do, he mostly just responds. And I did tell him about Tino. So ... but still, it is nice of him to write.

So Bob showed himself to me.

I wish I had the phone with me ... I'm googling suiting images, here they are. The one image fascinated me, because the ***guy is waving just in the goofy style Bob would have done it, and there is the number „910“*** ... which is kind of stunning.



910 Man Waving His Arms Images, Stock Photos &



I do think that the Disca can influence the shape of clouds – remember the day, when I was almost killed by the tramway, and minutes later, over the park, the silhouette of a man with a warning gesture showed up? Of course I dug it out, here, it was on **June 3, 2019 in Vienna ...**

(Contact Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2019_2020 – PART 1 (A, B, C))



This huge **cloud formation of a man with a pointing hand and appeared right above me. And it hovered there for half an hour.**

The way Bob had held his arm ... it's like ... well, I supposed I don't have to explain anything, as you can see for yourself. There were no other clouds around this ... it was a **man in the sky**, above the dog meadow ... **just when I had narrowly escaped death.**

The one that showed up today, had both arms up, waving ...

I also had an amazing almost **erotic dream** about a total stranger. Can't recall the details, it was exotic and weird and adventurous ... I had physical contact with a man, but I was not sure if I should move forward ... so strange. In real life, when I look into the mirror, I see a really old woman. I hate looking at myself right now. My body isn't in total bad shape, but my face ...

I am getting very sad thinking that I can't live in the home that is due to me, that my father inherited, and that I should get.

In the last two days I have been reading the book by Jenny Gucci about her marriage with Paolo Gucci ... and I thought, oh wow, there are more men like my father, and the book let me know that I should not ever again make the mistake and believe that my father will change and will ever have any feelings for me. No. Fucking. Way. That's why I found that book in a phone booth. It makes me even hold my breath about the behavior and evil deeds of Paolo Gucci against his own daughter and wife.

There is another interesting aspect, that I needed to learn:

Paolo Gucci began to be increasingly aggressive and weird to his wife for no reason. He told her that he was getting Vitamin B shots for his bad health, and sure enough, he got all strong and active again. But then the aggressiveness and even violence – JUST LIKE BOB! And you know what? Jenny Gucci found out that her husband got a **Testosteron-treatment!** And you know what too? ***I found heavy Testosteron supplements in Bob's cabinet, but way long after the fact,*** after I had to bear his insane outbursts of anger and his inexplicable hostility towards me for years. What Jenny describes, I could describe about Bob.

So is this meant to bring clarity to me? I think so.

I actually just realized this while writing this down.

Maybe that's because I have been wondering so much and with so much bitterness why Bob had to treat me the way he did and why he became so aggressive. He took Testosterone for a while. Maybe that's why.

Mahalo, Stoneman.

So I also had an inner monologue today, directed towards him, ***asking him why he is sticking around with me. And I got an answer, too: I must „imua“ with my stuff in terms of the films so that he can do what he has to do – his part. Teaching me. Helping me. Inspiring me. Leading me in many ways.***

March 2023 is a big month for the world and mankind and the Cosmos. With Pluto getting into Aquarius. **So for me, the Dragon-Aquarius, this is a time that I must use** – or never again. I don't think I can make it until next year when the Age of Aquarius really beings if there is not some progress soon.

And Bob is standing by. Right?

March 12, 2023, Sunday – **The Pear, Hawaii license plate & „Aloha“**

What a few days. Yikes. Couldn't muster up the strength to even write everything down ... so I forgot stuff, like dreams. First, I saw two oranges in the middle of the forest ... may mean nothing, but it was odd to behold.



Anyway ... at some point, and I do not remember the day! – I stretched out my hand to ask Bob – or my brother Peter! I don't even remember that! – if he is with me at all, and before I had even ended the thought, *a **pear-shaped fruit** „showed up“ on the palm of my hand*, but even before that in front of my inner eye. Now I remember! I was walking downhill from a short walk with Jacqui alone (without the crazy guy Tino!), and it was all so intense ... so I thought, „Well, a pear, seriously?“ Since I had just made a pear strudel ... but I said out loud that I had to accept the image, a yellow fruit that had pear shape. So I thought a pear.

So two days ago, and that was about two days after the *„**pear on my hand**“*, I walked Jacqui and Tino up in the fields near the Hotel „Fantur“ at Aich ... and I freaked out because Tino just would eat shit.

A day before, I had roughed him up seriously after he grabbed an entire big piece of dried shit, ran away from me and ate it fast while out of reach. I developed such hatred and frustration ... I broke out crying with frustration, and I was so desperate, that I thought I must put the dog somewhere right away, or I will kill him one day. I cannot have a creature like that near me ... strange enough, as I was so upset and rolled the fucker on the ground, it was Jacqui who came running to intervene, and he urged himself between the little dog and me ... that was the saving grace.

But I swear, I am the wrong person for this kind of dog. So next time, I took pepper spray on the walk, and as soon as Tino wanted to eat a piece of shit again, I sprayed on that turd! And Tino ran and ran, and afterwards, when I only showed the pepper spray can, he would jump aside.

So what I am getting at, is, *that at Aich, where the pepper spray scene happened, on March 9*, exactly there, on the hill, next to the small winding path, I saw something, *a piece of paper*. As I pick up that stuff so that Tino can't eat it – I was baffled shitless when I bent over it and looked at it: It was a piece of cardboard of the kind that is being *put into pots with plants* to tell what plant is growing in there: It depicted *yellow pear-shaped „fruits“*! What I had been given on my hand! But those were no pears, they were yellow *tomatoes in the form of pears*! See for yourself!



I was baffled shitless! What are the odds? None! And I found it on a spot of significance, not just somewhere amidst rubbish! There was no rubbish anywhere! And why in the world would such a plant-note be out in the wilderness? Who loses something on the way – for me to find it?

It is kind of amazing. Also: **On March 9**, parking at Eurospar for some shopping with mom, I faced a car with a **Hawaiian license plate** in the rear window, with the rainbow Anuenue and the word „Aloha!“ There!



Right after seeing that, I took mom on a short walk down to Bäcker pond, and the clouds mimicked a tree – just perfectly!



So walking with mom in **Rosegg on March 10**, I saw again two **strange pear-shaped things on the ground!** What are the odds! There! It's the inside of some package, but I couldn't tell for what!



Yesterday, I took Tino to the subscription for the dog-school he is going to attend, and I was so disheartened and disappointed, because he behaves like a read crazy fucker, when there are

other dogs. He was so mad and tried to get free and attack everything, that he was shaking. His growling and mad behavior was so offputting to me that when the trainer said she wanted a dog like that, I almost said „There, fucking take the little fuck out of my sight.“ I am very much on the edge of ... well, everything about that animal.

And today, just earlier, meeting the neighbor with his two dogs, Tino again behaved like an absolut brain dead crazy fuck of a critter ... and I don't like him one bit right now. I don't want to do this to Jacqui. J and I have such a calm and quiet nice way with each other right now ... and he has to bear me being angry all the time and Tino being such a dick.

This can't go on like this.

On **March 10**, I took **Jacqui for a walk alone** (while Tino was with the neighbor) it was such a wonderful relaxed way of walking ... and the view of Velden with the lake ... oh the swimming coming up, wonderful, but kind of stresses me out, the thought, don't know why ... and an exceptional **cloud** formation appeared, as „**zumbuddy**“ **wanted to greet us** ... it was grand ...



... but short. Because that instead of taking my time to enjoy the Velden view and let Jacqui sniff to his heart's content, a large female dog escaped from the garden from where she had watched us walk by, and I was distracted from well, everything I had planned for us, as the dog kept running all over the place, greeting us, across the street, and it was getting dark. So we walked back to where she had broken out from, and that was when the owner just sent out his barely-German-speaking employee to look for the dog. Turned out, that the dog runs away all the time ... great. And then, if hit by a car, the driver has the shock of his life ... not good.

So and I received word from the lawyer about the case regarding my father ... he has told the court that **he does not allow for me to find out and ever get informed about the results of the submission I made!** This is possible! Seriously! **He forbids the court to give me the result of the proceedings that I inspired!** What fucking laws are these? I despise of my father so much, I can't possibly explain. He is such a sick fuck. I will now try to find the hairdresser who used to take care of him and with who he had a falling out, and I want to know what happened between them. And in case I find out something interesting, I will include that in a new submission where I will doubt that my father is in his right mind altogether given the way he treats me. He is a psychotic demented f*ck of a person. I am ashamed that something like that fathered me.

And wherever I go, I got to admit, there are signs that I am not „alone“, all the license plate numbers, the „808 EC“ I saw virtually five times in two days ... so I read every time „**BOB ICI**“, in French, which I speak, meaning „Bob is here“.

Tomorrow is my mom's 79th birthday. I visited her, she was in very good shape, mentally, everything ... and I am very grateful for that. I want to believe that she is enjoying her life, and that's just wonderful. Now I only have to find out what kind of lesson this psychotic dog is playing in my and Jacqui's life ... and then I can „imua“, can't I? Why in the world can't I find an agent for all my screenplays?

I will have to do some serious pitching initiative. But to whom? I have tried so much over the years. I feel very tired a lot of times. I must let go of the situation with my father, my lawyer wrote. Okay. I will. AFTER I'll have told the court that I insist that my father's mental state be evaluated.

Very interesting – mentioning it here, as I don't remember the exact day, just in the past few days: I had bought **a little container for Tino** to carry attached to his collar with his name and my phonenumber in it, just in case ... *and at the first outing, the cap got lost*. Somewhere in the forest. I was really pissed off. That was a few days ago. And several days later – ***I found the cap!*** On the ground! On a forest path! In the middle of the forest!



Wow! This reminds me of the day when my bag was stolen from the beach on Maui, with all my keys and stuff ... and it was found empty in the bushes later, but not the keys. And one day, several days after the theft, I felt so compelled to go into the dunes again, just looking around. And I saw a tiny blinking in the sand, went there, thought, maybe a glass shard – and it was the tip of the key-chain – *with my entire key-bunch attached to it!*

Or many years ago in South-Africa, where a travel colleague had lost the only car key in a colony of thousand seals ... and night was falling, and 200 kilometers to the nearest city. And I made up my mind to find the key, walked between the baby seals randomly ... and at some point I simply bent down and picked up the car key.

It was a similar feeling when I found that tiny cap on the path ... days after I had lost it without any idea WHERE I had lost it.

So is all that supposed to tell me something?

March 13, 2023

Mom's birthday. I took her for lunch, she was okay, quiet as usual, I was just happy to have her there.

At work, „C“ sent me the lyrics of „Neverending Story“ ... relating to a client for who the agency had to do a gazillion of texts and now the English versions ... and it really touched me. I can't believe I have no agent, or nobody wants my screenplays. This can't be. It gotta change.

*Rhymes that keep their secrets
Will unfold behind the clouds*

*And there upon a rainbow
Is the answer ...
#neverendingstory*

Oh yeah ... that rainbow and what's behind it ... sometimes I feel so tired, so tired. I remember the time with Bob and all our chances ... gone baby gone.

March 14, 2023

Took Tino to dog school today first time – he was such a good boy! Showed that he wanted to maul the other dogs three times his size, but calmed down more and more, and on the training field, he was entirely focused on my only! The trainer really likes him and keeps saying how sweet he is, and she said he „looks exactly like the dog that is with the Paddington Baer“. Well, of course I had to google this ... but no, no comparison. The TV-dog is a Chihuahua, Tino most likely is a „Pin-Chi“, Pinscher-Chihuahua mix.



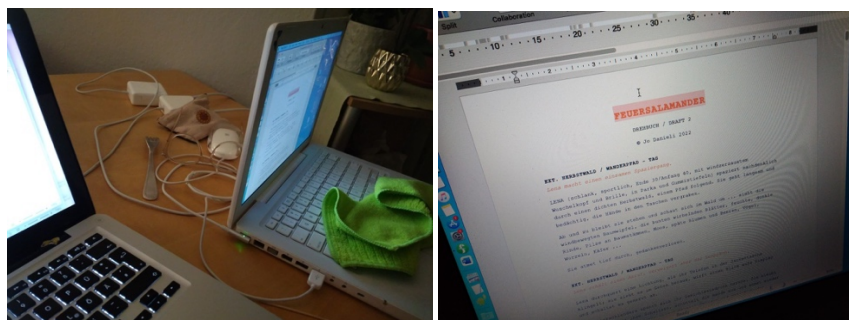
March 15, 2023, 22:00 sharp – Laptop opened screenplay „Firesalamander“ on its own!

Wow, something odd just happened. (And it will sound nearly unbelievable, yet, I just experienced it in full wake state with an entirely clear and on the Here and Now focused mind.)

I was sitting in front of my newer MacBook Pro editing for the agency, thinking a bit of my *uncle* who has not been well and has Parkinson's and how it would be if he would be dead ... and I recalled his face from when he was younger ...

Suddenly, just then, **my old MacBook laptop, the one Bob had bought for me in summer 2018, CAME ON from sleeping on its own** – I did not touch it, not even breathe on it, and **it opened a screenplay on its own, „Firesalamander“ (the German version, „Feuersalamander“)**. I was stunned shitless watching **the cursor move on its own, going up to the headline and lighting it up**. I wanted to get up to get my cell phone wanting to film what's happening – but at first I could not move, I just gazed, stunned, watching how the screen of my laptop did his own thing ...

Seriously. I kid you not.

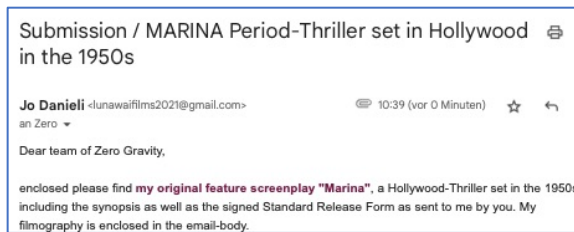


I'm a bit numb about it. Gazing at that screen right next to me. Finally made it to get up and take my cell phone to photograph the status ... I opened this c. d. chapter right away to write this down ... to channel this experience somehow, as I can't share it with anyone, nobody around ...

I talked about my uncle today, too, as I took a neighbor, Maria, shopping who told me that her son is a gardener, and I told her that my uncle and godfather had been the director of the gardening Hochschule (like a College) in Graz ...

And now this.

Oh I hope ... can't even imagine how my mom would react if my uncle would die. Maybe he won't. (*Note: Didn't. Never explained why he had ignored her birthday.*) But this has been on my mind recently. If this comes from the disca world – maybe it has to do with someone entirely different? Maybe my father? It was pretty much *10 p.m. sharp when this happened.* Or does it have to do with screenwriting as such? I have pitched a script to the US-production company and agency „Zero Gravity“ today.

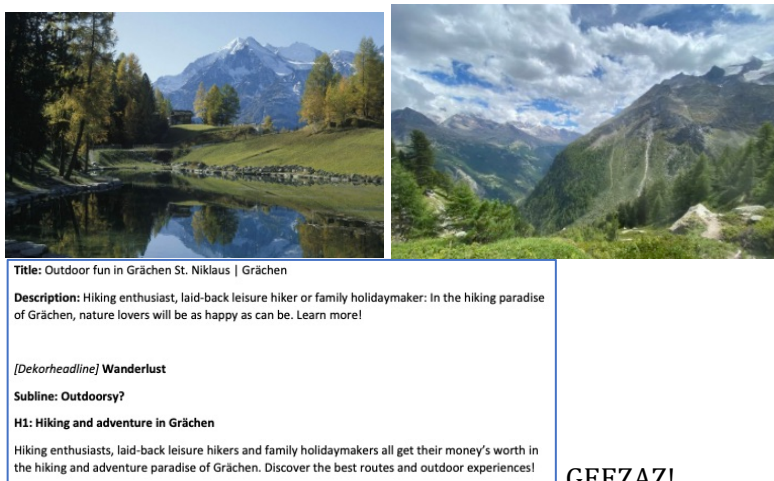


But what I just witnessed ... why this screenplay? I would not even know what folder it is in! It came on on its own! SERIOUSLY! And there simply is no explanation for this.

I feel a strange „tight“ sensation right now around me ... I wonder if the screen will go into sleeping mode, or if the screenplay gets closed again, I won't touch this laptop ... haven't! How can a program be started on its own and a random screenplay be picked? This was not the last screenplay that I had ever opened, not at all. Absolutely not.

Why did „the laptop“ choose that screenplay?

It's ... oh, right now I see a connection: My *editing work earlier*, when that happend, was about a Swiss mountain town called Grächen **and the hiking trails** and opportunities there, description of forests and meadows and lakes ... **and the screenplay starts with a woman hiking through a forest!**



GEEZAZ!

And of course ... the firesalamander ... it's in my Hawaiian name, Kapueohoamo'oahi, the **mo'o ahi** ... The whole name means „The owl, friend of the fire salamander“ ...

And firesalamanders always had a special meaning for me ... growing up in the forest around my grandmother Maria's house ... reminds me that my neighbor's name is Maria, the one I was with for

the first time today, as she asked me to take her shopping ... she has a hard time walking, and their car is broken.

Yes, the „mo'o“ ... a big theme in my Maui days with Bob ...

So much meaning in that „Firesalamander“ ... the text just sits there next to me now. Not sure what to do or think.

I'm trying to continue my editing job ... but I keep getting distracted by my own thoughts, just had to say to Bob that if he did that, „That's a real cool feat“ ... and I also just now remembered that last night, when lying in bed already, right after switching off the light, in that just-before-falling-asleep moment, ***I saw a man's face emerge from*** ... well, from just the mix or impressions on my mind, impressions of nothing, actually ... just colors and clouds and structures ***(JUST NOW the screen went black of the other laptop!)*** ... and like from behind some curtain, a partial face like a pencil drawing showed up. I acknowledged it in my mind that I did see a face appear in front of my inner eye, but of nobody I know ... just a rather stern looking man, and he looked straight at me.

Jacqui just left his bed and came in from the other room to sit with me for a little while, and he looked at me strange. Went to lie down behind me, close to Tino on his pillow.

I took them to the forest in the late afternoon today, it was very cold ... bright golden sunlight up at the bench under the tree ...

Oh, interesting! We met a stranger with a Husky dog ... and as he walked by I was thinking what an interesting man that was. The face I saw reminds me now a bit of that man's face – but I did not see it from close. It was more of an impression – but the „feeling“ of seeing that face last night and seeing that man today, they weirdly match.

There is only one person I can share this laptop experience with now, „C“. Yes, it has been a while. (*Note: She doesn't respond anymore, though.*)

About the „Firesalamander“ ... I also had to think of the artist's house I ended up with many years ago during one of my first hikes with Jacqui in Vienna ... where we discovered numerous marble or stone salamanders in the garden around that abandoned house ... hidden under brush and foliage ... I remember I tried to count them, ... with the weird thought about my other dog, Kimba, and the connection with the salamanders relating to his life and death ...

It is just all so strange.

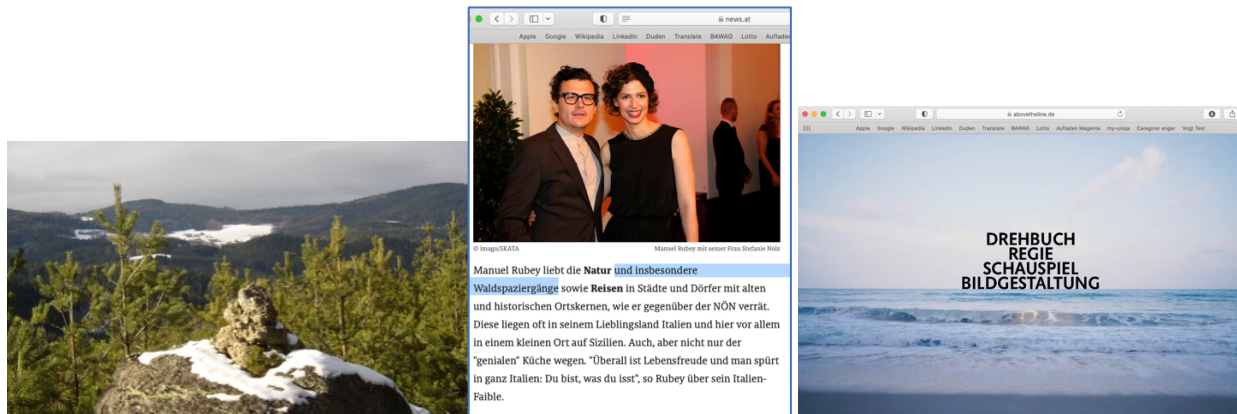
March 19, 2023, Sunday – **THE HAWAII GREETING**

Weirdly, I woke up with a song about Hawaii on my mind – and I found myself even singing it while preparing breakfast. I used it in my Hawaii-documentary series „Native of Owhyhee“ ... Oh how long I have not even thought about it! It goes:

*„Since I've sailed from Hawaii I'm yearning
and hope that you're waiting for me.
In my dreams every night I'm returning
and sailing across the sea ...*

I have started to take efforts to communicate – in terms of me advancing as a screenwriter and filmmaker. I must. I wrote an email to the agent of an actor, *Manuel Rubey*, with who in mind I had written an entire series concept for Austria. And I wanted him as male lead for „Feuersalamander“, too. So when I googled Rubey, I found out he lives in Vienna and in the foresty rural part of Northern Austria, and he loves to walk around in the forests ... Seems like a good sign. (*Note: Nope, just wishful thinking. Didn't respond.*)

Also, the website of the company where his agent works ... wow, the ocean the way I saw it so so so often ... heartbreaking, really.



Strange thing: I thought „*Alright, I need something to take my mind off ... well, me*“, and since I don't have any criminal stories in book form anymore, I went to **archive.org**, and the first name that came to my mind was **Priscilla Presley**. I found a book called „*Child Bride*“, and began to read it ... fascinating. So I read and read ... online about the true story of how Priscilla met Elvis Presley, I came across a movie of the title „*Bird of Paradise*“ about a Polynesian princess! The actress and love-interest of Elvis back then, Debra Paget, played her. That's odd, I thought.

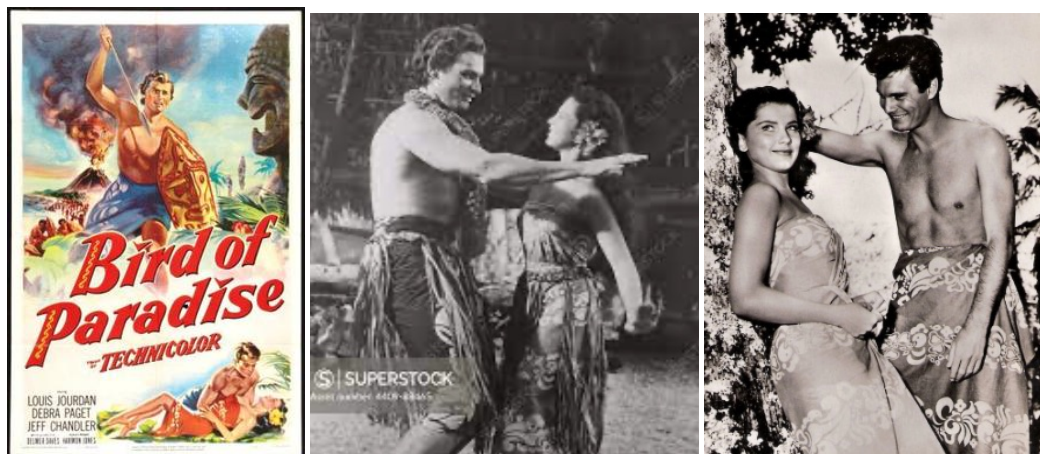
To encounter this kind of topic in another topic that has nothing to do with Hawaii (Priscilla's life) ... and yet ... well, fits to the „Aloha“ license plate. Of course I feel kind of prodded about the Hawaii series „*Paradise*“ whose teaser is all about – well, **birds** ... but only today, just earlier, I allowed myself to really „get“ what had happened: I had been „made“ to reconnect with Hawaii and my work there.

sandra morey 2 months ago

I don't know about that, but I really liked Deborah Paget in Broken arrow where she played a 16 year old Chirakawa Apache girl and also in Bird of Paradise where she played a Polynesian princess.

(Later) Oh geez! **I just googled „Bird of Paradise“ – it is a full-fledge HAWAII MOVIE! Well, I'm stunned to the point of nausea and tears ...**

And when I googled „Bird of Paradise“ and saw the images ... wow, that's why I have been flashing back to my Maui days so hard? Am I supposed to focus on my Hawaii work – on the screenplays about Hawaii?



And I was wondering why in the world I suddenly had to find „Priscilla Presley“ on archive.org. I have never had any interest in her or her family. *Yes, her daughter had just died, but still ... I looked her up for book about her, which was a very weird thing for me to do, ... and I came across the book „Child Bride“* – a must-read for all Elvis-fans! – and there I read for the first time about **Debra Paget**, and I looked her up *And now, I am right back on Maui in Hawaii in my old „me“.* Heavy heartbeat and all. Just to see all those Hawaii-images ... very, very hard.



... and this guy really has a resemblance to Bob. Just read the story of „Bird of Paradise“:

Bird of Paradise (1951 film)

Article [Talk](#)

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From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Bird of Paradise is a 1951 American [adventure drama](#) and [romance film](#) in [Technicolor](#), produced and directed by [Delmer Daves](#), and starring [Debra Paget](#), [Louis Jourdan](#), and [Jeff Chandler](#).^[3] The screenplay was also written by Daves based on the 1912 play by [Richard Walton Tully](#). The film was distributed by [20th Century-Fox](#).

Plot [\[edit \]](#)

Frenchman Andre Laurence accompanies his college roommate Tenga home to [Polynesia](#). There, he learns how to surf and the cultural ways of the island population. He eventually falls in love with and marries Tenga's sister, Kalua. All is paradise until Andre falls under the disapproving glare of the [Kahuna](#), who warns the islanders that Andre will poison their paradise with his evil White ways. When the island's volcano begins to erupt in endless lava flows, the Kahuna decrees that the gods can be appeased only by [human sacrifice](#). One of them must be sacrificed to the gods, and Andre's wife, Kalua, is chosen.

The islanders gather to witness the sacrifice, all except Andre, who is ordered to remain in his hut. As the villagers watch, Kalua walks up the peak and leaps into the hellish maelstrom below. The volcano responds, and the island and its population are spared. The next day, Andre leaves paradise forever and returns to civilization.

Bird of Paradise

Theatrical release poster

Directed by [Delmer Daves](#)

Screenplay by [Delmer Daves](#)

Based on [The Bird of Paradise](#) 1912 play by [Richard Walton Tully](#)

Produced by [Delmer Daves](#)

This was the topic of my years-long research ... the interactions between „the bad white people“ and the noble islanders ... I mean, come on, a human sacrifice to prove that the White people's ways are wrong? It came right back at me in my face. Just now. Sunday, March 19, 2023, about 1 p.m.

So that's why I woke up with a song about Hawaii on my mind this morning ...

I probably should share my documentary series with relevant folks. I will.

I must „imua“. I can't let this slide. My health is giving my serious warnings. But I always recover, as I know how. Yet, I know that I am keeping a potentially lethal ... let's all it „condition“ in check. For ...? Well, in order to accomplish stuff that's still out there for me to do.

After experiencing some incredibly nuts and disheartening behavior from „CH“, I have cut off our connection for good. (*Note: Yeah, right.*) I cannot deal with addicts – and I should not. I am finding myself on Maui in my thoughts so much, as soon as I lie down to rest, I am right there, Bob is there, it is so intense, that I start crying all the time now. So I feel like I want to distract myself for my remaining life-time ...

I had a nice distraction yesterday, taking a long walk with Martina and her dog Benny and Jacqui, while Tino was at home. I think he doesn't mind, nothing chewed on, nothing destroyed when we came back, just sleepy puppy. Nice.

We came across an old abandoned estate, that I had seen from afar when I first discovered that very path in Aich, and it was interesting to behold ... in parts very old and falling apart, other parts renovated, not a soul there, a rather new car in a shed ... well. Not sure what that's all about.

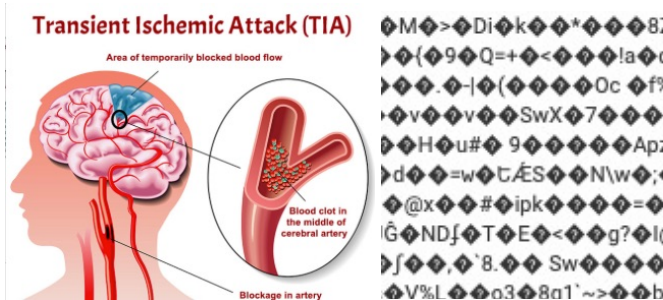
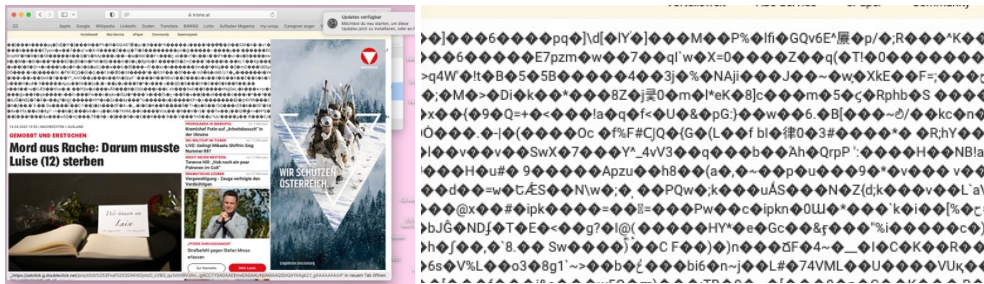


The farmer neighbor gave me shit because he saw Jacqui poop in his meadow, he claims, which I did not see, and because „the big black dog“ – Benny – was running all over the place. For fuck's sake – it's a hiking path on a meadowy hill, it's supposed to be okay for dogs to run there! And that's the farmer who keeps his cows in the small dark shed all year, and never lets them out on his many large meadows, the asshole! I am so tired of that kind of people and situation ... and my father has two houses in a huge, huge garden, from which I am excluded ...

I will write one more letter to him today. Probably right now.

By the way, my **screen** is doing weird stuff, again ... ***reminds me of Bob telling me that when he had his TIA, numbers were running down in front of in inner eyes*** ... five years since I saw him last coming up. Oddly, I have thought about this, recently ... because my own head is a bit fuzzy at time, cluster-headache, of sorts. No, I don't see stuff ... but I remembered Bob sitting next to me on the drive back from Ohukai Beach in Kihei towards Kahului ... at the beginning of September 2018, and he said that the reason why he hadn't said anything to me was that he couldn't, as there was a weird feeling in his head and numbers were running in front of his eyes, and he had to wait until that stopped to be able to address me again. And I remember telling him that this was probably „his brain recalibrating“ as he was getting better ... but no, it was a TIA, Dany, idiot. Had I even considered something like that, I would have given Bob Aspirin, which I had brought for him, in a good version, together with Vitamin C. But still, his aphasia occurred only about a month later ...

Oh way think about this ... it is so long ago, and Bob is a discarnate now.



I restarted the laptop. The numbers are gone.

(Later)

Met with S., a woman of about my age, a bit younger, for a first walk together, in the late afternoon, along an entirely new path to the Drau and back through the forest, with her dog Travis ... she is the one whose car I saw on Bob's birthday with the Hibiscus flowers and who I contacted then. Wow, what an intense meeting. Turns out she is on the path of a special kind of healer ... and:

She lives where I photographed the „*lemon flames*“!



There. (Note: Just a day later I felt that I do not want to connect with her further; She is nice, but her intentions and outlook on life don't match mine at all. I need a partner in crime, I do.)

Waiting for her, I took a short walk around the cemetery, as we were meeting on the cemetery parking ... and I found a Jehovah's Witnesses envelop with some JW text in it ... I only reacted to the sight of the envelope ... see for yourself:



(It reads „a shimmer of hope“.)

By the way, S. told me about a healer by the name „Braco“, a Croatian. Has been around a long time, I've never heard of him. He just stands there and looks at people. That's his healing. He spreads good vibes, let's say. Interesting.



March 20, 2023

Don't know why I found it touching when an egg I was about to eat turned out to have a double yolk.



March 21, 2023 – The car license plates

Today, the messages in the license plates were just too obvious. As soon as I started driving away from „home“ (not feeling at home there), „222 BX“ came towards me. just a little later, „911 FP“ and right afterwards „911“ and „910“ in a row, but I forgot the letters.

I felt so touched.

„C“ wrote that a client greeted her with „Aloha“, and she had to think of me. Well.

March 22, 2023

Drove to get a new lamp for my car, and at a roundabout a car parked on the side of the road, with the license plate number „808 BS“, as if it was waiting for me, that was so strange. A woman in a car with „250 FO“ followed, and the „808 EC“ keeps following me around anyway.

Just a little later, „672 FO“ came towards me, and „672 ZB“ was my old license plate number of my Mazda when I had my dog Kimba. And right after that, exactly the next car, was „672 BY“.

Not sure what that means ... except that I am more aware and attentive again.

I notice that I am so very disappointed about S., the lady I met. She wrote she **does not want to know the story of Jesus by Barbara Thiering**, even though she is all into Jesus, and she wants to „be in the silence“, doesn't want to learn or be active, only wants God to work through her. Truth be told, I was hoping for a different attitude. So I am asking myself what the learning is. Maybe figure out better ***what I AM ALL ABOUT?*** She is very determined in her not-being-active anymore and expects God to make her a healer ... I wrote to her that I think we must make use of our mortal capacities while we are still here ... and I have not read the answer. I cannot.

I must finalize this C. D. and send the USB off, that's what I'm getting. Alright. But mostly I can't even make myself work on this c. d., I am aimlessly internet browsing when I am off the work, and I've got so much editing work lately, and it numbs my brain. Plus I am so so so disappointed, that I can't find an agent. So disappointed. This I shall write to Mag. Michael Krainer ...

I did email to Cindy Paulos, Bob's friend and to Niklaus Schweizer, a professor at Honolulu University, with the links to „Native of Owhyhee“. Just had the urge. At least the answered and thanked me and will share the work. That was a step.

March 23, 2023 – **The „S“-Question Cloud**

Found that mom is lying about eating again ... my nerves are so sore. I felt so sorry for her when I held her a speech and her face got all pale with red patches, and her nose was red like a clown's nose. I understand, that she realizes that something is wrong but can't help it. So sorry. But I'm only just human. (*Note, March 25: I put together a new mix of Bachflowers, had them made at the pharmacy, gave her some of it, and just a day later, her demeanor is entirely different! I'm optimistic again! Especially since she told me the other day that she was going to be over 100 years old ... well, good for her – but only in clear and self-relying state, please!*)

I find that doing the dog school with Tino is kind of okay, but the trainer has a few strange ways of dealing with the people that we (the clients) are not okay with. For me it is the most important that Tino learns not to try and attack other dogs. Otherwise there won't ever be a way to have him at a dog sitter when I'm traveling or something ...

As I drove to the dog school today, there was this amazing „**S“-cloud** display in the south, with the „**S**“ then turning into a „**question mark** – ?“ and next to it an „**exclamation mark** – !“ appearing! And all that next to a volcano!

Is this a message from Bob relating to Hawaii? Will I return? Must I? What shall I do, Stoneman, about my filmmaking aspiration and urges, dreams and wishes?! Does it mean that all questions will be answered? Or does the „S“ stand for „S.“, the woman I met and who I am so disappointed about? Why am I always meeting people who do not at all show any interest in what I am all about? I urgently need partners, friends who are interested and capable and active and efficient. I do. I want.



March 25, 2023 – **Mascha, Duplo & the „Windbäckerei“**

Oh wow, the communication is picking up again.

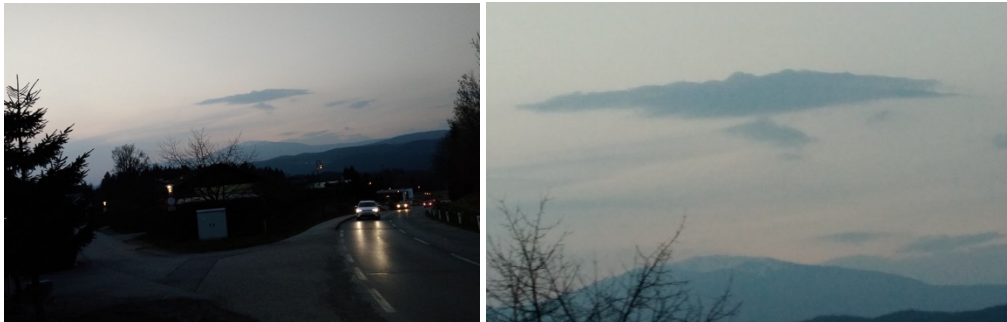
It rained – what a blessing. Way not enough, but at least a bit.

So I took J and T to the forest, really nice, wet and quiet.

After the rain ... a reminder of how the Universe is „divided“ into „layers“ ...



Last night ... as I took Jacqui for a short walk in the neighborhood without Tino, there was an amazing „reality“ mirror – the mountain Gerlitzten ...



At some point today I came across images of Housie on Maui, and I broke down crying.

It seemed just unbearable that this used to be my home and life and now, I can't move forward with anything I really would love right now, get an agent, write scripts, manifest „Regents of Clouds“, and Bob is dead.

I try to find solace in my two dogs, Jacqui, the other love of my life along with Kimba of course, and Tino, who is really doing his best to win my heart, and getting there. He is getting so long, really long, so that I call him „Schlangi“, which means „Little Snake“ or „**Duplo**“: That is a special kind of candy, a biscuit with caramel on top and covered with chocolate, and I have been calling Tino Duplo because the advertising for it used to be „die wahrscheinlich längste Praline der Welt“, meaning „**likely the longest praline in the world**“. So „Tino Duplo“ is one more of his names.



(See how long Tino is?)

I have been feeling so lonely and lost and abandoned, and I have had such a need to communicate with Bob and be reassured again that he is „out there“. *So at some point today I put my hand out and asked him to put something into it, – and something outrageously strange was there right away. Something donut-shaped, but not really, with a flat bottom, but looking like a typical „Windbäckerei“,* meaning a sweet bakery item consisting of just eggwhite and sugar and maybe fruit juice ... It had those „ridges“ and beige-brownish tint ... It was some mix of these images that I found on Google ...



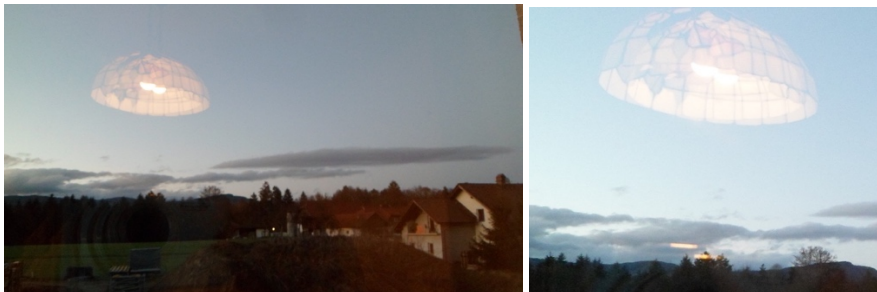
And I said it out loud, and that it was weird, because how in the fucking world should I possibly get in contact with something like that. But oh well, I thought, there have been weirder things, and they did appear in my life right after I had asked Bob to give me a sign that he was here and with me.

Took mom for a short walk to the lake yesterday, and today she was confused about whether or not we had an appointment, we had not, but when I came to her at a random time to play a game of „Memory“, she stood outside waiting with her shopping basket. Well ... other than that, she was even nice, and we drove shopping and then played a few rounds of „Memory“, she won.

Even though I had totally promised myself to not do it – I did drive to one of the *phone booth libraries* and picked up four **books**. I just need something to read before bed. And again there were crime stories and one love story.

And when I got home, J and T were ecstatic to see me as if I had been gone for days, and I waited for what looked like a thunderstorm-coming but was just a little rain shower to pass to take the dogs up to Aich for a nice iccold sunny late-afternoon walk ...

So after the rainstorm ... *I looked out of the kitchen window*, and there was the **nicest two-layer cloud formation** ... really looked like two parallel bodies of clouds _ and when I played back the photos in the camera, suddenly I saw it:



The „**Windbäckerei**“ that I had „received“ on my hand jsut earlier! I thought „How the fuck can this be?“ But it was just the **mirror image of my kitchen lamp!** That’s what I saw on my hand!

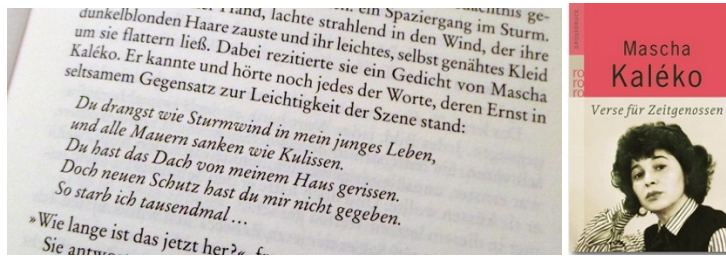
It was right there!

It worked – AGAIN!

I am in a very strange way relieved, because that was not all:

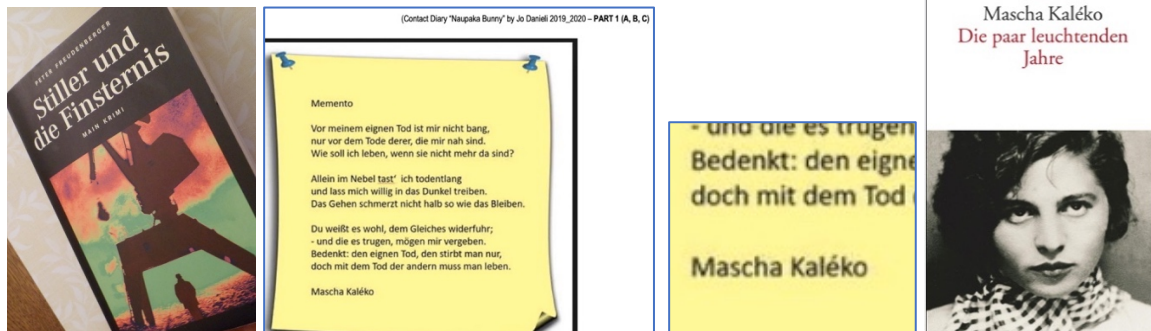
I picked **one random book of the four** to thumb through the pages at dinner, but I did start reading from the beginning – a woman being thrown into some kind of *basement* or *dungeon*. Well, I **dreamed** of myself being in a dark basement last night, in an empty house that I had just discovered yesterday in real life in the neighborhood, and in my dreams it belonged to some shady Russians, and there was water in the basement, but the owner, a weird guy, had to leave fast with the others and said he’d leave it like that. And I said but it’s going to rot and all ... so that basement scene was horrible.

So I was surprised to read the basement scene – and in it, a quote of an author by the name of „**Mascha Kaleko**“! I reads, translated:



*You entered my young life like a storm,
and all walls sank like theater backdrops.
You tore the roof off my house.
But you did not give me shelter.
And that's why I died a thousand times ...*

AND HERE IT IS: I have only once in my life read something from that person, **Mascha Kaleko**,
– and it is in the very beginning of this Contact Diary, in 2019!
There!



I was stunned! The quote reads, translated:

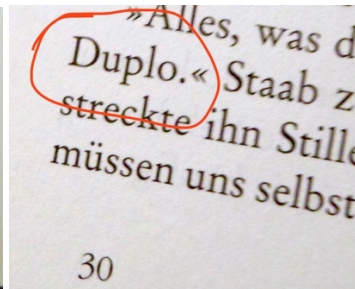
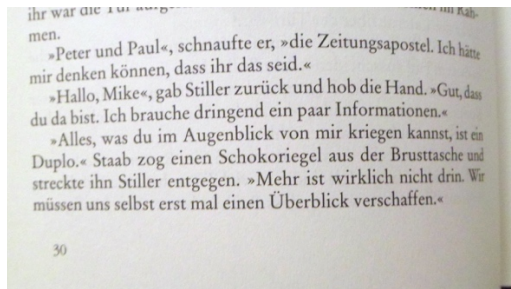
**I'm not afraid of my own death,
but of the death of those who are dear to me.
How am I supposed to live, when they aren't here anymore?**

**Alone in the fog I'm groping my way along death and allow myself to drift into the darkness.
Leaving doesn't hurt half as much as staying behind.**

**You know if you have experienced it;
– and those who had to bear it may forgive me. Think about it: One's own death one only dies,
but with the death of the others one has to live.**

I read up on Mascha Kaleko, who died of stomach cancer at the age of 68 when I was 11 years old ... melancholic city poetry was her style ... She reminds me a bit of Elizabeth White, optically. So poignant the title of a book of hers, „*Die paar leuchtenden Jahre*“, meaning „*The few bright years*“ ... and I take it that this means that life is hard and sad and woven around just a few really good years. But hey, over there, in the beyond, we will be able to choose whatever memories we want to dwell in, energetically, and if the experience of bliss was ever-so short, it was – and we can „be there“ as much as we want.

AND: A few pages later, in that crime story book – a police man offers another person, a reporter, a – **DUPLO!**



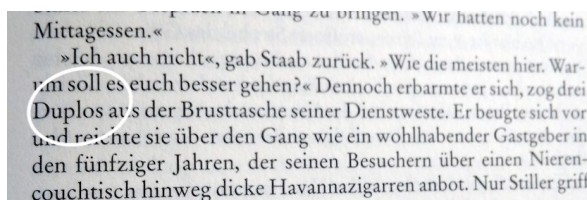
A **Duplo**. I kid you not. It is not possible to find something written about a Duplo anywhere these days. **And I had just called Tino „Duplo“, then read in a random book I had picked up – only to read „Duplo“ in there ...** the person saying that he has no information to offer on a crime scene and **could only offer a Duplo** to the journalist!

Alright. I did get the messages.

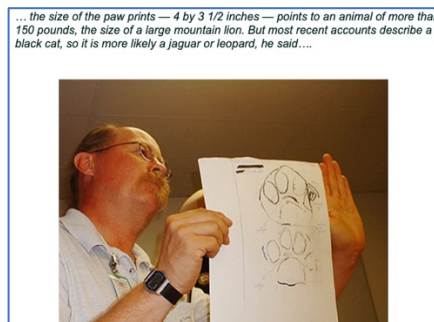
Mahalo, Stoneman, we're on ... still.

March 26, 2023, Sunday – Daylight-savings time has begun & FL 321 FL & the Pink Panther

Duplo appeared again in that book, ... Right next to Tino at the Aich Lotos pond ...

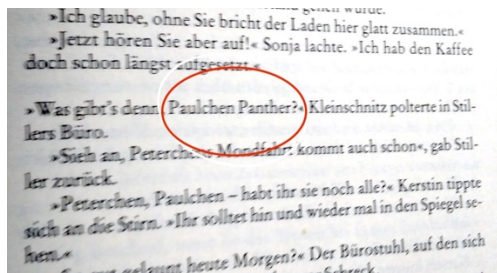


... plus, another topic that was prominent in the last days: When S. had asked me during our walk for an example of amazing experiences with Bob on Maui, I chose the one with the „Pink Panther“, and in German that's „Paulchen Panther“: Many years ago, in 2003, a **panther** (or jaguar, just a „big black cat“) was being sighted on Maui a lot, in the mountainous areas, and when I read up on it I found that it also used to be a legend of Maui, near Olinda ... that panther showed up centuries ago. So I said to Bob that I was curious if that was a real panther or just a large cat, and Bob joked „*With your luck you'll go out and actually meet that panther.*“ I was about to go shopping to Foodland Pukalani. And I had not even reached Iolani Street walking up Haulani Street, when something stunning was lying right in front of my feet: **A plastic figurine of the Pink Panther!**



That some child had lost this thing just before I was about to walk there ... what are the odds? It was an important aspect of our relationship that I was finding stuff all the time – stuff, that we had just talked about or were relevant in other ways. So I was „trained“ to pay attention to pretty much everything in the years on Maui with Bob.

So I told the story to S. ... and sure enough, in this book that I am reading and that „gave“ me Mascha Kaleko and Duplo – also „**Paulchen Panther**“ appeared, the Pink Panther!



Mom called and said she would take a walk by herself and get her newspaper, and that we should have each a single Sunday. Fine with me. She sounded nice and entirely clear. We chatted a bit, turns out that she also had a bad dream tonight. Me too, something really horrible. Maybe I should not read right before sleep. But I really like to do it.

And something else happened ... stunning, too: Last night, I didn't feel like reading the crime story and took another book, supposedly a love story, but really a kind of weird story of a very bad relationship for the first part of the way too thick book ... but another theme appeared in there, and I had only spoken it out loud yesterday, when I saw an image of a **woman in front of a cloud** in a magazine that I had gotten from my mom after she had read it ... and it looked like *the woman was puffing out smoke* ... and I had said „Puff the magic dragon ... lives by the sea“. I had said that several times in the last days, given the strange cloud formations ... And there it was last night, in that book, „**Puff the magic dragon**“.



waren, waren hingerissen von dieser unerwarteten Freude. Sie sangen sich ihre kleinen Herzen aus dem Leib, genau wie Ivo, der hinter mir eine recht akzeptable Version von »Puff the Magic Dragon« versuchte. Ich lächelte und atmete tief durch, als ich den schmalen Pfad entlangsaute und die kalte Brise um meine Wangen und Ohren pff. Plötzlich fühlte ich mich leichter und glücklicher als seit Jahren.

»Wir beschuchen Alice?« krächte Ivo.



See what inspired the song Puff the Magic Dragon - Review of Hanalei Bay, Kauai, HI - TripAdvisor



Nawiliwili, Hawaii - Puff the Magic Dragon - February

Of course, **it relates directly to Hawaii, to Hanalei on Kauai**, where I spent a lot of time before I even met Bob, and that's where the story took place, about „Taylor Camp“, the project that claimed Bob's health and life. So strange. Of course it's a song, too, and it may relate to „Pakalolo“, some good smoke, if you know what I mean.



So I took Jacqui and Tino to a longer morning walk today, up to Aich and the small pond ... and as I returned to the spot where I had parked my car, close to where I live, but it would be too stressful for me to walk that part up the street with two dogs, I found another car parked right there. I had seen a blond woman with a golden retriever from afar, and we had waved at each other in the forest. Now – her car had the license plate number „VL 321 FL“. And the stunning part: My car has the license plate number „VL 320 FL“. *Just one letter apart!* It feels like an answer to my desperate thoughts of the past days that *I so much would like to have a friend who would be all into near-death experiences and after-death contacts*. I so much need a person who I can exchange experiences and thoughts with. Not that the woman with the car would be that friend – but the closeness and similarity that I am craving is perfectly reflected in that license plate number. And I am aware that I did see it a few days ago on the street, too.



(**Note:** On April 1, I would encounter „VL 322 FL“ on the street close to where I live! And a few weeks later I'd encounter „VL 323 FL“!))

The weeks are flying ... the world is so fucked up. I should not be wary of what will happen once people have read this contact diary. I should rather wish the right people will read it ... and realize, that they too can connect with the beyond at any time.

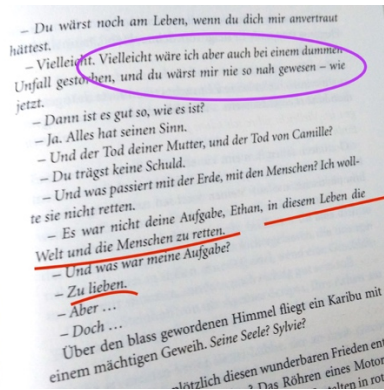
March 27, 2023

Took mom and the boys for a walk at Rosegg ... amazing clouds.



March 28, 2023 – Time Synchronicity & Many Events

Started to read another book last night, „Die Saat“, *literally „The Seeds“ like being put on a field to grow into a crop*, but actually with an abstract meaning, too, like „You reap what you sow“, that kind of „seed“ ... and I kind of had a bad conscience for reading instead of working on this c. d., but there were so many things that spoke to me, that seemed to be directly out of my life ... Like **fretting about a loved one's death and then talking with the disca herself!**



„... maybe I would have died at a stupid accident, and you would have never been so close to me like now!“ – *Wow – that's like Bob talking to me directly!*

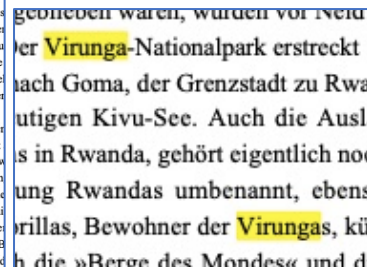
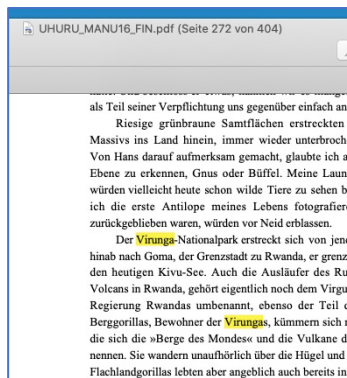
„It was not your job, Ethan, in this life, to save the world and mankind.“

„And what was my job?“

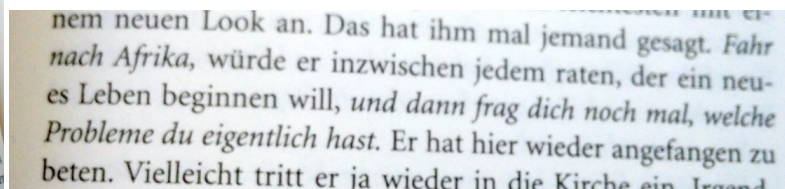
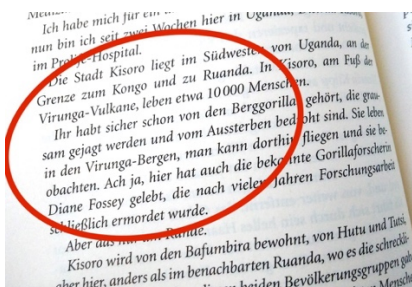
„To love.“

There I have it. THERE I FUCKING HAVE IT.

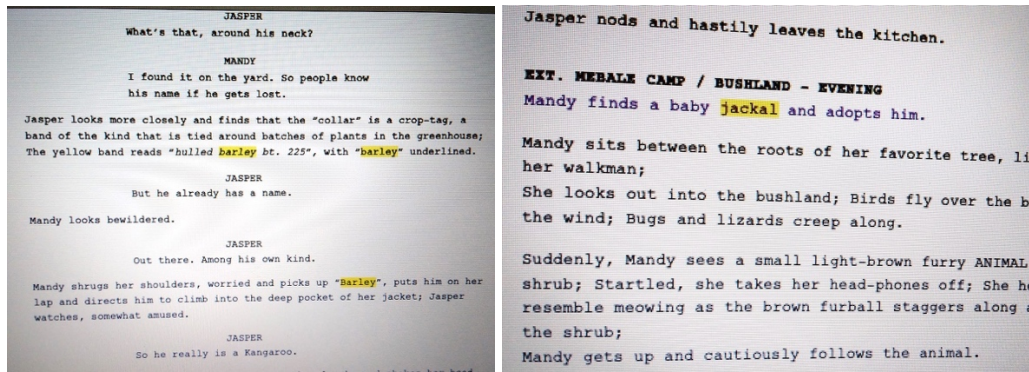
Even the **mountain gorillas in the Virungas** that I describes in my own never published travel book „Uhuru“ back in the 1990s!



It was about **farming certain crops in Africa** to eliminate most of mankind, and of course I had to think of my screenplay *trilogy „Curly Fish“ about an agricultural project in Africa* ... and for the first time I thought of one of the „characters“ of main importance in the story:



A **jackal** by the name of „**Barley**“, relating to a main crop that was planted!



And of course Tino just looks like a small white jackal!



(The last image is „Tino“!)

And what I realized yesterday, too – he reminds me of the puppy I once rescued in Mexico with the crazy Robert R. long time ago, I think it was in 2003 – **Aniko! She looked just like Tino and a Jackal too!** (Robert R. called her „Jackie“.)



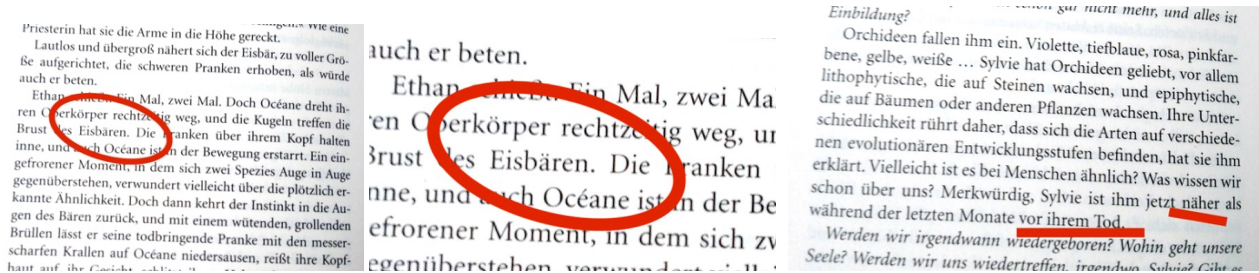
*(Oh Aniko, her story would be a tough one to tell ... I can't, but I trust that she had a good life after all. Just looking at the images of her reminds me to the point of tears how much heartbreak I had to bear already in my life. I hope I will see her again in the beyond, will I, Bob? **Note:** Asked this question on April 30, held my hand out, received a small „golden crown“, like for dolls, girls play ...*

Later: The closest to a „crown“ I got just earlier when I was working on putting images into this c. d. but kept browsing stuff online for distraction, and there was a story about how the „golden rain“ in a talent show that rains upon a winner doesn't really come from above ... I had found a piece of golden stuff the other day



And in the end of that book „*The Crop*“ ... well, I read only a few chapters, then got tired of the looooooong story and turned to the literally last pages: And just there everything was explained! Jeezaz! It would have been necessary to read alllll the way to the end to get everything explained in a few sentences. I hate hate hate such books! I guess it's for people who really have nothing else to do!

So in the end – wait for it! The main evil protagonist gets killed – by an *ice bear*! **An Ice Bear!** The favorite animal of my grandmother! The sequence is so short, that if you yawn while reading, you miss it.



There is also a section about orchids and the statement that **.... Strange. Sylvie is now closer to him than in the last months before her death.**

Right.

All this, I guess, is meant to encourage me to in fact move forward with my writing! I am a great writer. I have great stories. I MUST find an agent. THAT got to be my main goal right now.

And then ...

I had the loveliest dream of – Walter! There was some kind of *nature theme park with a very steep ski piste roller coaster mix of parcours*, and I did not dare to go down there, it had to be done just walking and sliding, without any other means ... but before, I was in some kind of school, and the teacher was a real asshole, a scrawny, ugly, unpleasant woman in her mid forties ... and in the end I called her „trampel“, meaning a tramp of sorts, just a dumb bitch, knowing that this could lead to me being expelled from that school. I don't know what school that was though ... and there was the element of traveling in that dream, and it all was in a forest ... and I had to get going and packed my suitcase. There was some kind of train that ran through that theme park – and Walter was the driver! I was in love with him in my dream, but there was no way that he would pay attention to me. So I did have contact, chatted, but then also just saw him drive away all the time with people whose company he seemed to enjoy. I was sad ... but I knew I had to leave, or rather should leave.

Somehow that teacher didn't even blame me for what I had said, and eventually the course or school year or training was over, and she left. There was something about a water creek and several trees. Oh now I remember – as I had to leave *I brought three tiny plant pots with moss-like plants in them, and I dropped the plants into a shallow creek*. Somehow, they did not float away, but I could kind of secure them in the soil in the creek, and I knew that they were going to grow. Some young man was there, watching me ... So that school year was over, and there were no more tourists in that theme park train,

and I saw Walter drive by with the empty train – except one woman was there with him, and they were laughing. In my dream I knew that there was another teacher. I looked after them and thought I would never see Walter again.

As I got ready to leave, I saw that there was another steep roller coaster, towards the North-East, but it was nearly abandoned. There was something intense and homely about the dream by then, as all the pupils or tourists or visitors had left, and only the staff remained in that area – and I. So I dared to go down that steep ski hill roller coaster kind of parcours, but without snow, and I saw that it was so dangerous, that I would not go further. It would run North around an entire mountain towards the West.

As I climbed back up, I saw several things at the same time: The ending of the parcours on the other side was a forest – and there were several upside down mythical bird figures ... I think wood carvings, but they kind of hovered there, long necks, spread wings, sharp beaks ... and there was Walter. He was much heavier than when I saw him last in real life, and he was superhealthy and wore a light-gray T-shirt and a dark-gray thigh-long cardigan with it and jeans. His hair was black and curly and chin-length, and he looked to handsome, that it took my breath away. In my dream, even, I had to think that I had seen my real-life mirror image just last night, when I got up from my big chair from reading that book „The Seed“, and I found myself so ugly and healthy ... and I thought of Walter and what a pity it was that we had not met since our encounter in early August last year ... when I looked so much fresher. Just my hair has not grown. I would love to have long hair ... but I think I must cut it off, I couldn't wear it open like this anyway, it would be just a few thin strands, ridiculous.

So in my dream, Walter suddenly came up to me – and his presence was so warm and strong and intense, I was so profoundly happy for a little while in my dream – because he took my hand and lead me with him, as he was strolling along that slope in that park, maybe checking on things. I told him that I had not finished that parcours, but he did not mind. Other people were around, the staff, and it was so natural, that I snuggled up to Walter's solid warm body, and that he put his arm around me. I thought, in my dream, that this must be good-bye, but it was not! It was clear, suddenly, that Walter wanted me and would stay with me, that he loved me. Talk about wishful thinking! So in the dream, I smiled at him and held on to him and called him „Walterle“, which is a diminutive, tender form of Walter, meaning „dear little Walter“, and he did not mind ... just held my hand tighter, and I was allowed to wrap my arms around him and stay with him.

Oh wow. Then I woke up. And I realized I had slept pretty well until bright daylight. In fact, I slept in. When I got up, it was 9 am, and it's daylight-savings time, so it was actually 10 am. My dogs are just the sweetest, they stay in their beds until I get up, no questions asked.

So now what? I lay awake realizing how urgent it is for me to see Walter again. Just that he seems not to want to, at all. He did call a few weeks ago, I remember. So maybe, tonight, after the dog school and work done, I will text him about the dream and see what happens. (*Note: Never did.*)

In any event, I thought, lying awake in the morning, that just this wonderful dream experience was already worth living. I was with him and he totally wanted to be with me, and it was like all my dreams come true. Oh well.

Something else I noticed this morning. I found I had no jobs yet, and so I opened this contact diary in the place way up where I had finished editing-reading last night, when I did it for five minutes ... it was about „**Bob and the microphone**“ in his edit room! Wow! That is exactly what I wrote about the day before yesterday, when Google had that image with the woman with the text and the recording microphone! And right next to it – about **Walter at an audio workshop**! Just look!

So **time-synchronicity** at its best – again.

Last, but not least: Last night, I felt the urge to google Jamie Lee Curtis, and I ended up reading about her marriage with Chris Guest ... and I wondered why. Until I came to a spot where she quotes Princess Di, and now I know why I was drawn to internet-surfing about Jamie instead of doing anything else:

Even **Tino** showed up last night ... see. Yesterday, walking with mom and Jacqui at Rosegg, he ran like a manic far far away after some crows and tried to catch them in flight. And I came across an image that expresses just that:



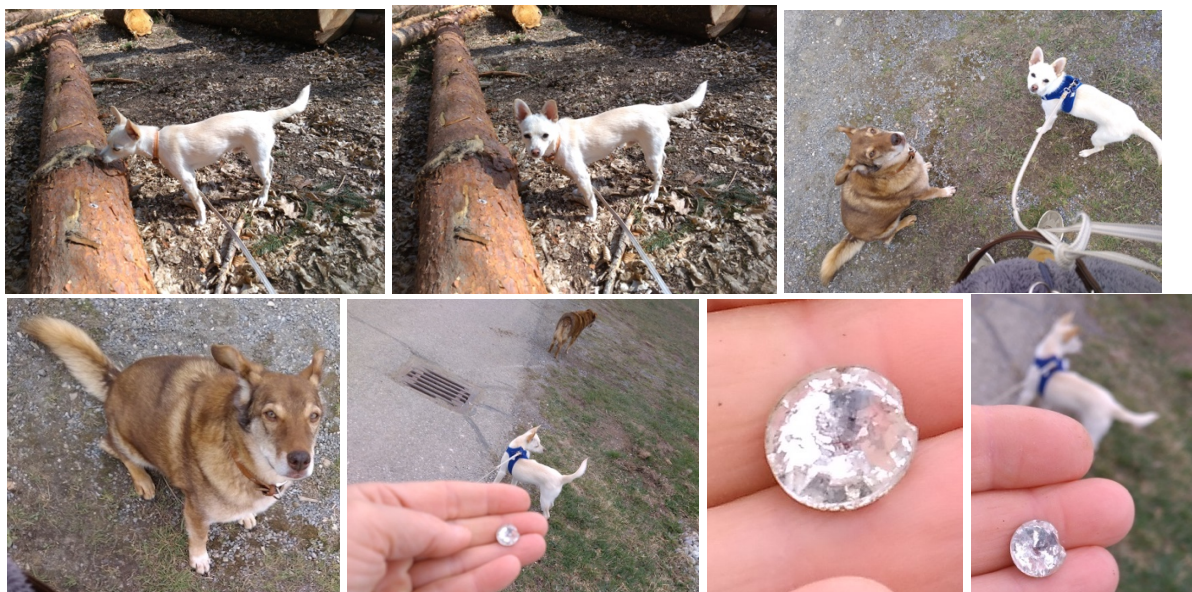
Oh **Tino**. How strange that he ended up with us. He loves the sun.

It's intense, yes ... how the things I experience as a mortal are reflected back at me. Not saying it all „comes from Bob“. But I do know that these things are meant to influence my awareness – and with that my priorities in life. And yes, this is Bob's „help“ in „working on our projects“. I am sure of it.

March 30, 2023

Walking with the dogs ... it's pleasure. I have stopped getting upset about Tino being wild. I have begun to accept and understand him – or try to understand him and realize how vulnerable he is. He is my teacher. And my attitude towards J has changed too. I start seeing them as what they are ... animals. Innocent. Direct. Honest. I really really appreciate them, and it hurts me that my mom rejects them so much. I will have to have a very clear talk with her about what I expect from her from now on.

Found a little fake gem during that walk. Wow – that expresses my feelings just perfectly.



(Note: I only realize this today, writing this entry down as I am looking through the images still to be put into this c. d., on April 9, Easter Sunday.)

April 1, 2023

Walk with the two wolves at Aich ... wow, wondrous cloud formations! But all threat, no event – no rain or storm, only afar. And the amazing „puka lani“ right in there. I felt so lonely up there. Talked to my mom on the phone, realized what a dead end that feels like already, the situation with her. She wants to be home and watch TV, and that is it. If I wouldn't intervene, her mind would wither away, soon I guess.

Summer is around the corner. Who knows where the time goes ...



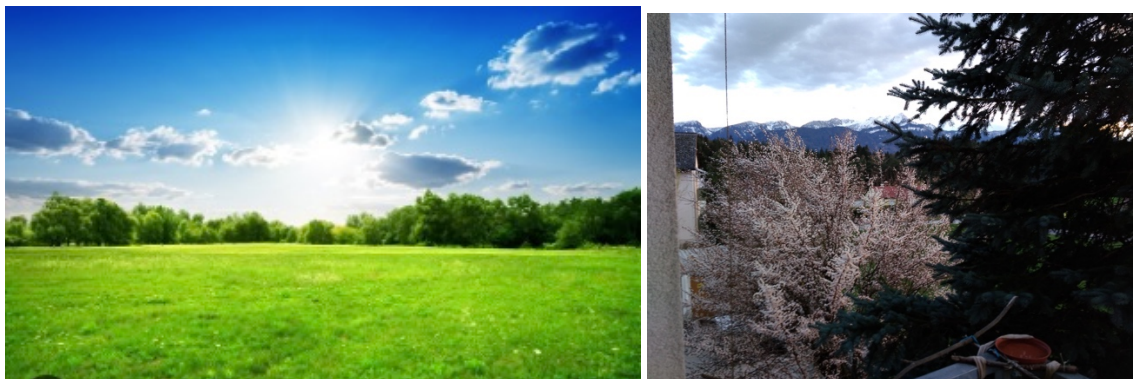
April 2, 2023, Sunday – **The Grass is Greener ... & The Hawaii Connection**

So April again. Unbelievable. Baked an apple strudel for my mother, drove to her to deliver it, turns out she forgot to tell me that she had received meals on wheels already yesterday, and has not touched it. I managed to keep my calm. Took her for an early afternoon walk – into the forest. To my horror I detected two tiny ticks on the legs of her trousers! Geez, am I an idiot or what? Same thing last year: But and she got Borreliosis. I can only hope and pray that those were the only two ticks.

Yesterday I took her for a walk through Velden, as the Easter market was opened. Horribly expensive stuff, just kitsch, and kids riding ponies and painting stuff in the park. We ate an ice cream cone with one ice ball each, and it was nice to see the lake. The cloud formations were just stunning – like huge dicks, like tsunami ... like tornado swirls and hurricane anvils.

We looked out over the landscape that is beginning to be so incredibly green. On a building site I also discovered machinery of the kind that I get texts about all the time for editing.

Later I took Jacqui and Tino for a late afternoon walk to Aich, and as I looked over the amazingly **green grass**, i said to myself „*The grass is greener on the other side ...*“ and became aware of whta I had said, and I continued with the short thought that maybe where Bob is, the grass is greener ...? I have heard report of near death experiences where people described unnaturally beautiful shades of green ...

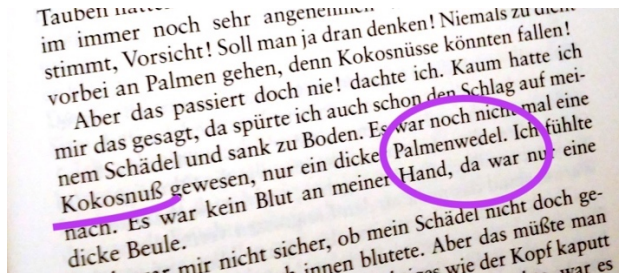


(Grass image googled.) Well, fucking spring is coming too, see blossoms from my balcony ...

So later, after eating mom's meals on wheels „Scheiterhaufen“ dinner while she at the fresh apple strudel I had made, I lay down and took an anthology book about stories about sex to distract myself a bit. I am supposed to meet a filmmaker, Wolfram W., on April 12, a reference by M. Kraiger from LisaFilm, W. had called me two days ago ... and I felt strangely put off by his way of talking to me, like I was a little girl and had not idea about the film biz at all. So I decided today that I would send him an email with my filmography and loglines ahead of our meeting and tell him exactly what I need. I have to be true to myself, it won't work otherwise. But it makes me a bit wary. So I way lying there reading random stories ... Suddenly ***I flashed back to Maui so strongly***, right into housie, (**Note:** *Oh shit I just recently stumbled across a lot of photos of the inside of housie ... can't bear to look at them.*) that I automatically recalled this in the kitchen, handles, surfaces, plates, bowls, the stove, the sliding door ... it was so intense, that I asked Bob what the fuck this was all about.

And I had just discovered a story about Georgetown on a Caribbean island, and the author has such a great way of writing, that I thought, wow, this is a woman I would want to meet. The way she describes island life how it is not that lovely and great and glamorous – a priceless style of writing and expressing herself!

Sure enough, there is a section in the story – where the female hero of the story is afraid of a ***coconut falling on her head***, and instead she is hit by a ***palm frond*** – and that is SO MAUI and ME!



And a scene right out of my Hawaii adventure script „***Hulihuli Moon***“! ***And the palm fronds in front of housie*** – I had just looked at ***pictures*** of them yesterday and remembered how Bob and I had posed with the palm fronds once, and how heavy they were! So I thought – „***Wow, island, palm fronds, coconuts ... a great writer, is that a message?***“



EXT. MAUI VILLAGE / PATHWAYS - DAY
Rita chases Jeremy through the neighborhood.
Jeremy walks little ways down the street, then enters a neighborhood pathway, then enters narrow passages between backyards.
Rita follows him along, apologizing everywhere to LOCALS (who are on their porches, in their gardens and garages) ...
RITA
Sorry! This is an emergency!
Please, don't shoot me! I'm don't mean to trespass! Only trying to catch up with my friend! Over there, see? I'm already gone!
Apologies! Don't mind me, I'm not even here!
EXT. MAUI VILLAGE / DRIVEWAY - DAY
Rita accidentally harvests a coconut.
Rita halts at the exit of a driveway, panting; Catching her breath, she leans against a coconut palm tree.
(Meanwhile Jeremy walks on at a distance.)
A coconut drops right next to Rita, and she jumps aside with a shout; Feeling observed, she looks up and sees:

A coconut drops right next to Rita,
shout: Feeling observed, she looks

I had written about „***Hulihuli Moon***“ to an Austrian filmmaker just this morning, asking her to get me in contact with the actress I would want to play a lead role in „HM!“ And here it was! All in that story ... I had picked that book a few day ago at the „phone booth library“. I had just finished my first and probably only John Grisham novel yesterday – a total disappointment.

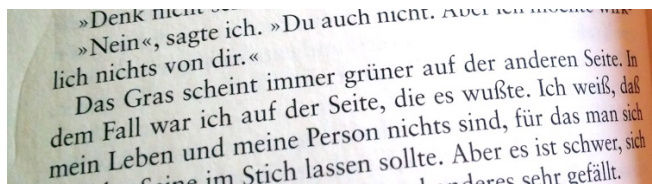
Something happened: I loosely looked into some folders if I could find a palm-frond-picture of Maui, but didn't find it, because I am on the other hand just wary to see Bob or housie ... it hurts too much. But I came across a bunch of unnamed images, and as I opened one, it was that ONE special sunset that I had photographed – **on November 4, 2012. Six years before Bob's death.** The date does seem to have

significance. (**Note:** *I am putting this image in on April 5, 23.*) It is so strange to look at this – and I have never ever seen a sunset like this before or again on Maui! – and think that six years were to pass until Bob's passing, and four of them I would not be with him.



(November 4, 2012)

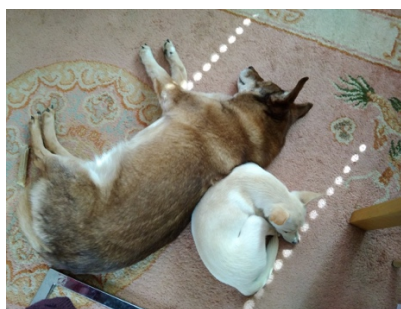
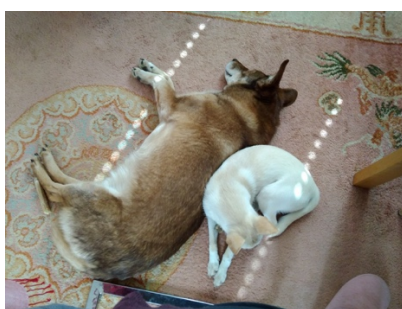
So I was reading that amazing piece of literature about Georgetown, Tobago – When I was baffled shitless: **„The grass always seems to be greener on the other side“**. I read.



It was written right there.

It was. I have never read it anywhere at all. But today. After I had spoken the sentence out loud – in English! – and thought about „the other side“ where Bob is and whether or not the grass is greener there too. And all that in connection with my Maui impressions.

So ... am I on the right path? I have two allies ... and they keep me grounded. And healthy.



I still love to watch **plants** to develop their personality ... the „Red Leaf“ turned into a huge tropical plant ... it was a tiny plant in a throw-away-pot at a store more than a year ago ... Bob used to nurse the plants I had potted on Maui ... and used to report on the phone or via emails ... and when I returned, the plants sometimes would still be there. I remember the little ginger seedling I had put on the table on the lanai the last time I was there ... hoping to see it again, grown.



April 5, 2023 – The car license plates again

Drove to pick up mom from the hairdresser – and „123 DJ“ came towards me, which has huge meaning, in terms of my initials and a password for certain things, and RIGHT AFTER that, a van came with „30 SM“. And that’s especially poignant, because of „SM“ having been Bob’s signature, and then, the man in the van was that man, *the carpenter, that made the wooden wild boar* along that path where I walked all the time with Jacqui. And I found that guy very handsome, tall, long gray hair, and we ran into each other last year and even greeted each other – without knowing each other. Everytime we see each other, we gaze at each other. I did see a woman at his place, though, so hands off. But the succession of those two kind of startled me – in a good way.

April 6, 2023 – The Computer-Text-Message & the Stripes of the Past

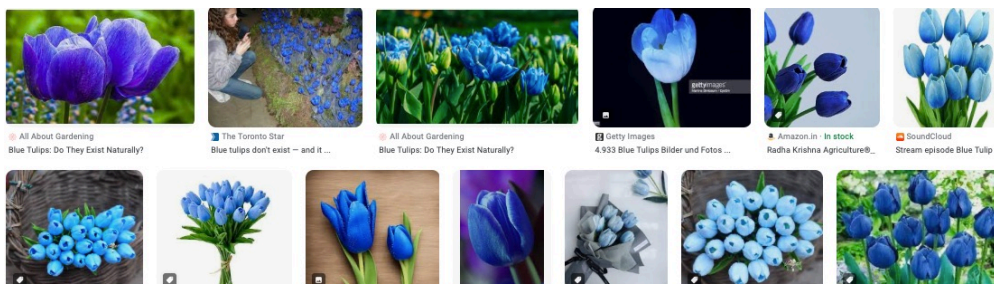
Wow, attended a dementia presentation *with mom* last night! She was all into it and quiet and attentive, none of her usual mannerisms displayed, just great. CH was there, too, she looked so weird, and she was kind of messy. She insisted to go to dog-school with me tomorrow. Well. (*Note: She forgot all about it, like about many things she had said she would do over the past year.*)

I met the woman, Sabine D., who has helped me immensely with dementia-advice in the first year after I had found my mom barely alive, half-starved and heavily cognitively impaired, and she was happy to see my mother and could barely believe it. She gave us some great events-for-seniors hints, and I registered mom already for activities this spring and summer. This is good!

Peter R. from Maui picked up chatting me up via LinkedIn, and he sent me a pic of himself with a *record* – on which a little dog is that looks just like crazy little Tino! Odds?



I had such a strong feeling of Bob’s presence when I drove back from a little hike up in Aich, where I saw a newly *cut field with stripes* ... and had the memory come up of Bob’s ordeal with his ex-wife Meenakshi who had him vacuum their carpets in very particular ways to create perfect stripes. So in the car, I was struck by such strong sadness that I had to ask Bob if he was present, and he „*put a blue or violet tulip shaped flower*“ into my hand, I had barely finished this thought.

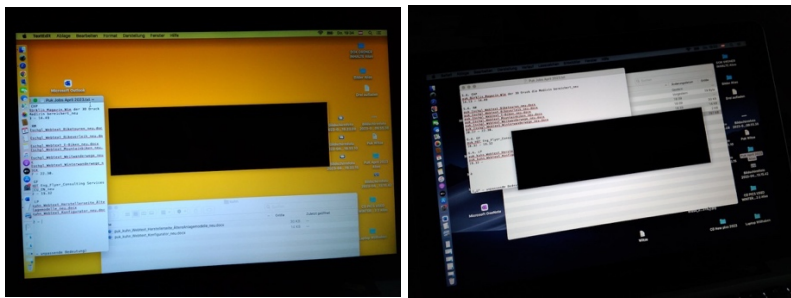


Peter, by the way, wrote that he wished for me to „get laid by a nice live Tantric man“. HAHAHAHA!

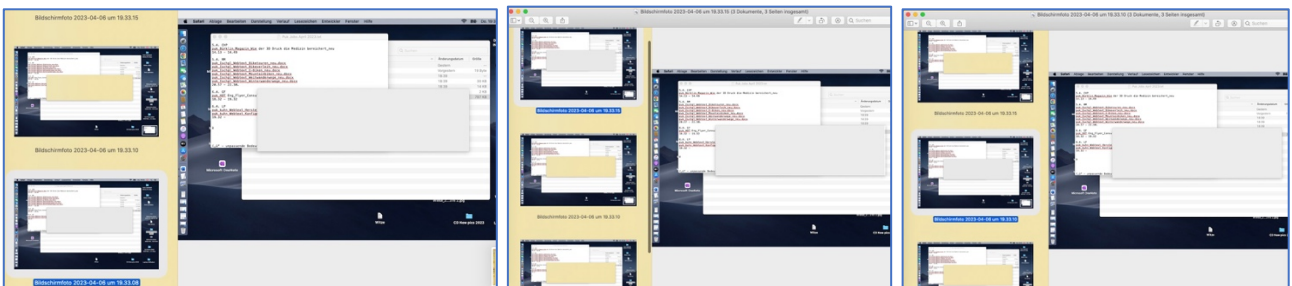
(Later)

CH showed up with gifts apologizing that again she couldn't join me to the dog school – like we had agreed last night – and again I have the feeling that her „pedicure appointment“ is a lie. I am so fucking tired of this.

I did some work after doggie class – and suddenly **a square black empty window** appeared just in the middle of all the other windows and documents – and it turned into a **light window**. It would not go away. But because it was so odd, I did not quit the programs or the finder but made screenshots. So now, hours later, when I wanted to name the screenshots, I noticed, that **on the side display the color of that square changes** when I scroll up and down through the different screenshots. What the ...?



Later, a **light window showed up and wouldn't go away!** And the beige and white colors kept changing in scrolling through the screenshots, even ... I have never seen anything like this before.

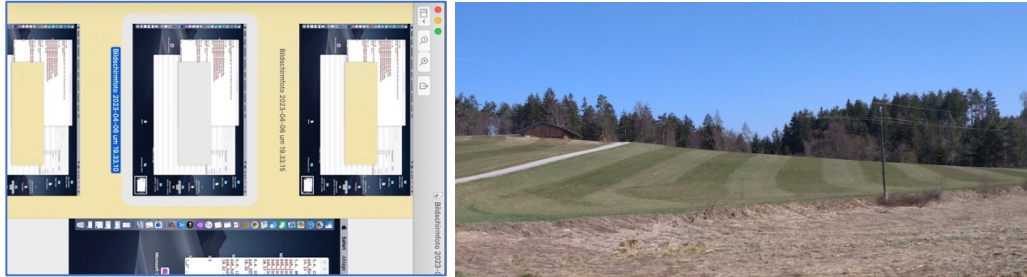


What the ...?

Right now, it seems everything „wants“ to remind me of Bob ... like I am not supposed to „let go“ ...? The *striped fields* ... I can hear Bob tell me about the story how his ex-wife demanded of him that he vacuum the carpet floor in certain directions to create perfect stripes ... and how often have I seen „Koi“ fish together with Bob in a pond ... like here, in the **small pond with the bridge that leads right into it** ...



(Note: Putting the images in today, April 30, *I do see the correlation of the „stripes“ – in the field and mysteriously on my laptop* – later that night! Coincidence?! *No. A form of synchronicity.* And that's how communication between the realms work: We must have memories and experiences from our mortal time together to relate to the events we see and are pointed at ... to „get“ the message.)



CH told me that she had heard that *today, the neighbor's wife U. had* died – the one he had taken care of for nearly 20 years, while she had been confined to her bed, had to be given oxygen and turned every hour ... wow. He had told CH just a few days ago that he has stomach ulcers and treats them with cabbage juice and stuff ... and that when his wife would be gone, this would be his end too. Now I can't help thinking that ... who knows if that wife of his wanted that life for so long! He probably needed her to live and kept her alive whilst she might have long been wanting to leave this horribly broken body behind, paralyzed and all. It is told that years ago she still was able to speak ... but who knows what happened meanwhile and in what state she was when she died. If she died. (The image is from 2015, when he received money from an event that was held to collect funds for him to be able to take care of his wife ... and back then she already was so frail and helpless. Brr.)

Oh Jesus, I just found articles online ... already 2015 he had taken care of his wife for six years – and she couldn't even breathe on her own! Or eat! She is also fed artificially! Is that a „life“? Has she been suffering? Why did he keep her body functioning so long? Now it is **eight** years later, and all that time this woman was on a artificial breathing and feeding and couldn't move and he kept her there? The weird thing, they have two kids, too ...



Dafür einfach das passende Modell wählen und nach Ihren Wünschen konfigurieren – sofort wird das passende Angebot erstellt und erscheint in Ihrem E-Mail-Postfach!

Note: *Oh wow – I just realized that an excerpt from a job I did when that square appeared was copied into this contact diary!* (The red-yellow part) I didn't notice, only now, when I opened the doc to put pics in and write the above lines about my neighbor! Wow! It's about building machines and the possibility to configure them according to one's need. Now that is odd. (It reads: „Just choose the suiting model and configure according to your wishes – immediately the proper offer will be created and will appear in your Email-inbox.“)

Oh – something else! **I had just sent an image of such a machine** of that client for who that text was, that I happened to encounter during my walk with mom a few days ago, to a colleague the author of that text! So now you can say, well, somehow I had opened this c. d., and this text was pasted into it ... well, no, I did not while I was working. At all. So that is very very interesting ...



So how can that be? If I was daring I would say that Bob was telling me that I should move forward with this contact diary and finish this chapter finally ... and that he was able to even „access“ this doc and my laptop! Sounds crazy. But I am very inclined to believe it. Bob was a tech wiz in his lifetime, I am sure he is dealing with tech-stuff now too. In a way.

About the maybe dead neighbor: Believe it or not ... but in the last days, walking by that house, I was wondering many times how close U. may have been to death. She used to be a woman that everyone had a crush on – including Sigi. And it was in the bar that she worked at back in the day that I had my first „date“ with Sigi.

(Later)

Something else just caught my attention: The other day, I took screenshots of images in an editing job I had to do ... I didn't now why, but I simply did it. And yesterday I started to read a very interesting book about a psychiatrist, with the title „The Red Sofa“. And the main protagonist besides the psychiatrist is – **a slender woman with short black locks!** I just picked that image from the job to figure out what to do with it – and I realized that this is exactly how that author describes that novel figure „Carol“!

Oh, and it just occurred to me – on March 25 I had that „**Mascha-Kaleko**“-experience ... and the character „Carol“ could be her too:

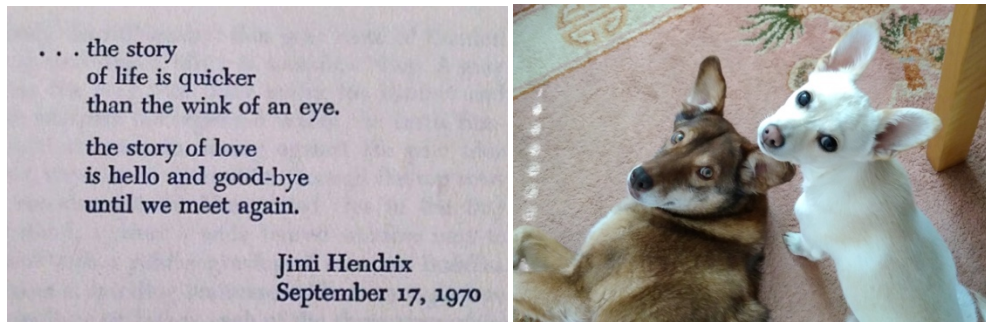


It is not so often that I have ever to do with women „with short black locks“. Well. Here, Three times in a row, including the book I'm reading now, about that therapist and a woman who wants to take revenge on her husband ... It is very very smartly written.

I just had the thought that maybe I feel attracted to reading actual books right now so much because of my online-editing job where I am reading day in day out really bad texts on my laptop. And those books are written well, of course ... even though the translations do often contain passages where you can tell that someone was not skilled at transporting something English into something good German but rather translated it literally and thus made the meaning ridiculous.

Always remember:

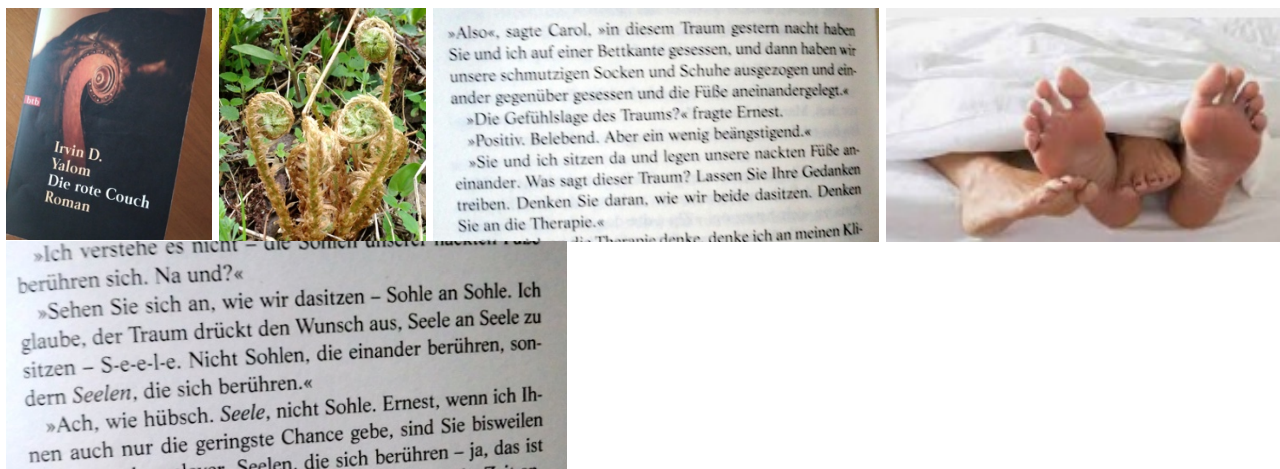
Death is not a punishment. It is the reward.



April 8, 2028 Easter Saturday – **The Soles & Souls Touching & the Black Soil**

I had a **dream** tonight of Bob and me touching feet. That used to be something we did and enjoyed so much. We would lie down in bed and immediately touch feet. And he used to say „**Oh the feet, the feet!**“ I remember the feeling distinctly. I woke up from my dream – that was actually so much more detailed, (but I cannot remember, as I am writing this down a day later) and I felt that deep deep sadness again over never being with Bob again in this life ... it has been with me a lot recently. I have been thinking of Walter, too, who really seems to not want to connect. And maybe I should leave it at that. But I have the feeling the last word is not yet spoke.

Sure enough – yesterday I started reading the **book** about psychiatric methods, **called „The Red Sofa“** – and just today, there it was: *A woman tells her therapist a dream about feet touching, but the soles.* And then they change the word into „souls“ – so that hit me deeply. „**Our soles were touching**“, Bob, yes, but wasn't it always that „**Our souls were touching**“? And surely they do now.



„So,“ said Carol, „in that dream last night you and I sat on the edge of a bed, and then we took off our dirty socks and shoes and sat opposite each other and put our feet together.“

„Note the way we are sitting here – sole on sole. I think, the dream expresses the wish to sit soul on soul ... souls that touch each other.“

And the book cover reminded me so much of the **giant ferns** that were growing right under the window of Bob's edit room next to the front door ... I loved them so much. They were huge and hairy, and I would talk to them ...

I did write to S. my truth about her idea of receiving the ability from God to „heal“ by putting her hands on someone. I did that because I had found myself lying awake in bed and talking to her out loud about this, and I was surprise myself finding myself talking. I broke out speaking about this several times, yesterday also with Bob in mind, talking about the very essence of healing.

So I wrote to S. what she actually imagines – that she would „heal“ by putting her hands on someone (leave the fact that she does not have that gift, she wants it)? An ailment has so many roots and causes – and *you can't just get rid of an ailment and think the person is healed*. So I had the strong urge to write to her that she must be of service to others to free themselves of hardship and pain so that they can heal *themselves*. For example, take the role of the caretaker of her mother for a year to relieve her brother. That would be something noble and healing. I did write that to her. It felt so good. I do not feel the need or urge to be friends with S., but I hope that she will get it why she met me. So that chapter is done for me. I expressed what had been so urgent for me to express, and maybe that was the reason why we met. I can't believe that someone who is so intent on „having found Jesus“ wouldn't want to read the books about the real Yeshua Ben Yussef by Dr. Barbara Thiering. This ignorance is in the same category like a professional medium like Dr. Alice refusing to learn about my contact diary or reading the books of Elizabeth and Stewart White. Maybe it is my task to help people on their way. Fine. Doing it.

Short Easter meal with mom, who barely ate anything and was strangely aloof. I will observe her now how she is doing when she is in the presence of people at the various senior events she is going to participate. Somehow, I am losing the patience and willingness to keep her up and active. I will need to get help helping her.

But I have distinct needs too. And they concern the realization of projects. I want Bob to help me with them. NOW.

I miss you Stoneman, so much. Many times when I taste the horrible tumor taste in my mouth. (*Note: Just as I was re-reading this section on April 22 I a shot of this horrible horrible taste came into my mouth, stronger than ever. It comes out of my head. Yuck. It can only be compared to sipping that liquid that oozed out of Bob's tumor, as its smell was the way this stuff in my mouth tastes.*)

I don't mind the thought of a tumor inside of me ... or when I feel certain pains or can't breathe. My body is deteriorating naturally. So what. *But I know my story isn't over yet.*

So here is a quote spoken by Jamie Lee Curtis upon her Oscar win in February 2023:

Princess Diana in 1997 really made her think about the concept of a life well lived, doing the most that you can with the time you have. "I now live wisely—not unflawed. But I do strive to live wisely every day," the actress said, [per MagicValley.com](https://www.magicvalley.com).

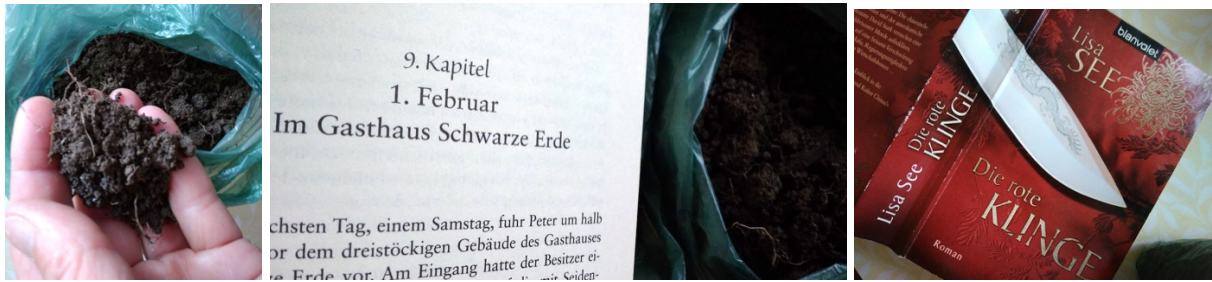
Just recalled that I walked by a car with the license plate number „**408 DJ**“ yesterday. There is the „48“ topic which relates to video production – and my initials.

And: There are so, **so many „250“** with two letters recently – that I really must wonder why? „250“ are the first numbers of Bob's phone number, and to me, seeing them, means „I will call you“ or something. Of course he can't call me ... but ... there is the combination of the „**48**“-**theme** and the „**250**“-**theme**, and both mean „audio“, „sound“, „talking“.

(Later)

Oh fuck. I always keep thinking that the last sentence I write will be the last one of this chapter, and then – BAM! Something else happens. So last night I started to read another „phone-booth library“ book, with the title „**The Red Blade**“, which attracted me because its story is situated in China, and there is a lot information about China. It's very interesting.

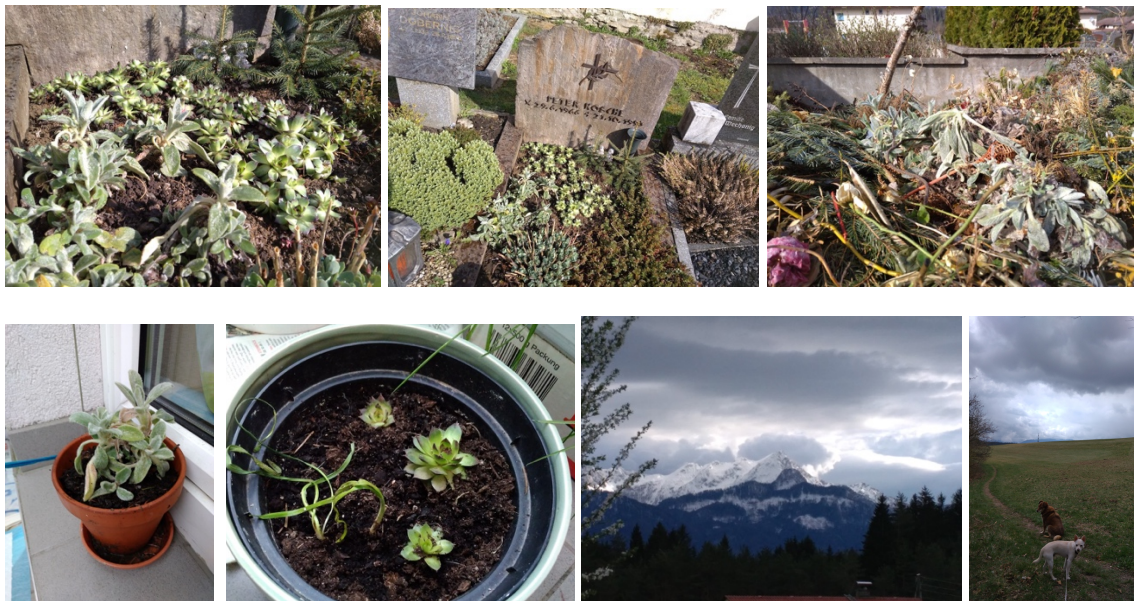
So after writing the above I took J and T for a walk into the forest and to the meadows of Aich ... and just before I returned to the car, the **nice black soil** caught my eye ... and **I scooped some up** into a doggie bag and took it home. I thought it will be a nice vitamine shot for the various plants in my home.



So then I ate my lonely Sunday Easter breakfast, way late, at 12.30 pm, and I kept reading that book. And sure enough, there it was: A main location of the plot was named – „Gasthaus **zur Schwarzen Erde**“, „**Restaurant Black Soil**“.

Black fucking Soil. I kid you not. SO maybe the blue tulip I saw the other day really meant the soil? Or maybe **those bulbs I took with me from the dump** and planted in a pot, along with the many **succulents that I planted on my brother Peter's grave?** It has to do with soil Planting and all?

I just noticed that I did something strange in terms of dealing with plants ... **I pulled out almost all of the soft nice rabbits' ears** from the grave, which is something non-typical for me, because I always want to rescue living plants, and there, I pulled out the plants I had myself nursed and planted before! They were just sprouting and getting ready to spread more ... but I took them out except for a few, and a little piece I took home and put it into a pot.



(The images of mount Mittagskogel „Kepa“ and Jacqui and Tino are leftovers, just illustration.)

So now, thinking about it ... it seems to have meaning. Like I will finally be able to not obsess over things and – **let go of things?** Those rabbit ears needed to be taken out. There were so many old leaves underneath, and they were spreading all over the gravesite ... so I was able to do that. It did not feel bad or sad. I was aware, actually, what I was doing and that I should feel bad while I was doing it. I even talked to myself and to the plants ... and when I put them on the dump to the many other plants, I said good-bye and had the feeling that they were, in fact, with their own kind. And they will be composted, seeds and all, so maybe they will grow somewhere else?

Last night I even thought about those plants, and I thought that *I should have taken them into a forest and let them grow there*. I will go to the cemetery today, take pictures ... and if the rabbits ears are there, on the dump, still, I might take them and put them into the forest Strange, that I even

consider this now, thow. Should I trust my first instinct? Or must I do what my urge is? I guess I will decide when I see those plants again. (*Note: Left them on the compost pile.*)

Oh wow, I must keep reading. Maybe there is something else in this book that will speak to me.

April 10, 2023 – **Bob's real life voice & the Tulip**

I heard Bobs voice last night ... when I was at CH's, and we played trailers of my films, and ***in „Arbo“, Bob is speaking the part of the tree in the intro.*** Shit. ***It was ... a shock.*** How painful. I put my hands on my ears. I can't stand his voice ... can't get the memory of his mortal being not out of my head anymore. It is like I could just call him, and he'd be there. And I could just travel to Maui, and he'd be there.

So that's why the „408 DJ“? That's why the „250“-theme, too! „Sound“, „audio“, „talking“ ... I was thinking just a day ago. And here it is: Without expecting it at all, I was confronted with hearing Bob himself speak. I was at CH's to watch a trailer of the latest film of the guy I am meeting tomorrow for a chat about agency representation. And after that we got into watching trailers of my own films ... I had forgotten that in the English version of „Arbo“ Bob was speaking. When I heard his voice out of the blue, something happened to my heart. And I kind of fell ... and fell ... but not obviously, it is only inside of me. The sadness is so deep and strong that I can't even „grab“ it with my conscious mind. It is flooding everything. It is there. In me. Bob is there. The loss is. His presence and yet his absence.

Took a **walk with mom** – who is her grumpy self not talking one word with me, looking pissed – and there was a **turquoise painted stone on the path** ... one of the „Stone tour“ rocks, stones everywhere with sayings or words or pictures on them ... and all the green ... supposedly refreshing, but all I can think of is „geez, another summer“.



And: ***The „tulip“ from April 6 showed up!***

Noteable is, that my mom is wearing a violet or purple color, and we walked by a window – ***with lotos flowers on display!*** Of course it is not a „tulip“, but it also was only a „tulip shaped flower“ that I had received. When I saw the lotos images, I experienced a strong emotional „jolt“ of some kind ... and this, I have learned, means – „You are right“, as I thought „The tulip!“ And: Look at the background – ***a big STONE!***



I changed last night hearing Bob's real life, soft, sweet voice. I remember when we recorded that. Yes, it was about actual sound, **yes, the „48“-theme did mean „video production sound“**. It fucking did. His voice. Bobs's real life voice. I heard. And I even stumbled across Bob's image upon googling my fucking artist's name. It's from an Indiegogo-campaign for a film I wrote, **„The Sleeping Giant“**. O Jesus. So much started. Nothing finished. What is this about ... my heart is supposed to break for good?



(Later) Drove back from doggie school, and a big black van drove out from a strangely wild kind of parking space near the railway. It's license plate number: **„250 BS“**. Seriously.

April 11, 2023

It is always so touching and amazing to me, how a plant when only put in water, without any soil, still is making „matter“ – growing and even developing roots. How, when there is no „material food“ only water and air and light? I had broken a little branch off a vine the other day during the walk with mom and put it into a jar ... and sure enough: roots! And seeing those amazing red fir tree buds ... wonders.



(Note: April 28, the buds opened!)



April 12, 2023

Had a meeting with a producer Wolfram W. (courtesy of M. Kraiger, head of Lisa Film who is impressed with my screenwriting work) who is very well connected. I was baffled that he, upon my

question if he could help me get agency representation, told me that he might get me in contact with producers, but not agents – but first he wants me to do something for him. I said I would – he wants me to improve a screenplay he wrote, about a cook! So I told him about my cook-related script, „Hulihuli Moon“. He doesn't speak English well but wants to read it ... long story short, upon second thoughts I find that attitude actually very horrible. Would he have so bluntly asked this of a man too, like „You come to me for support, and I think about it, but first you do something for me.“ Yuck. I'd be curious if he had asked that from a man, too. When I got back to the parking lot, „**480 AD**“ parked next to my car.



Seeing the „smoking volcano“ Mittagskogel doesn't help either ... in terms of me missing Bob and my Maui life. Saw a yellow ball in the water at Aich pond ...



April 14, 2023

Drove to Griffen to get my summer tires ... a rainy cold day, it was so strange and heartbreaking to be there again, thinking about the horror I experienced there with little dog Marshall and his owners ... I realized fully what a terrible situation that was in full awareness of what these people did to me ... their behavior, the whole Marshall situation ... my stomach cramped, and I was very very sad when I took Jacqui and Tino to the path along the creek where I so much wanted to take Marshall but never did. I wonder how the little guy is.



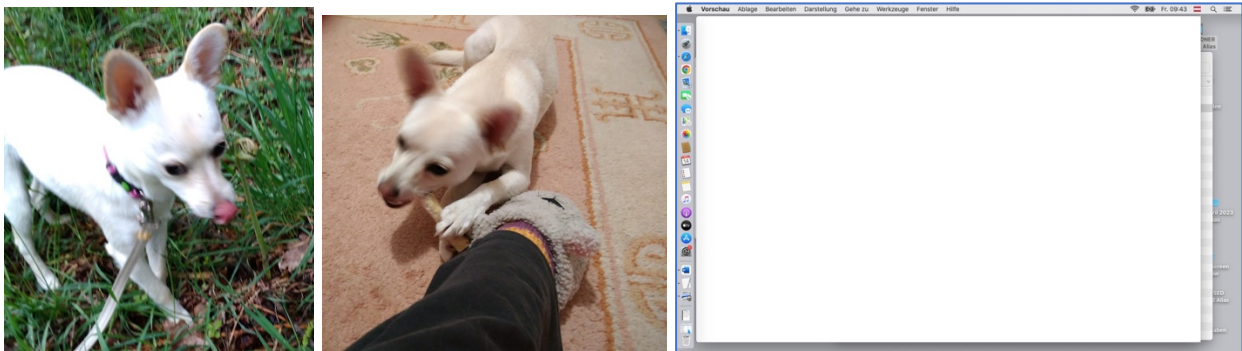
Yes, and there were the ferns ... we had beautiful, **big ferns in front our „housie“ on Maui** ... oh I loved to touch them and talk to them ... and in Griffen lots and lots of (still rolled up) ferns are growing along that creek ... reminded me of that book cover ...



It was a dreadful time back then in Griffen ... the drama, my half-dead mom, me driving so far so often, and then living in that house ... with Marshall suffering next door ...

It was so heavy on me to see the places again and feel the energy of the area. But that said it also felt like I had left some kind of „home“ there, strangely.

Back home, something kind of touched me ... little Tino brought his chewing stick directly to me and put it on my foot to eat it there. There is something about him so enraging and at other times so endearing ... it's confusing for me. Plus, something else happened: For no reason I could discern, **my laptop screen** suddenly gave me – **a „blank“**. Yes. A blank page. Just blank. There!



(Note: Putting the images in on April 30, I have the feeling that because I have been dealing with the wrong people, mainly CH, about who I just learned the biggest lesson of all: She is a liar and betrayer, and I should have always listened to my gut and not my mind that wanted to trust her and give her a chance; She did not deserve it. She is a full-blown addict, always was, is now, and I was mistaken, period. But I am healed now. Does the blank page mean „Start over, Dani!“ ???)

April 16, 2023

Oh geez, I was going to end this chapter with the above picture of Bob, but can't. Aside from the just breathtakingly poignant experiences with license plate numbers:

Yesterday, **Tino took off**. First, I was so angry at him because he behaved like a fucking maniac towards another dog who was nothing but nice and quiet. Then the pulling on the leash! I was so angry. So I let him off the leash for him to sniff along the forest path, which he normally happily does and always stays close. I did a quick lookout with Jacqui on a side path, expecting Tino to follow us – but he was gone! I went to check the other path. No Tino. I looked around and called, no Tino. I was so shocked. I was sure to never see him again. Likely he has picked up on a track of a bitch in heat ... so a woman came along with a staff dog named Spikey, and she immediately offered to help. Her dog is training man-trailing, so she took a scent sample and my phone number. I stayed in the area for a while ... and then, sure enough, I saw Tino closeby, in the other direction from where I had thought he had gone ... and when he recognized J and me, he came running.



Later, the lady called me and told me that she had even driven around looking for Tino, so nice. As we were chatting it turned around, that she knows my father and Edith well ... and she gave me immensely precious information about my father and Edith! It was like magic ...

Now I have more information that can definitely help me with my father or any heritage matters with his „heir“.

I found a stripe of **golden deco material**, in the middle of the forest, strangely.



(Note: On April 30, I happened to browse a few dumb stories online to distract myself, and I came across a story about how the „golden rain“ at some talent show does not really „come from the ceiling“ but from stage workers throwing them at the winner ... geez. I would not have even noticed this had I not found this thing.)



And I did read the screenplay by that producer, and it was really bad in so many ways. I had sent him the links to the „Native of Owhyhhee“ installments – and before seeing them, he emailed me that why not cut them down to twice 45 minutes and get them to Austrian Broadcasting ... geez. I did not feel good about this idea and attitude. So I gave him my utterly honest, but not entirely detailed review of his script ... even risking that he will be pissed. So be it.

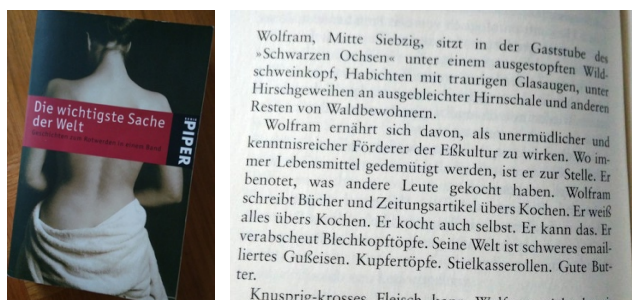
I must be true to myself. That is majorly important now.

Today, I *saw penis clouds* and *plants grow under water* – which touched me deeply, not sure why.



Also, I dropped off my mom's car at the mechanic's – and came across two amazing sculptures, like from Easter Island ... along with a funny push-cart „man“ ...

So, last but not least: I went to the bookstore yesterday and took one of my phone booth library books, and an anthology about relationships. I opened it on a random page – and there it was: A story about a man by the name of „**Wolfram**“ – **being a „cook“**! And that after I had edited the screenplay about a cook written by a producer named Wolfram who is all into food. What are the odds? Wild also because I had told him about „Hulihuli Moon“, a story about a runaway-cook ...



Quote: „Wolfram makes a living of appearing to be a tireless and knowledgeable supporter of Food Culture. Wherever food items are being humiliated, he is right there. He judges what other people have cooked. Wolfram writes books and magazine articles about cooking. He knows everything about cooking. He himself does cook too. He knows how to do that ...“

In the evening the sun came out. It was like someone had put on the light outside ... and as I looked around, I saw the most amazing ***light-scenery right above my „Ouija Board!“*** See for yourself! ***The „arrow“ pointed at the „moon“ after wandering there ...*** it was magical.

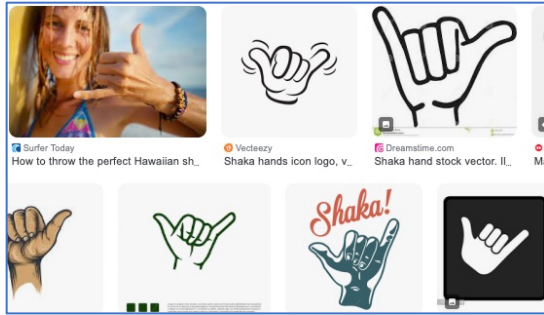


April 19, 2023

Major event today: Mom participated, in her first seniors circle ever. Driving to pick her up, „**250 DA**“ came towards me! Wow! And then, at the meeting location, I met an old friend of mine, from back in the day, around the early 1990s, *Marlies*, who was volunteering at the program. I told her we should meet up for a chat? This one I'd be curious about. (*Note: That said, I have a sense of gloom about her. Should possibly stay away, rather.*)

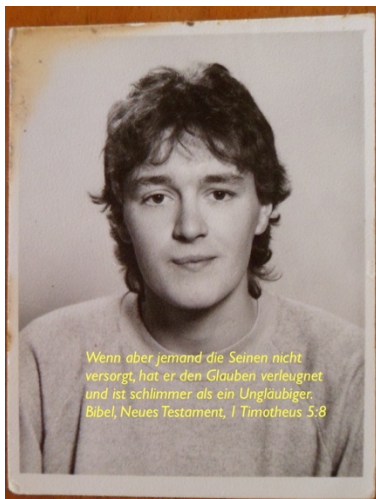
(Later)

Picked up mom from seniors meeting – she loved it! – and after shopping on the way home, I met a car with a big „**SHAKA**“ written on its front. Now the „shaka“ is the greeting in Hawaii.



April 20, 2023

Another lawyer-letter from my father ... and this time I send it back unopened and forbid to contact ME again. I sent my father the ultimate postcard with a **Bible-quote, Timothy 5:8**, and the backside-„letter“, rather a „world saying“, that there is always the chance for reconciliation and a new beginning, but in the beyond, one will have to stand judgment for one's actions, and there is no automatic forgiving. Yes, my father will face **my brother Peter**, like it or not. And whatever that will cause – it will be the right thing. I had this idea when lying awake thinking about what to do after having received a letter from my lawyer with a message from my father's lawyer that he does not wish any contact with me. Okay. I am done now. First, I only wanted to write the word „Pfui“ („Shame“!) on the card. But then the idea for the Bible quote just seeped into my mind. Feels right.



Wenn aber jemand die Seinen nicht versorgt, hat er den Glauben verleugnet und ist schlimmer als ein Ungläubiger. Bibel, Neues Testament, 1 Timotheus 5:8

1 Timothy 5:8 NIV

Anyone who does not provide for their relatives, and especially for their own household, has denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever.

So much for my father having abandoned my brother and me decades ago. I will not forgive him.

My dogs are in fact my comforters.



April 21, 2023

Such disappointments about ... well, let's call them just „people“. No interest in anything that is truly „me“, ignorance, lack of attention ... I have nobody to actually exchange real thoughts with and would know to be understood.

Thinking about that it was always and only Bob with who I had such an connection that we truly understood each other and could truly share and talk ... ***I suddenly heard part of a Hawaiian song in my mind***, and I remember watching Bob's documentary „The Edge of Paradise – Taylor Camp“ with him, seeing the section with that music, and I thought I'd suffocate with my tears, as I barely dared to breathe to avoid breaking out in a full-blown cry right next to dying Bob. It was so devastating, only writing about it, I am breaking out in tears right now. It was like I was looking back into all the years we had with each other and that could have been so much better ... and there I was again, and my sweet Bob was just a skeleton, a shadow of himself, dying. And I was so desperate, in housie, next to him, in our home, knowing this was the end ... and yet hanging on to that crazy hope ... that almost played out.

Today, taking a walk with M. and trying to talk about myself and not about other people for once, it was to no avail. I pretty much stopped mid-sentence, and she did not even notice. And CH ... (in this spot I had a description of me trying to deal with her addict behavior ... no point. I can't do it anymore. More importantly: *I shouldn't.*)

During the walk with M. and her dog Benny and Jacqui today I found a **tiny snake** on a lookout point – and earring. So tiny. I saw some blinking buried in the dirt, dug it out and there it was. It can have a lot of meaning ... I also call Tino „little snake“ at times, because he is so long. We went to a local pub with our dogs (Tino was home) and sat outside in the sunshine, and we both got some slight burn in the face. I felt so out of place. M. loves to talk about other people ... I only played the small talk game. No way I could have shared or talked about what I really care about. I tried. Didn't work. No interest.



I also found a few smileys ... and some weird „blond haired“ figure with a bell, like a chocolate, maybe a remnant from Xmas ... I also call Tino „Bello“ sometimes ... which actually means in Italian „the beautiful one“, but it also relates to „bellen“ which means „barking“ ... and the „bell“ comes right this way.

Yesterday, CH found some **sparkling green ball**. Somehow it seems to have significance. (**Note:** *Oh yes, it does. It's the ultimate depiction of CH with her pills, she can't live without pills and is addicted to so much shit, I can't even fathom ... It is a mindset I just can't follow, how someone can take pills and psycho-stuff at that I found out about the biggest betrayal of the all from her side – and it has to do with the pills and that she has lied to me in the meanest way possible, at a time, where she pretended ... in such big ways that she got me entirely fooled. Yuck. I don't want to even describe what happened. I am freezing inside, feeling ice cold thinking of her. Done now forever with her, April 30.*)



Mom ... well, I took a walk with her at Rosegg today without the dogs ... but it feels like suffocating having to deal with her situation, that she needs to be watched all the time, her mind is deteriorating on one side and seems to be sharper than ever on another ... it's so heavy on me. Everything is so heavy. I sometimes don't know what to focus on anymore.

M. today told me about the one-day ocean-trip I said I'd like to do by bus ... and she had done some research. But when she said that at the beach there is no free space to just be there and swim and that we must rent one of the chairs that are standing there in a row ... my heart sank. My longing for Maui was so big, it kind of imploded like a supernova and turned into a black hole.

I think I must be grateful for the time I had with Bob. On Maui. Everything. But it's gone baby gone, and many days I do not know how to imua. I just get up and do stuff.

Hearing that Hawaiian music earlier in my mind ... wow, it went so deep, and I remembered so clearly. That was me there. So far away. On the other side of the world. ***On that island in the middle of the Pacific. It was paradise. It was.***

There was an arrow in the sky today, too Pointing in the direction of my paradise lost.



April 22, 2023

Several „250“ and „480“ license plate numbers one after the other on this Saturday afternoon in the small village I live. So strange? It's not like „selective perception“ – because there simply are not that many such license plate numbers around, just those significant numbers and two letters. I can't remember the letters, didn't have the time to write down the numbers as I also was driving. But it has been uncanny in the last days. I have such strong memories of Maui, the self-impression and the recollections of being there and how it was ... uncanny, too. I lay down for a nap this afternoon after a stroll with J, T and CH in the forest and in 19 degrees Celsius heat ... and I heard slight music from somewhere in the house, and it really felt like Bob was in the edit room just down the hall.

It was painful.

April 23, 2023

Pulled out the book „Jesus and the Riddle of the Dead Sea Scrolls“ – and it catapulted me right back into the immensely intense and deep research I had done in 2013 and 2014 and the

preparation of the script of the project I had then in mind. I almost broke out crying, so deep was the emotional impact of recalling the theme.

Reading that book – a compact summary of Dr. Thiering's immense research, I suddenly had the very strong and irresistible feeling that I must make the documentary about her. Which style, I don't know, but reading „The Riddle ...“ made me aware, again, how wrong mankind is. Yes, is. Without the true story of Jesus millions and millions of people, Christians, Jews and Muslim, believe in the wrong fairy tales that make them childlike in their attitudes towards religion, but no, this is wrong. As there is an innate intelligence in children – but the way the Christian faith is laid out, is ridiculous. But, I am way too weak to be able to pull something like that off. How could I possibly ... I barely make it out of bed in the mornings, with my body hurting so much, right now pretty much everywhere. I only need to sit for some time, an hour or less, and when I try to get up – just from sitting – then, I must do it in snail speed, because of the pain in my body. It's a form of Neuropathy, I read up on it, don't know why. Well, I do know. My whole being is sore and has been for a while. In all aspects. One thing that must be clarified is the situation with Walter. I do want to talk with him .

The image of Jesus (a cutout from a painting by Dali, 1955, „The Sacrament of the Last Supper“) on the cover of the book is ideed mesmerizing to me ...



What a difference would it make for all mankind, if many people knew the research of Dr. Thiering?

This is the whole painting, strange ... Jesus is transparent, too, and the „index-pointing“ upwards is actually a typical Muslim gesture, but actually, I didn't see a pointing at first, I saw that he was showing the number „2“ with index finger and thumb. Anyway.



It would have effect on all areas of life. I remembered talking with Bob about it, he was all excited, we were so close to making that documentary, and then everything fell apart. But I am still here. With my mind. My ideas, my motivation. I have been feeling so sick so often, weak and nauseous, with the tumor taste in my mouth and my dogs being weird to me. So I must move forward, I guess.

I once wanted to travel to Israel to photograph the sites Dr. Thiering is talking about myself to have all the rights to the footage if I choose to make a film. I also kept having the thought that if I find the right people in that circle – of the ones knowing of Dr. Thiering's work, I might find a partner in creating the documentary about it. I should give it a shot. But how? I thought of Hadas Hilewitz who once told me that she would rewrite the Talmud. I did tell her about Dr. Thiering's work. She would be intelligent enough to try the pesher-technique. I must ask her.

I also thought of the only theologian I know personally ... Ok, I remember now, I did contact her about this, and she was not interested. She is in hospice and a typical catholic „believer“.

April 26, 2023

I found a weird little **Emoji** on the ground today, a very happy smiley that changes into a medium-happy face. (*Note: Funny, because in the evening I was about to see Walter again ...*) I had found a **smiley** the other day already ... that's a lot of smileys for one person ... whilst neither I nor other people find them, ever. I mean „find“ ... and for me it reminded me of course of the beginning of writing this contact diary, when I found that round display of several emoticons, after I had asked Joyce to tell me which ones Bob used to send me ... but my phone couldn't display them ...



April 27, 2023

Took a walk with CH *last night (Wednesday)* to go for icecream – saw Walter sit in a pub playing cards. He saw us too, my heart nearly stopped, he looked so weirdly familiar, so I waved in walking by, he waved – and I threw a *kiss-hand* to him. Geez. No idea what got into me. Later, as CH and I were sitting with the icecream, he called ... but I only noticed it this morning. Walking back to the car I saw him again in the same pub, he was just lifting a beer bottle to drink ... and this sobered me up big time.

So I have all these aspirations, but my body is hurting so much ... at night, I must carefully turn, and getting up, I must be especially slow ... my right knee is giving me shit, too, I feel so old at times. Even thinking of projects sometimes seems so ridiculous.

April 28, 2023

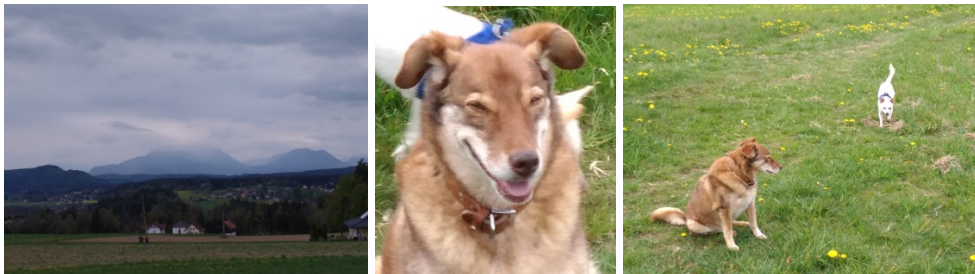
Walked with mom to pick up her car from the shop, and it was hard, again, as she is so hostile to me and won't talk. We walked in an area where we spent a lot of very hard years when we lived there, and where my brother Peter lived with mom when he had cancer, we even walked by that house and that balcony. Mom didn't really react, and for once I was thankful for dementia.



I feel like an asshole when I keep asking her „Do you remember, we used to take walks here all the time ...“ And she does not recall. Oh wow. The past. Feels suffocating sometimes. This is also the path where my beloved cat Iwan used to walk with me ... the animal that I abandoned ... (*Note: Wow, I have added these images and this paragraph on April 30, and I had just shared my **dream of a cat that I abandoned in a basket** at a bridge ... gives me the chills. I never knew what happened to Iwan ... neither can I understand myself now how I could leave her with my mother when I moved to Vienna with Sigi and didn't take her with me ... Iwan was my best friend for so many years ... she was gone one day when I came for a visit ...*

I did things back then, totally emotionally fucked up that I was, that for the life of me I can't understand today. But life was hell back then, just horrible fucking hell ... for decades since my childhood. So this was also the area where I had run around calling out for Iwan ... it can be that she had simply walked off trying to find my ... I never saw her again. She was a simply gray cat. But she was special. I hope I see her again in the beyond. I don't have the guts to ask my mother if she did something to Iwan ... if she did, I can't guarantee for anything ...)

In the morning, I took a walk up Aich with Jacqui and Tino, nice view, a little rain.



April 29, 2023

Saw a car with the license plate number ending in „**BOB**“ – literally! No numbers, but the letters! – come directly towards me in a curve, but of course passed by me. It only was a kind of ... well surprise. It had the feeling of „comforting“. I had to realize, that the betrayal by CH went much further than I had ever thought possible – and the insight made me realize that I must „grow up“ in terms of „trusting or not trusting“ people, relating to who they could be for me.

Took a walk with mom at Rosegg, trying to not flip out over her insistence to always wear the same clothes and a thick rain jacket in bright sunshine ... and I was fascinated by a Platan tree with still the seeds from last year and already new leaves sprouting.



April 30, 2023, Sunday

In May it will be 21 years that I met Bob.

This morning the one thought about human relations that matters above all others appeared on my mind:

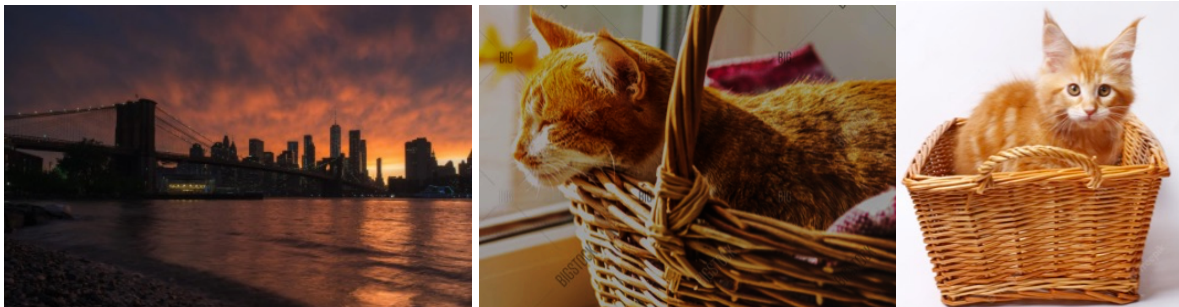
Even if you experience a very short time of bliss with someone who you truly love, no matter how the relationship develops – that „moment“ of bliss can be as big and long as you want it to be *once you are in the „beyond“*, because there is no time as we know it in the mortal realm.

And over there we can be together with our loved ones beyond our human story that limited our time together and our bliss together.

That's the „beyond“ we should always keep in mind: Life continues beyond the limitations and obstructions of the mortal material realm ... or maybe it really begins there.

Can't wait.

Alright, got to mention: Oh my gosh – and my **dreams!** I can't manage to take the time anymore to write them down ... but they are so intense, that I am baffled when I wake up. Like yesterday: I left a ***red-white cat in a woven basket at the edge of a large bridge in front of a huge historical building in a big town.*** Everything was tinted orange and black, and there was water under the bridge, and it was evening.



I abandoned it, put it there, left – *expecting ... something, but what?* As I was about to leave that city, I was suddenly horrified about what I had done, and I tried so hard to get back to that cat ... talking out loud to me about „What was I thinking?!“ Leaving that cat there, knowing it wouldn't stay there until I would return – yes, that was a point in that dream. I knew that I had planned to return way way in the future, so how could I have expected that cat to stay there? I left that animal that trusted me entirely alone in that basket the beginning of that large bridge, I remember it looking after me ... heartbreaking! And then I reconsidered and tried to get back to it realizing that I would lose it for sure and that it had been a crazy mistake to do that ... *because I intended and needed to leave for a long time* and expected to find it again right there! Which was crazy! So it was getting dark, and there was so much traffic, and there was some man who I screamed at that I had to go there and rescue that cat! It must have been run over by the traffic or fallen off the bridge meanwhile, because even leaving it for one moment would

have been crazy. In my dream I was so horrified and shocked about my own behavior of leaving that cat ... Now, that I write about it, it seems to reflect my decision to leave Bob trusting that everything would be alright which was FUCKING CRAZY to do ... and I should have known better. But I had to get the medications for him, and I had to pick up my dog Jacqui from that caretaker back then, in September 2018 ...

This abandonment issue ... it's like I seem to be followed around by it ... I do have the feeling that I abandoned my mother back in the day, and had I not allowed her to mistreat and send me away on her part, I could have prevented her alcoholism, maybe, because clearly she had been demented due to alcohol abuse in the years way back when she still was abusive to me ... but I should have seen through that behavior ... but did not ... and then, did I abandon Bob? And my brother Peter – for sure. Pain in my heart, big time.

Just now – an image of a dream of tonight flashed back in my mind – I had to accomplish a very tough task, something like spy-work, something dangerous and important, together with another woman, a big and rather overweight one ... and we had to fly over a town ... at first with a hot-air balloon! But I thought that this could not be serious, there was no way! There was some kind of intermezzo with a business man with whom I had some kind of affair, in some office, in something like a big city desert, between walls and alleys, and then I got to find out that he had been on exactly the same route with many, many women before, while I thought he loved me ... but I left him – to be again with that woman and accomplish some task. It feels like at first I was that woman's prisoner, but then we were some kind of companions – as I found myself with her in a tiny, light airplane, that she flew between the city walls – and I thought we'd crash for sure. There was a very ambivalent relationship between her and me, but in the end we were not enemies anymore, but had to fight for something together ...

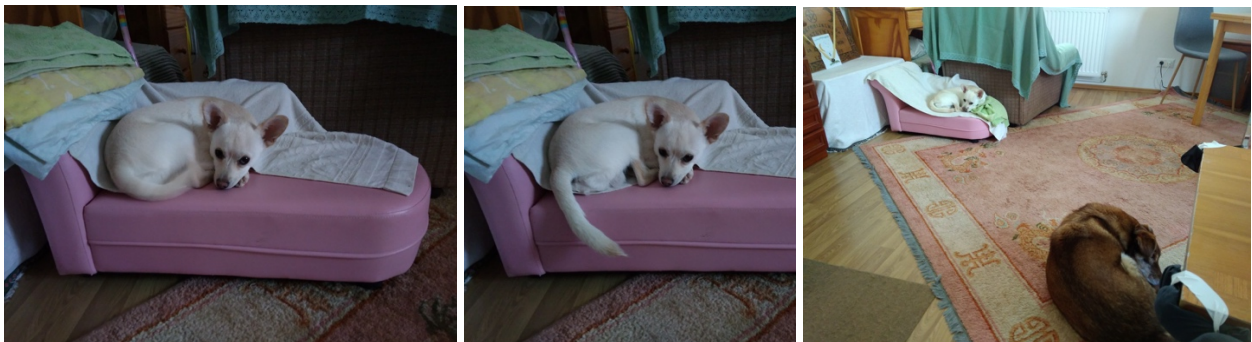
How fucking strange. I woke up because the fucking upstairs neighbor has visitors with a small child, and they needed to make a hell of a noise at 7 am on a Sunday ... shitheads. I am so tired of living here. I want to live in a house in the country side, with a garden.

Oh geez, that *dream of the cat I left in the basket in the traffic at the edge of that bridge* ... had that air of that horrible despair of back then. So *I tried so hard to get back to that basket and that bridge* – and I did, screaming something at that man all the time, trying to get him to go check on the cat too, but he was always only behind me. And I did arrive there ... it was at the South corner of a huge black historical building with strangely smooth walls, like a museum. But the entire area was kind of light in a red-orange-brown way ... like very late sunset, but an artificial one ... and as I got there, there was cleaning personnel, two or three women, and they showed me that the basket was there, but *there were two other animals in there, like otters or seals, smooth and black like the building, but my cat was gone* ... and I was beyond despair for having done this to it and having lost it.

When I woke up I remembered how often I had dreamed of abandoning my beloved dog **Kimba**, who died being run over by a car in front of my very eyes back then on August 7, 2001, which led me to get to Maui and meet Bob ... and I had to think for a moment what had happened to Kimba in real life, because the theme in my dreams had been recurring, that I had left him with my father and Edith and they had given him away, and I had to look for him ... but I never found him in my dreams ... except for once that I nearly found him but then it wasn't really him, or I was not sure. Horrible dreams back then, for years and years, on Maui. Missing Kimba. And the feeling of this dream last night was similar. The insight that the cat was lost, and that I had abandoned it, and I could never get it back.



(Kimba in Bratislava, with a Mo'o, maybe 1998? And the last image of Kimba and me, in August 2001 in Norway. **Note:** Just as I put in those images, I said something out loud, like „Why all this?“, and Tino, who lies on his little sofa, suddenly slapped his little tail heavily, not really wagging, like it happened to him, like his tail had a life of its own ...)



What is going on inside of me? Why those dreams?

I also dreamed other stuff, so strange stuff ... very new stuff, about men and me being in situations that I didn't want to be in ... well, talk about reflection of real life.

I long to chat with Walter. But I am so afraid of it, too. He put that fear into my thinking. I was so innocent. And now ... Why did he call that evening when he saw me walk by? Because of the kiss I threw towards him? Must I clarify it ... now, that I also had found out to what extent CH had really lied to me and betrayed me back in winter, so that I will never ever be able to look at her again. It seems that the big cup of icecream I treated her to had to be a farewell gift. I feel so appalled now like never before. But it is freeing in a way. I had big blow ups with mom, but I realized that I could have been dealing with her in much more peace had I not been so affected by CH's story. She is a manipulator and a severe addict. I feel the pain in my stomach flare up. Have been taking Una de Gato, Cat's, Claw, for a few days now, to heal myself one more time.

(And yes, found a star again. Yesterday, as I went to pick up my mom for a walk, that **red sparkling star** was stuck to the ground behind my car. I also noticed that my mom has an „Indalo“ symbol on a plate she brought from travels at her home. Of course, it reminds me of petroglyphs. And of Bob. Go figure.)





END PART 9 CONTACT DIARY “Naupaka Bunny” © Jo Danieli 2023